Argyll's Highlands.

Cuthbert Bede.

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ARGYLL'S HIGHLANDS.

ARGYLL'S HIGHLANDS:

OR

MAC CAILEIN MOR AND THE LORDS OF LORNE;

WITH TRADITIONARY TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE COUNTY OF ARGYLL AND THE CAMPBELLS AND MACDONALDS.

BY

CUTHBERT BEDE.

Author of "Glencreggan: or a Highland Home in Cantire"; "A Tour in Tartan-land"; "The White Wife, and other Western Highland Stories"; etc., etc.

EDITED BY

JOHN MACKAY,

Editor, "The Celtic Monthly".

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Dedicated

WITH

THE RESPECTS OF THE EDITOR,

TO

His Grace, John Duke of Argyll,

AND

J. Ronald Moreton Macdonald, Esquire of Largie,

WORTHY REPRESENTATIVES IN KINTYRE

OF THE

ANCIENT FAMILIES OF CAMPBELL AND MACDONALD,

WHOSE NAMES ARE SO CLOSELY

ASSOCIATED WITH

THE

HISTORIC AND LEGENDARY LORE

OF THAT DISTRICT.

PREFACE.

This volume was written thirty years ago, and its publication at this late date probably requires some explanation. The author of the work, "Cuthbert Bede" (otherwise the Rev. Edward Bradley of Grantham), during his summer sojourns in Kintyre, was so impressed with the inexhaustible stores of historical and legendary lore which were then available, that he decided to collect as many as possible of these romantic tales, with a view to publication. He amassed a great deal of valuable information, much of which was preserved in his delightful work, "Glencreggan: or a Highland Home in Cantire," published in 1861. A large portion, however, was reserved, along with the results of subsequent labours in the same prolific fields, for a further and more exhaustive work, "Argyll's Highlands," which is now in the reader's hands, and which will be found to treat of almost every topic of interest to Kintyrians. The manuscript was completed, ready for publication, but before it reached the press the gifted author died, and the MS. was evidently put aside and dispersed along with his literary effects. After a lapse of nearly thirty years the MS. came into my possession, by purchase, from an English bookseller. A careful perusal of its contents satisfied me that I had acquired a work of the greatest possible interest to Highlanders—an opinion shared by several literary Kintyrians who read the manuscript. Kintyre is not so richly abundant in its literature that it could afford to lose such an attractive volume, so I decided to publish it. Such, briefly, is the history of the MS. which so curiously came into my possession.

Kintyre has, in some respects, altered very greatly during the past thirty years, consequently many objects and matters described or referred to in the following pages required at least an explanatory note. I have taken the liberty of referring to some of these points in the Appendix, and of adding a quantity of additional information which may not be out of place. Indeed, these notes soon became so voluminous that I realised that nothing less than a fresh volume would suffice to contain them, so I had to make them as brief as the subjects treated of would admit. Highland sentiment has become somewhat aggressive since this work was written, and to-day no Gael would countenance the use of "MacCallum More" for the correct Gaelic designation, "*MacCailein Mòr.*" After careful consideration, however, I felt that I had better leave the term as I found it, especially as the author explains his reasons for using it on the first page. "Cantire," also, is not used now: Kintyre is the invariable spelling. While I took the liberty of correcting many references in the volume, there were others, relating particularly to genealogical matters, which I decided to leave as I found them, although they may provide the reader with material for discussion.

"Argyll's Highlands" covers a wide field, but it is a fact that there is no part of the Western Highlands which presents so many attractions to the historian and

antiquary as the district of Kintyre; and, curiously, although such a wealth of material is ready at hand, Kintyre has produced few local historians. The only native who ever made a pretence to the dignity of historian was Peter MacIntosh, a schoolmaster, who in 1861 published a small volume entitled "History of Kintyre;" but although it contains a variety of miscellaneous information, it in no way answers the requirements of a history. The Rev. Donald Kelly, M.A., Southend, left many MSS. relating to Kintyre, but they are not available for convenient reference; parts only of these have appeared in the local newspapers, and in the pages of the *Celtic Monthly*. It has been left to "outsiders" to produce the best books on Kintyre. "Cuthbert Bede" in his "Glencreggan: or a Highland Home in Cantire," and "The White Wife; with other Stories, Supernatural, Romantic, and Legendary," has, by implication, shown what a native might do, if he only took the trouble to even note down the *Ceilidh* stories which he heard told round the winter fire. Captain T. P. White's "Archæological Sketches in Kintyre" is a monument of patient research, and yet it is far from exhaustive. The MacDonald historians in the recently published "Clan Donald" give a great deal of reliable information relating to the MacDonalds of Isla and Kintyre, the MacAlisters, and other septs of the great Clan Donald; but, really, the scores of sources of valuable information which are still available have never been properly searched, and a very interesting volume could be written on Kintyre, treating of its history, and the part, too often tragic, played in it by the leading territorial families—the MacDonalds, MacAlisters, MacEachrans, Campbells, MacNeills, Mackays, and others. Such reliable works as the "Parochiales Scotiae," "Register of the Privy Council," "Calendar of State Papers," Statistical Accounts, etc., are worth consulting; while books of another class, like "The MacDonnells of Antrim," "The Book of Islay," "Thanes of Cawdor," "Last MacDonalds of Islay," "Records of Argyll," "West Highland Tales," contain a great deal of useful information relating to Kintyre. There are also a number of valuable registers and other MS. volumes preserved in the Register House, Edinburgh, where they may be consulted at any time with profitable results; and no doubt the papers of some of the old families are still in existence.

That much can still be done in an antiquarian direction was evidenced lately by a little investigation which I did on my own account last summer. In consulting some ancient bonds and charters relating to the Lords of the Isles and Kintyre, I noticed that Sir James MacDonald signed himself "of Simerby" and "Master of Kintyre," and dated several important documents from that spot. (See pages 282 and 286 of this volume.) I felt quite convinced that there must have been a MacDonald fortress at Simerby, which is only about three miles from Campbeltown, but no one, either in Kintyre or belonging to it, to whom I spoke on the subject, ever heard of such a castle. In August last, along with my friend, Professor Duncan MacEachran of Montreal, who is keenly interested in Kintyre history and antiquities, I paid a visit to Simerby to try and locate the site of the stronghold. There being a similarity in the positions of most of the MacDonald fortresses, I had no hesitation in selecting the most probable spot for such an erection—a bold headland. Before long we laid bare the dressed stones of the foundations, the whole outline of

the building being quite distinct, although covered with turf. The walls were very thick, showing that the building must have been of considerable importance. Without doubt this was the residence of Sir James MacDonald, and the spot where he imprisoned his father, Angus MacDonald, after the burning of Askomil House. I have not met any native of the district who had ever suspected that a castle had once been there. That Kintyre was strongly held by the MacDonalds is apparent from the chain of castles which they built along the coast, within sight of each other. Near this spot there are no less than five—at Saddell, Simerby, Askomil, Castle Hill, and Kilkerran, the last three overlooking Campbeltown Loch.

It is remarkable that two distinct and far separate historical epochs are illustrated by the antiquarian remains in this locality. On the high hill-tops, frowning on the sea, are the ruins of many round towers, some of them, especially that on Cnoc Scalbert, near Campbeltown, being of immense size; while below, on the sea-shore, perched usually on a headland, we find the sites of the strongly-built castles of the lordly race of the Isles. I was much struck by the interesting object-lesson which these relics of antiquity afford.

There are many friends who have assisted me in the preparation of this work, to whom I now tender my sincere thanks Particularly should I desire to express my indebtedness to those distinguished sons of Kintyre: Mr. Duncan Mackinnon, chairman of the British India Steam Navigation Company, London; and Professor Duncan M. MacEachran of Montreal. I have also to thank Captain Hector MacNeal of Lossit and Ugadale; Major MacAlister of Glenbarr; Colonel Macleod of Saddell; Mr. Henry Whyte, the well-known "Fionn" of Celtic literature; Mr. John MacConnal, Liverpool; Mr. R. M. Kelly-Robertson, Meikleleur; Mr. Andrew MacWilliam, Glasgow; Miss Jane Andrews, Campbeltown; Mr. A. Græme-Maclaverty, president of the Kintyre Club; Mr. A. Harvie-Pirie, LL.B., its energetic secretary; Mr. Wm. Ferguson, C.A., treasurer; and various other officials, for much valuable assistance and information.

I am also indebted to Mr. J. Ronald M. MacDonald of Largie for a number of interesting notes, which will be found over his initials in the Appendix; and to Mr. John Fleming, Glasgow, for the use of many beautiful photos of Kintyre, which add so greatly to the attraction of this volume.

There is yet one to whom I am indebted more than any other. My mother is a native of Kintyre, and has cherished all through life a love for her native land and a passion for its history and traditions, which, in a measure she has imparted to her son. Her knowledge of the romantic tales of Kintyre is probably not excelled by any of her contemporaries, and her recital of these old and fascinating stories round the winter fire is one of the most pleasant and lasting recollections of my early years. Her inspiration has at least borne some good fruit, if only in the publication of this contribution to the literature of Kintyre.

JOHN MACKAY.

1 Blythswood Drive,
Glasgow, *March, 1902.*

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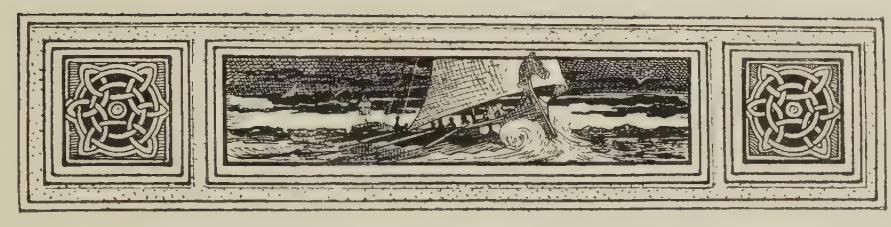


ARGYLL'S HIGHLANDS.

CHAPTER I.

Mac Callum More and the Lords of Lorne—Prophecy regarding the extermination of the Campbells from Cantire—The Mole and the Campbells—Mac Callum More at Campbelton—The Sailor, the Champion, and Mac Callum More—The Brooch of Lorne and the Brooch of Bruce—Argyllshire's Land's-end—Cantire and the first Lorne.

MAC CALLUM MORE AND THE LORDS OF LORNE.

THE clan Campbell has contributed many a romance to the pages of history; but, surely, all its previous romances are eclipsed by the romantic betrothal and marriage of the Marquis of Lorne to a Princess of the Blood Royal. The exceptional good fortune of the heir to the dukedom of Argyll calls fresh attention to the patronymic of the family, "Mac Callum More." I have preferred to write it thus, as it is the popular method to spell and pronounce it; though, in doing so, I fear that I am assisting in propagating a vulgar error. Nevertheless, "Mac Callum More" is not only more familiar to English eyes and ears than the true Gaelic would be, but it also has the high sanction of Macaulay and Sir Walter Scott.

Still, it is not agreeable to the Gaelic mode; though it would not be very easy to hit upon a form of spelling the patronymic that would find acceptance with every Highlander; for various natives

of Argyllshire have spelt for me our English word Colin in no less than five different ways—Cailein, Calain, Chailean, Callain, and Callen. In these five ways has the word been written for me by the Gaelic-speaking people, whose only unanimity on the subject would seem to be their utter rejection of Callum, which, they say, may be the English for Colin, but is certainly not the Gaelic. "Mòr" signifies "great;" and the first Colin Campbell to whom that epithet was ever granted was Sir Colin Campbell of Lochow, whose history is thus told by Sir Bernard Burke :—

"Sir Colin Campbell, of Lochow, in recognition of the great additions which he had made of the estates to the house of Campbell, and of his achievements in war, acquired the name of "More," or the great; and that from him the head of his descendants, down to the present day, is known among his Gaelic tenantry and clansmen as 'Mac Callum More;' he received the honour of knighthood, in A D. 1280, from the hands of Alexander III. of Scotland; and eleven years later, was one of the nominees of Robert Bruce in his contest for the Scottish Crown. This renowned and gallant chieftain was slain in a contest with his powerful neighbour, the Lord of Lorn, or Lorne, at a place called the 'String of Cowal,' where an obelisk of large size is erected over his grave. This event occasioned feuds for a series of years between the neighbouring Lairds of Lochow and Lorne, which were terminated at last by the marriage of Colin, second Lord Campbell of Lochow and first Earl of Argyll, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland, at the end of the fifteenth century, with Isabella Stewart, or Stuart, eldest daughter and heiress of John, Laird of Lorne. In consequence of this union, he added to the arms of his ancestors the 'galley,' which still figures in the Campbell Shield, and he assumed the additional title of 'Lord of Lorne.'"

Thus, the first Lord of Lorne* added to the fame and fortune of Mac Callum More, not by force of arms, but by a happy marriage; and, after four hundred years, the latest Lord of Lorne has consolidated and more firmly established the fame and fortune of the house of Argyll, by a marriage which has proved a happy one

* The Lordship of Lorne.—The district of Argyllshire, which is commonly known as "Lorn" or "Lorne," occupies the north-eastern portion of the county, from Oban and Dunstaffnage, at its south-western extremity, to the borders of Perthshire on the east. It is cut in two by the romantic and beautiful Loch Etive, and is separated on the west by a variety of narrow channels from the district of Morven. The district, in very ancient times, was traditionally possessed by the MacDougals, a family in those days almost as powerful as the MacDonalds, "Lords of the Isles." From the MacDougals it came into the Royal house of Stuart or Stewart; and it will be remembered that among the victories gained by Bruce in his eventful career was one over the then Lord of Lorne, in the Pass of Awe.

indeed. "Love rules the court," as well as "the camp, the grove."

Professor Campbell Shairp, no mean Gaelic scholar, writes the Argyll patronymic "Mac-Cailein-mor":—

> "Ay! restless, proud, Clan-Ian-vor,
> Kept the old bearing of the Isles,
> While closer each Mac-Cailein-mor,
> Drew round the network of state wiles."

This verse is from Professor Shairp's beautiful poem, "Kilmahoe," published by Macmillan, early in 1864, and the subject of an appreciative criticism in *The North British Review*, February, 1864. This review was said to have been written by the Duke of Argyll. The poem contains full particulars of the history of the house of Argyll, and the long-standing feuds between the Campbells and the Macdonalds; and it draws lovely and truthful pictures of the scenery of Cantire and "Kilmahoe," which is really Kildalloig, and belonged to Professor Shairp's mother, who was a Campbell. Kildalloig House is three miles east of Campbelton, on the northern side of the harbour, near to the island of Davaar, and pleasantly situated at the foot of Glenramskill Hill, with a magnificent sea view to Ailsa and Arran. Between Kildalloig and Campbelton is Limecraigs House, where Elizabeth Tollemache, Duchess of Argyll, and mother of the great Duke John, Duke Archibald, and Lady Ann—who married the Earl of Bute—lived for more than twenty years, in the early part of the last century, and maintained great state. A legendary story in connection with this Duchess Dowager is given in a future chapter. At various times Limecraigs has been the temporary residence of "Mac Callum More."

The consent of her Majesty to the marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne was formally announced in the *Gazette* as follows:—"At the Court at Balmoral, the 24th day of October, 1870, present the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty in Council. Her Majesty in Council was this day pleased to declare her consent to a contract of matrimony between her Royal Highness Princess Louise Caroline Alberta and John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland Campbell (commonly called the Marquis of Lorne), which consent her Majesty has also caused to be signified under the Great Seal."

There is a passage in her Majesty's "Journal of our Life in the Highlands" which receives an accession of interest from the marriage of the Princess Louise. It occurs in the description of the Royal visit to Inveraray. "Our reception," writes her Majesty, "was in the true Highland fashion. . . . . The pipers walked before the carriage, and the Highlanders on either side, as we approached the house. Outside stood the Marquis of Lorne, just two years old—a dear, white, fat, fair little fellow, with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother. He is such a merry, independent little child. He had a black velvet dress and jacket, with a 'sporran,' scarf, and Highland bonnet."

The Marquis of Lorne* is enrolled among "noble authors;" and his very pleasantly written volume of travels—"A Trip to the Tropics and Home through America"—has attained the literary honours of a second edition. In every way, the Lord of Lorne has upheld the proudest associations connected with the familiar patronymic, "Mac Callum More."

When the Cantire tellers of legends and popular stories, who have earned a reputation for being "good at *sgeulachdan*," wish to sing "Arms and the Man," and to favour their hearers with narratives of the days of chivalry, they are on perfectly safe ground if, when they are at a loss for a name for their hero, they call him Macdonald or Mac Callum More. Either of these names will confer the requisite nationality on the story—the greater portion of whose details may have been borrowed from foreign sources—at the same time that they invest it with the deeper interest that would be derived from the sayings and doings of the members of such redoubtable families.

No old-fashioned diner-out in English homes could secure greater attention for his stock-in-trade anecdotes by prefacing them with the names of Sheridan and Sydney Smith, than the West Highlander can rivet the attention of his fireside audience by bidding them lend him their ears for a Gaelic story of the Macdonalds

* The Marquisate of Lorne was created in 1701, in favour of Archibald, tenth Earl and first Duke of Argyll, in recompense for his services to the new Monarch, in the troubled times immediately after the Revolution of 1688.

or Argylls. In the country of the Campbells and Macdonalds, it is but reasonable to expect that the chieftains of those clans should play a conspicuous part, not only in real history, but also in fabled story; and, in many instances, it would, perhaps, be almost impossible, at the present day, to sift the true from the false, and to decide at what portions of the narrative the invention of the narrator had overlaid the original story with new material, or, by lapses of memory, had altered its character, either by omissions or perversions.

Since the fourteenth century, when the Argyll family was first established in Inveraray, it has gradually extended its influence and possessions from the northernmost extremity of the county to the southernmost point of its land's-end, and made itself paramount in the shire on which it has conferred its name. During this period the family, through the distinguished examples of many of its members, has been endeared to the country, and rendered illustrious in history; so much so, that Woodrow, the historian of "The Sufferings of the Church of Scotland," says:—"I know of no family in Europe of this eminency whom the Lord hath honoured so much as this of Argyll." Of these, the names that will chiefly live in memory will be those of the Marquis of Argyll, "the martyred marquis," who was executed in 1661; his son, the Earl of Argyll, who suffered his father's fate in 1685; Archibald, the first Duke of Argyll; and his two sons, Duke John and Duke Archibald.

When those events occurred in Cantire by which the power of the Macdonalds was overthrown, and that of the Campbells rose in its stead, it would have been against human nature—more especially Highland nature, which is generally intense in its likes and dislikes—to have expected that the new chief would have received an unhesitating allegiance from all his newly made subjects, and that they would have cheerfully borne the foreign yoke of Argyll until another generation had arisen that knew not their subjugator. Most probably, it was to one of these Macdonalds—to whom it was as gall and wormwood to see the Clan Campbell standing in the place of the Clan Donald; and who looked hopefully forward to those halcyon days when the Argyll Campbells should be driven from Cantire and the Macdonalds reinstated in their old possessions—most probably, it is to a Macdonald, stung to bitterness by

present prospects of his clan's inferiority, that we may attribute the authorship of the following

PROPHECY REGARDING THE EXTERMINATION OF THE CAMPBELLS FROM CANTIRE.

"When the mole shall reach the Mull: when the thorn tree near Inveraray shall be destroyed; when a road shall be made throughout the country; when bells shall ring from a rock in Loch Fyne; when Strone Point, near Inveraray, shall be covered with wood, high enough to conceal an invading army: and when the Atlantic shall flow into Loch Fyne, then shall the Argyll Campbells be driven from Cantire, excepting so many of them as shall escape on a crooked and lame white horse."*

So runs the prophecy; and although its conclusion leaves a singular loophole of escape, yet this prophetic wish that was father to the thought has been so far fulfilled, that, although the head of the Clan Campbell is the ruler over Cantire, yet it is also true that many properties in the peninsula, not so very long ago held by Campbells, have passed into other hands, whose owners do not bear the old familiar name. There is still the Duke of Argyll, and Campbell of Stonefield, and Campbell of Kildalloig, to represent the clan in Cantire; but Skipness, Saddell, Carradale, Machrihanish, Barr Glen, and Tangie Glen, are no longer under the sway of a Campbell.†

Inverting the six clauses of the prophecy, I may note the singular way in which each portion has already met with a partial or complete fulfilment, according to popular belief. That the Atlantic should flow into Loch Fyne may, perhaps, in a few more years be the case, if the long contemplated ship-canal across the narrow neck of the peninsula between East and West Loch Tarbert should be carried out. The plantations have clothed Strone Point; the bells

* That is Skipness, Saddel, &c., have passed out of the hands of the Campbells after having once been in their possession; there were always parts of Cantire free from the Campbell domination. Kildalloig is no longer the property of a Campbell.

† A slightly different version of this prophecy is given by Lord Archibald Campbell in his "Records of Argyll." He informs us that the reference to the "white horse" should read "all the heirs of Argyll shall ride on a white horse."

have rung from the Loch Fyne rock, which was quarried to make a belfry for the church at Inveraray ; and the high road has been made from Inveraray to Campbelton, and from thence to Southend. Concerning the thorn, it is said that the grandfather of the present Duke, out of deference to the prophecy insisted on an awkward bend being made in the line of the public road, in order to avoid the necessity of cutting down the tree, which still exists, although its roots are exposed and threatened by the tide. The thorn is a tree that often attains to a considerable size in Argyllshire.

The portion of the prophecy relating to

THE MOLE AND THE CAMPBELLS

bears upon a very curious fact in natural history, if not in family history. The peninsula of Cantire had been overrun by wild boars and wolves—although the poems of Ossian never mention the wolf, a circumstance of which the opponents of Macpherson were not slow to remind him*—but had never been overrun by moles until our own time ; so recently, indeed, that it was not till after the birth of the Prince of Wales, who, as Lord of the Isles, may be looked upon as the representative of the old Macdonalds of Cantire, that the Land's-end was thoroughly invaded by the mole. It had commenced its inroad into the northern district of Saddell and Skipness about the year 1822, but had not made eighteen miles of progress by the year 1843 ; for the author of the Statistical Survey of that portion of the peninsula, writing in that year, says :—"The mole has not as yet made its appearance in the parish." Though

* In order to guard against the depredations of the wolves, it was customary to fortify the Highland huts and shielings with wattlings of strong bushwood. It is said that the last wolf seen in Argyllshire—no date is given to the story—was at Glassary, following the track of a woman who was crossing the country from Lochawe to Loch-fyneside. She was seen to pass the moor above Braveallaich, and was afterwards found dead near the mill of Galeckan, not far from the road to Inveraray. Her right arm was protected by her apron, which she had rolled round it ; and her hand grasped a knife which had lodged deep in the heart of a wolf that lay beside her. The woman was uninjured, but had died from terror and exhaustion ; and it was supposed that she had fled from the animal, and, being unable to escape, had assumed the defensive in despair, and had died, terrified and exhausted, by the effort which left her nothing to fear.

he has to correct his statement in a foot-note—"Since writing the above the mole has advanced into the parish." He also says:—"It is a very singular circumstance in the natural history of the mole, that it travels by the hills, and colonises the sterile districts before it attacks the cultivated lands."

But, though the moles may advance to the Mull, and the Atlantic may flow into Loch Fyne, that the Campbells should be driven out of the Land's-end would be the consummation of a prophecy that no Cantire tenant would desire, so long as the clan supplies such excellent landlords as the late and present Duke of Argyll. Go where you will in Cantire, from Tarbert to the Mull, you hear a good word for "the Duke." The statesman is there forgotten in the landlord, and political influence is exchanged for territorial. A position in the Cabinet is not half so tangible a rank to the Cantire Highlander as that derived from a pleasant combination of the Lord-Lieutenancy and the chief proprietorship of the county. His Grace may be merely *a* Duke in the House of Lords; but at the Land's-end, and for "a far cry" throughout the Western Highlands, he is hailed as *the* Duke, the chief of the Clan Campbell.

MAC CALLUM MORE AT CAMPBELTON.

When the Duke of Argyll succeeded to the title and estates, in the year 1814, various demonstrations of joy were made throughout Cantire; which, as might have been expected, culminated in that royal burgh, which had, about the year 1680, taken the name of Campbell-town (or Campbelton), out of respect to the family of Argyll. One who was present on that occasion gave me a long description of the preparations that were made, and the enthusiasm that was evinced. The sun shone brilliantly as the Duke entered Campbelton, in great state, with banners bearing his title, "Mac Cailein Mòr," and the pipers playing "The Campbells are coming." The other proprietors in Cantire joined the procession, each having his own banners and pipers, and accompanied by the tenantry on horseback. At the west end of the town, awaiting the Duke's

arrival, were the members of the Town Council, "with their music band, and Mr. John Colville, the banker and Provost. He was the most handsome and beautiful person I ever saw, and a most accomplished gentleman." When the Duke approached, Mr. Colville read the inevitable address; and the Duke responded with the invariable reply. Then the procession marched through the town, which was decorated with flags, flowers, and triumphal arches; the people crowding and shouting "Mac Cailein Mòr!" And so they escorted the Duke to Limecraigs, where, it was hoped, he would be a frequent visitor.

THE SAILOR, THE CHAMPION, AND MAC CALLUM MORE.

In the latter part of the fifteenth century champions were common to the Continent. Each French district supported its own peculiar champion, who travelled from place to place, according as his services were required. These champions were allowed to act as substitutes in judicial duels and trials by battle for those who had lost a limb, or were over sixty years of age, or were suffering from illness—such as fever or gout; or who were even laid up (or supposed to be laid up) with toothache. Women and monks were also permitted to engage the champion's services. According to the statutes of David II., King of Scotland, the Scottish knights and nobles also enjoyed the privilege of engaging the services of the champion in all cases of robbery and assault; but serfs, and such as had no patent of nobility, were condemned to do battle for themselves with the champion. The following Cantire story evidently refers to one of these champions; although it is hazy in its chronology, and, probably, in its topography. The phrase "above a century ago," certainly leaves a wide margin for the date of the story. But "I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

"Above a century ago, James Fisher, a native of Campbelton, was master of a fine little vessel, with which he fished, and at other times dealt in commerce. One time, being at the Quay at Ayr, and

wanting a man to work the vessel with him, a young man came forward and offered his services. The stranger did not pretend to be an expert sailor, but promised that he would be obedient, and would serve his master as well as he was able; and James soon formed a great attachment for the young man, who was careful and active, and performed his duties well.

After one or two little trips, they sailed their ship past the Mull, and went on till they found themselves off the great city of Dublin, which ranks as the capital of the Irish kingdom. Being in want of a bag of potatoes and other necessaries, James sent his man on shore to procure them. As he was returning with his burden, he met a champion, who was parading the streets, beating his drum, challenging the people to produce him an antagonist, and imposing a sum of money upon the city; for it was the law of those days that, if a successful antagonist could not be found for the champion, the city should pay him the ransom. The young sailor, coming down the streets with his burden over his shoulder, pushed the champion on one side, telling him that he ought to have the good sense to leave the way open to one with a burden. The champion stopped beating his drum, and said—

'I take that as a challenge.'

'You may take it, and welcome,' said the young sailor.

'Then cut me this glove,' said the champion, as he took it from his belt.

The young sailor cut it: which was the form they had of accepting a challenge. Then they fixed the time and place for the combat; and it was agreed that they should fight it, with sword in hand, on a stage in front of the City Hall, at twelve o'clock on the morrow. So the young sailor went away with his burden to the vessel; and the champion went round the town, beating his drum, and inviting the people to come and witness the fight, on the next day, between himself and a Highland sailor.

Now, the young man did not let his master know what he intended to do; but James knew his purpose, having received information from others. So, wishful to save his servant's life, he gave him orders at once to prepare for sea; but the young man refused, for the first time, to obey him. James was sorry; for he

was sadly afraid that his servant would be killed, and he did not wish to lose his services.

In the morning the young sailor arose and opened his trunk, and took out of it a sword and a fine suit of tartan, which he had kept there concealed, and which his master had never set eyes on. He dressed himself in his tartan, and proved that his sword was of the best steel by bending it quite round his body. James was somewhat comforted when he saw this; for he thought that his servant seemed to know the use of his weapon; and, as he looked such a fine, brave fellow in his tartan, he might possibly contrive to save his life from the skill and strength of the champion. The young Highland sailor walked, with a quick step, up to the City Hall, where a great crowd of people and the town council were assembled to witness the combat. The stage was ready prepared, and the champion was the first to mount it. He capered from one end of it to the other, displaying his agility. The town council pitied the young sailor, and gave him a glass of wine; telling him that they feared it would be his last; for they considered him to be no fit match for so formidable an antagonist. The young man, however, was not a whit afraid; for he had more knowledge of the sword than they were aware of; and he gaily mounted the stage and went through the usual form of shaking hands with the champion.

Then the combat began. At first, the champion capered about, making light of his opponent; but he soon found that this would not do, and that the Highland sailor must be vanquished with hard fighting, and not with tricks: so he slashed and lunged at him in earnest. The young sailor, at first, stood on the defensive, warding off the champion's blows and guarding himself, until he had discovered the full amount of skill possessed by his antagonist. The crowd began to jeer at the champion for not making quicker work of the Highlander; and the champion, stung by their taunts, got furious, and cut and slashed desperately, trying to close with the young man and to bring him to his knees by sheer strength. But he did not know of what thews and sinews the Highlander was made; and the harder he strove to get in his sword, the farther he seemed from his purpose. The young sailor parried every blow

His eye was like a hawk's; and he stood like a rock. The champion stepped back and wiped the sweat from his face, the while the crowd jeered him more than ever; and cries were now raised that the Highlander would win. Up to this time there had been no blood shed, and there was not a scratch upon either of the fighters; for the young sailor had contented himself with guarding his own body, and not wounding his opponent. But when the champion stepped forward and desperately renewed the combat, then it was a sight, indeed, to see the young Highland sailor. He no longer stood there to parry thrusts and cuts; but he dashed at the champion with his trusty steel, making it gleam like lightning around him, and confusing his antagonist with the swiftness of his strokes. Darting nimbly aside, as the champion dealt a swinging blow that was intended to strike off his sword-arm, he whirled his keen weapon in the air, and, with one stroke, so completely severed the champion's head from his body, that, as it fell, it rolled off the stage to the feet of the town council.

Then there was great rejoicing. The people lifted the young sailor on to their shoulders and carried him round the town, proclaiming his praises. The town council, because he had saved the city from paying a ransom, presented him with a very handsome purse of gold, with which the young man went back to his master. He put back his sword and suit of tartan into his trunk; and they quitted Dublin and put out to sea. When they had got back in safety to Campbelton, the young sailor left his farewell with James Fisher, and gave him a good handful of gold, with which James afterwards built himself a slated house in the Shore-street of Campbelton. The young man would not disclose his name to James; but it was always supposed that he was one of the Argyll family, who had killed a nobleman in a duel, and had been obliged to disguise himself and go into hiding for a time. No one could match the Argyll with a sword; and it was always considered that no other than an Argyll could have vanquished the champion. James never heard of him afterwards; but he always believed that, if he could have got himself to Inveraray, he should have found his young sailor to have been one and the same person with Mac Callum More."

THE BROOCH OF LORNE, AND THE BROOCH OF BRUCE.

THE Highland plaid, called the *breacan-féile*, or "chequered covering," was, originally, a far more important article of dress than it is at the present day, forming, in fact, the chief portion of the costume. Professor Cosmo Innes would appear to disbelieve the antiquity of the Highland chequered dress, and is hard upon "the man of fashion who can afford to ape the outlaw of the melodrama." But General Stewart says that, "in the toilet of the Highlander of fashion" the arrangements of the plaid were of the greatest consequence. It had a length of four yards and a breadth of two, and was so folded that it covered the body and came down to the knee, being confined round the waist by a belt, except in wet weather, when it could be adjusted so as to shelter the whole person. When the wearer required the free use of both his arms, the plaid was fastened across the breast by a bodkin or brooch; but when the right arm only was left bare, the brooch was worn on the left shoulder. The brooch was circular in its shape, and was frequently adorned with crystals, cairn-gorms, and precious stones; while its silver rim was engraved with various devices and mottoes. Martin mentions some "of one hundred merks value, with the figures of various animals curiously engraved."

These Highland brooches were preserved as family heir-looms, and were treasured with a superstitious care. Their resemblance to the Roman *fibula* seems to have greatly impressed the mind of Wordsworth, who, in the brooch and plaid (worn kilt-wise) could see vestiges of the earliest history of the people and their communications with the Roman invaders. He says that, before Columba's visit,

> "was not unknown
> The clasp that fixed the Roman gown;
> The Fibula, whose shape, I ween,
> Still in the Highland Brooch is seen."

The Brooch of Lorn, that "brooch of burning gold," is historical, and forms the subject of the minstrel's song at the feast of *The Lord of the Isles*. It was at the defeat at Dalree, in Breadalbane, in 1306, that Bruce, being hotly pursued by one of the Macdougalls of

Lorne, slew him with his battle-axe, but left in his death grasp his plaid and brooch. This brooch was carefully preserved at Dunolly Castle, where it was said to have been lost at the burning of the Castle in the 17th century, and a statement to this effect is made by Sir Walter Scott, in the notes to his poem, and also by General Stewart, in his "Sketches" (ii. 442). This, however, is erroneous,

THE UGADALE BROOCH.

for the brooch is still preserved by Admiral Macdougall, at Dunolly House, and an illustration of it is given in the last edition (1864) of Professor Wilson's "Prehistoric Annals."

Another brooch of Bruce, but acquired in a friendly instead of a hostile manner, has also been preserved to the present day; its possessor being Captain Hector Macneal, of Ugadale and Lossit, in

Cantire. The brooch is very large and handsome; the central stone is a fine cairn-gorm, surrounded with Scotch pebbles, set in silver, much tarnished by age. Within the brooch, the letters F. M. K. are rudely marked, being the initials of Ferracher Mackay, to whom Bruce gave the brooch. The Clan of the Mackays of Ugadale was one of ten of the second class of vassals of the Isles; and Gregory mentions that Gilchrist Mac Imar Mackay had a grant of lands in Cantire from King Robert Bruce, and "that from him were descended the Mackays of Ugadale, who, after the forfeiture of the Lord of the Isles, attached themselves to the Macdonalds of Islay."

The history of this brooch given by Bruce to Mackay is a curious page in the romantic annals of royal fugitives. According to Cantire tradition, in those days when King Robert Bruce was a fugitive, and had a price set upon his head, he was nigh perishing from hunger and fatigue during a night passed upon the bleak mountain of Sliabhghoil, in North Argyllshire, but was kept warm by a goat who also refreshed him with her milk, in grateful remembrance of which he afterwards made a law that forbade the poinding (or pounding) of a goat. The next morning he walked on to Cantire, South Argyllshire, and met a beggar man, who gave him a little meal, which the King mixed with water in the heel of his shoe, and ate heartily, saying, "Hunger is a good cook; it is bad to slight food; barley-meal brose out of my shoe is the best food that ever I used." Then he came on to Cantire's monarch of mountains —2170 feet high—Beinn-an-tuirc, "the wild boar's mountain," so called because Diarmid had there slain the dreaded boar and had lost his own life through the jealousy of Fingal. Bruce wandered in the forest of Bunlaradh, where he met a man who would not tell who he was. So they fought; and when they had fought till they were exhausted, they agreed that it was pitiful work, and that it would be better for them to tell their names. Whereupon they did so, and Bruce discovered in his opponent his friend General Douglas, who was also a fugitive. Then they came down to Ugadale, on the eastern shore, and gained admittance at the house of one Mackay, who was entertaining his friends at a merry-making, and who welcomed them with Highland hospitality,

compelling Bruce to drink a cuaich of uisge-beatha, saying, "I am king in my own house." Then Mackay gave them their beds and breakfasts, and took them up Beinn-an-tuirc, in order to show them the way to the western coast of Cantire. Then Bruce disclosed himself, and promised that when he had regained his throne he would grant Mackay any favour that he should ask of him; whereupon Mackay replied, that if he had the two farms of Ugadale and Arnicle, he should be as happy as a king. Bruce promised him this, and bade him farewell at the spot still called *Crois Mhic Aoidh*, or "the cross of Mackay," telling him to come and see him in Edinburgh whenever he should perceive a bonfire blazing on a certain hill in Galloway. Mackay did so, and received from the King the title-deeds of the two farms; and when he declined drinking a goblet of wine, Bruce constrained him, reminding him that he, in his turn, was king in his own house.

Such, told briefly, is the purport of the popular stories relating to Bruce and Mackay that I collected on the spot in 1860, and which were published in the following year in my "Glencreggan;"* and in these, as will have been seen, no mention has been made of a brooch. Further inquiries on this subject, made during the past five years, have put me in possession of fresh particulars relating to this story, which have not hitherto been published. A Cantire laird tells me:—I believe the true version of this story to be as follows, and this I had from old John MacDougall of Killmaluaig, and the late Ugadale so far confirmed it; moreover, the tenure of the Ugadales further vouches for the truth of the tale. It would appear then, from this version of the story, that the King slept at Killmaluaig, a farm (now belonging to Glencreggan) of which Mackay was then tenant. The King was in disguise, and was hospitably entertained by Mackay, who spoke strongly against the Bruce. The King asked Mackay if he could direct him to the ferry for Arran. Mackay not only could do so, but offered to escort him on his way in the morning. They started accordingly, and rested where a stone now marks the spot on the hill of Arnicle, which is still the property of the Ugadales. From this spot,

* "Glencreggan, or a Highland Home in Cantire." By Cuthbert Bede. Longmans. 1861

Mackay pointed out to the King certain crown-lands; namely, the lands of Arnicle. They proceeded on their journey, and came to Ugadale, which was also pointed out as crown-lands. At length they came to the ferry, where the King sat down on a stone—which is still shown—and where, thanking Mackay for his hospitality, and giving him his brooch as a farewell token, he declared to him who he was. This put poor Mackay in a great fright, from which, however, he was soon relieved by the King telling him that he need not fear, for that he had entertained him hospitably as a stranger, and that if he should succeed in obtaining his rights, he would give unto him those crown-lands of Ugadale and Arnicle. The King afterwards carried his promise into effect, and the lands are now held on the obligation of entertaining the Sovereign on coming to Cantire.

In this version of the story, General Douglas disappears into his original mythical mists, and there are other slighter variations that can surprise no one who observes how rapidly even historical facts become encrusted with fable. A Cantire correspondent, to whom kinship to Bruce's Mackay has afforded peculiar means of information, has given me a version of the story in which some new and interesting particulars will be found. He says, that when Bruce had entered Mackay's house, the farmer offered him a seat at the supper-table. Bruce refused it; whereupon Mackay, bent upon hospitality, said that he *must* be seated, when Bruce replied, "Must is a word for kings to use to their subjects." On which Mackay said, "Every man is a king in his own house." When, on the morrow, Mackay had escorted his guest on his way, "Bruce presented his entertainer with the massive and curious silver brooch which is now in the possession of the Laird of Ugadale," and asked him as to his possession and prospects, and what would be the greatest boon that could be conferred upon him. Mackay's reply was, "To be possessor of the land that I now farm as tenant." According to this version of the story, Bruce did not disclose himself to Mackay at this interview; but, when he "enjoyed his ain again," sent for the farmer to court, and there desired him to be seated. On Mackay's hesitating to do this, Bruce said, "Every man is a king in his own house;" whereupon Mackay recollected

the occasion on which he himself had used the words, and then recognised the stranger whom he had befriended in the person of his King, who then presented him with the two farms of Ugadale and Arnicle in perpetuity. The original grant is still preserved. It is a piece of sheep-skin, three inches square, bearing the words, "I, Robert the First, give the lands of Ugadale and Arnicle to Mackay and his heirs for ever." On this grant the family held the lands till the reign of James IV., when it was formally confirmed by a crown-charter.

The spot at Arnicle where Bruce and Mackay parted, is marked by a cairn, on which was an inscription, which, according to tradition, recorded the history of the event, but it is now illegible. The glen still bears the name of Mackay's Glen. Ugadale is still a farm-house, as the Macneals reside at Lossit Park, near Campbelton. The late Laird of Ugadale was prevented from claiming his right to entertain his Sovereign, when the Queen visited Cantire, Sept. 17th, 1847, as she did not leave her yacht, which was moored for the night in Campbelton harbour.

The Mackays retained possession of Ugadale and Arnicle till the end of the seventeenth century, when the estate passed into the hands of the Macneals, of Tirfergus and Lossit, by the marriage of Torquil, a younger son of Lauchlan MacNeill Buy, of Tirfergus, with Barbara Mackay, heiress of Ugadale, from whom the present Laird and possessor of Bruce's Brooch, Captain Hector Macneal, is lineally descended. The grave of Mackay, to whom Bruce gave the brooch and lands, is pointed out among the many interesting grave-stones that crowd the old burial-ground of Saddell Monastery, Cantire, where lie the bodies of "the mighty Somerled," and of his descendant Angus Og Macdonald—the "Ronald" of "The Lord of the Isles"—who, with his "men of Argile and Kintyr," as Barbour says in his poem of "The Brus," gave his king such important aid in the fight at Bannockburn, and who had also entertained him in his wanderings at his castle at Saddell.

ARGYLLSHIRE'S LAND'S-END.

When we are at the Mull of Cantire, we are at the land's end of the Land's-End of the Scottish Western Highlands; for Cantire, or *Ceann-tir*, is Gaelic for "land's-end" or "head of the land," and is a name so thoroughly descriptive of the physical geography of the peninsula of South Argyllshire that Fergus, the original sovereign of the Scots, who subjugated the peninsula in 503, and gave it its present name, must be complimented on his aptness for nomenclature. This *Ceann* was turned by the Cambro-Celts into *Pen*, which they applied to a hill, though never to a promontory; but, when Anglicised, it becomes our familiar Kent; and the five great headlands of Britain—Kent, Lincolnshire, Haddingtonshire, Aberdeenshire, and Caithness—were originally and severally called Kent, or headland. Cantire, however, was in every respect the first and foremost headland or land's-end in the country; and this old Scottish territory, which yields to few other Western Highland districts in home-like, varied scenery, is certainly inferior to none in historical and antiquarian interest, and, it may be added, in its folk-lore and traditionary tales.

As seen upon the map, this great headland of the romantic county of Argyll is forty-one miles in length, and from one to ten miles in breadth, dangling by the very narrowest of necks from the poetic land of the mystic Ossian and the modern Campbell, removed from the Irish coast of Antrim by an angry channel barely twelve miles in width, and forming, with its flanking islands of Bute and Arran on the inner side, and Islay, Jura, and the other southern Hebrides on the outer side, a natural breakwater to protect the Firth of Clyde, and to spare Ayrshire from the fury of the Atlantic waves. At one time, indeed, Cantire itself was reckoned as an island, and was numbered among those Sodorenses or "Southern Isles," from which the Bishop of Sodor and Man took his title; and it was the scene of that boat-carrying of Magnus Barefoot, and afterwards of Robert Bruce, which is so vividly described in Scott's "Lord of the Isles," when, in order to avoid the dangers of "rounding wild Cantire," the king's boats were dragged across the narrow neck of

the peninsula between the two Loch Tarberts. From its length and narrowness, and other peninsular characteristics, combined with its nearness to the isles of Arran and the southern Hebrides, Cantire can boast of more varied sea views and landscapes than many better known and universally visited districts in the Western Highlands of Scotland. Traversing its centre, and forming its long back-bone from north to south, is a range of heathery hills, with an average altitude of 1200 feet, their greatest elevation being attained at about the centre of the peninsula by Beinn-an-tuirc, "the wild boar's mountain," and scene of the Ossianic legend of Diarmid and the Boar, whose summit is 2170 feet above the sea. The height of Bengullion is 1500 feet, that of Sliabh 2000 feet, that of Cnoc Maigh 2063 feet, and the Mull itself is but a confused pile of hills, some of which are but little inferior to those just named. The stern and grand scenery of the Mull (or Moil), the very wildest part of "wild Cantire," is in marked contrast to other southend scenes within a few miles distant, in what has been termed "the garden of Cantire," where, at Macharioch, the Duke of Argyll has a pleasant residence. Near here is the famous rock of Dunaverty, the scene of a cruel massacre; and here, in the year 1869, was stationed the second lifeboat for Cantire, within sight of that roofless old church which marks the spot where St. Columba landed on Scottish ground, and where he lived and preached before proceeding to Iona.

The land-locked harbour of Campbelton, wherein a navy might ride, and where the Queen passed a night on board her yacht, is another scene of picturesque beauty. The soft Windermere-like scenery of West Loch Tarbert, down which the steamer conveys the traveller to Islay, is in strong contrast to the rugged scenery of the labarynthine Eastern Loch; and Lord Teignmouth very aptly compared the difference between the two to pictures by Claud and Salvator Rosa. In short, Cantire offers to the tourist a locality where the landscapes alternate between the lovely and the wildly grand, and whose sea views are enlivened by groups of islands of unrivalled beauty. Then there is the shingly beach, the rugged cliffs,

"the many-creviced glens
That cleave deep the gnarled Bens,"

the folded hills, the burns and rivers, the hidden corries and ferny dells, the heathery braes and thymy promontories, and the extensive panoramic views that embrace the torn peaks of Arran, Ben Lomond, Benmore, Ayrshire, and Galloway, Islay and Jura, and the Irish Coast from Fair Head to the Giant's Causeway. Cantire, in fact, has many and peculiar attractions to recommend it to the notice of the tourist, artist, sportsman, archæologist, historian, and the lover of out-of-the-way spots secluded from the beaten track, where old customs linger and older legends abound.

For, as a natural consequence, in such a land, peopled by such a thoroughly Celtic community, every inch of Cantire ground has its tradition, now of Columba and his tutor, St. Kiaran, now of the Dalriads and Irish Scots, now of the Lords of the Isles, now of Robert Bruce, now of Mac Callum More and the Campbells, now of the Macdonalds and other chieftains; mingled with tales and stories of vagrants, smugglers, pedlars, fools, witches, drovers, shepherds, fairies, brownies, wind-sellers, lairds, and reverend ministers. Many of these stories possess a peculiar value, both from their connection with historical events, and from painting, in the graphic and truthful touches of local legends, the character of the rude Highland chiefs and Lords of the Isles.

CANTIRE AND THE FIRST LORN.

Cantire is otherwise spelt Kintyre, sometimes Cinntire, and oftentimes Cantyre, although I have been assured by the Gaelic purists of the peninsula that Cantyre is altogether wrong, and that there is authority only for the first two, of which Cantire, as being nearer to the original derivation of the word, is the more correct. I have therefore adopted it, in preference to Kintyre; and have adhered to this spelling to avoid the confusion arising from the use of the two words in the same work. In the *Statistical Account*, the peninsula is commonly called "Kintyre," but, in the map to the work, "Cantire." Mr. J. F. Campbell, in his *Popular Tales of the*

West Highlands, indiscriminately uses the words Cantire (II. 36), Cantyre (III. 89), and Kintyre (II. 53); and, in his translation of *Diarmid* (III. 41) the word appears in its Gaelic form of Ceantire.* Dr. Browne, in his *History of the Highlands*, also makes an indiscriminate use of Cantyre and Kintyre; though, in the map to his work, the peninsula is called Cantire. Gregory and the majority of Scottish historians appear to favour "Kintyre," and keep to that spelling pretty steadily; but the latest historian (1862), Mr. E. W. Robertson, adopts a new plan, thus stated at page 12 of the second volume of his *Scotland under her early Kings*:—"Here and elsewhere I use *Cantyre* for the district, *Kintyre* for the whole principality;" nevertheless, in his map, the latter word appears as *Kintire*. Langland's large map of the district (1793) designates it as Kantyre. Kentyir, Kentyr, and Kintyr are older forms of the word. Sir Walter Scott, in his poems, had to write the word but three times, and adopted as many ways of spelling it! It is "Cantyre" in the *Lord of the Isles*, and "Cantire" in "Carle, now the King's come!" but, in the original manuscript of the latter, was written "Kintire."

Sir Walter Scott's epithets are worthy of notice. In the last named it is "far Cantire,"

"He's heard in Fife and far Cantire;"

or, as it stood in the original,

"Saint Abbe is shouting to Kintire,"

that is, from east to west, taking Cantire to represent the westernmost Highlands. In the former place it is "wild Cantyre," referring, evidently, to the nautical dangers incurred in rounding the Mull. It is also thrice used by Mr. F. A. Mackay in his poem entitled "A Legend of Kintyre." Professor Shairp, in his poem of *Kilmahoe*, has the epithet "long Kintyre," in allusion to the peculiar geographical features of the peninsula, and "old Kintyre" in reference to its historical age.

Glancing at the map, we see that Cantire approaches more nearly than any other part of Great Britain to the coast of Ireland, twelve

*In the review (evidently from Mr. Campbell's pen) of the Dean of Lismore's book in the *Times*, April 17, 1862, the peninsula is twice spoken of, the first time as "Cantyre," the second time as "Kintyre."

miles of water alone separating the two countries; and Rathlin Isle forming, as it were, a stepping-stone between them. This nearness of the two countries is suggestive of the earliest history of Cantire. It was from Ireland that Cantire was colonised, and it may not be

FOOTPRINTS OF ST. COLUMBA, NEAR KEIL CHURCHYARD,
(Dated 564 A D.), marking the place where the Missionary preached

impertinent to remind my readers (for it is a point on which even Dr. Lingard fell into error), that the *Scotia* of that day was Ireland, and that the Cantire Highlanders were called "Irish" *(Hibernii)* to

so late a period as 1547, as well to denote their extraction as to distinguish them from the Scots of the mainland.

It was in the year 503 that Fergus, Angus, and Lorne crossed from Ireland to Dunaverty, Cantire, made themselves masters of the peninsula, and established the kingdom of Dalriada. Fergus gave to the long narrow peninsula the name of *Ceann-tir*, "headland" or "land's-end." From thence arose the royal line of Cantire, and the history of Scotland as a kingdom.* Thus the peninsula of Cantire yields to no other part of Scotland in historical interest, for here was the original seat of the Scottish monarchy. It was, too, the first part of the Western Highlands where Christianity took root. Hither came the kinsman of King Fergus, Saint Columba, when he had turned his back upon that Ireland that he had vowed never to see again; and at Kilcolmkill, near the Mull of Cantire, he preached the gospel some two years or more, before he finally left Cantire in quest of his last resting-place at Iona. Hither, too, St. Columba had been preceded by his tutor, St. Kiaran, who well earned his title to be "the Apostle of Cantire," being the first to preach the gospel there, before its good tidings had been proclaimed in any other portion of the Western Highlands.

The ecclesiastical remains in the peninsula are as numerous as they are interesting; but, although many of the ancient *Cills* or burial grounds are still used as places of sepulture, the old Norman and First-pointed churches are mere shells and ruins, and have been deserted as houses of God in favour of buildings as destitute of architectural grace as they are of ancient traditions. The beautiful "Iona crosses" are also to be found, generally in fragments, but that which has been set up in Main Street, Campbelton, is quite perfect, and in a state of preservation that is positively startling. Many of the sculptured grave-stones to warriors and Lords of the Isles are also of the greatest interest and artistic beauty. Of the ecclesiastical structures in Cantire, the Monastery at Saddell, St. Columba's two churches at Kilcolmkill and Skipness, the traces of

*"The history of Scotland as a kingdom may be said in general terms to begin with the accession of the family of Kintyre."—Robertson's *Scotland under her Early Kings* (I. 24).

St. Kiaran's church at Kilkerran, and the old chapels at Kilcouslan, Kilchenzie, and Killean, will be found to possess great interest.

Of ancient fortresses in Cantire, those at Saddell and Skipness remain in a tolerably perfect state, and there are other remains of castles at Tarbert and Kilkerran. Dunaverty, the famed "Rock of Blood," had its castle so completely destroyed after its famous siege and terrible massacre that the name is now only attached to a bold headland. But of Danish encampments and vitrified forts there are numerous traces, for Cantire had much to do with the Danes, and Haco and his countrymen made great "harryings" on the tempting peninsula, and carried away other things besides its fashions, as Magnus "Barefoot" did. Its nearness to Ireland subjected it also to other invasions than those by the Danes; so that, what with Vikings and Hibernians, and what with Macdonalds and Campbells, and what with Cantire being a chief territory of the Lords of the Isles, and containing within its boundaries some of their most important strongholds, its soil was the scene of perpetual feuds and chronic wars.

CHAPTER II.

The Town of the Campbells—The Old Capital of the Scottish Kingdom—The Kintyre Club—The Reform Parade at Campbelton—The 10th of March, 1863—The Queen's Visit to Campbelton.

THE TOWN OF THE CAMPBELLS—THE OLD CAPITAL OF THE SCOTTISH KINGDOM.

THREE centuries before Edinburgh was known, the capital of the Scottish kingdom stood on the ground now occupied by the modern Campbelton, Cantire's chief port and town. It is so old a town that it has grown out of one name into another, and lived through three or four patriarchal lives.

Born in the sixth century, it can count thirteen hundred years upon the bead-roll of its remembrance, from the days of Fergus the First to those of Victoria. First known by the name of Dalruadhain, it was the veritable capital of the kingdom of those Dalriad Scots, the descendants of Cairbre Ruadh, who had crossed from Ireland and established themselves in the long narrow peninsula of Cantire, as the first step towards extending their conquests over a wider field of territory. After that it took a second lease of existence under the name of *Ceann-loch*, or *Ceann-loch-chille-Chiarain*, "the head (or end) of Loch Kilkerran," a name which not only describes its position, but also preserves the memory of Saint Kiaran. Then it was known as Loch-head, and was not only the chief town of the Lords of the Isles, where they had a castle, assumed regal powers, and held parliaments (still remembered in the name of "Parliament Close," Campbelton), but it was also chosen to be one of these three royal burghs created by James the Fourth for the civilization of "the stern Scottish Hielands," and was further declared to be the seat of justice for those Sudreys, or South Isles, among which Cantire had been reckoned, ever since Magnus Barefoot had dragged his boat across its narrow isthmus, and had thus feigned that he had sailed all round the land, which needs, therefore, must

be an island. Then, about the year 1680, its inhabitants began to call Loch-head, Campbelltown, out of respect to the Argyll family; and this compliment to the Campbells was officially confirmed in the year 1700, since which time there has been no reason to make a further alteration in the name, for the Campbells, who, after their terrible feuds with the Macdonalds, had settled down as the chief landowners in the peninsula, long continued to be so, and at the present day the chief of the Clan Campbell, the Duke of Argyll, is

CAMPBELTON LOCH AND ISLE DAVAAR.

not only the chief heritor in Cantire, but also its official head, being the Lord-Lieutenant of the county. The town therefore still remains as Campbelton, Campbeltown, or (as I believe the present Duke of Argyll prefers to spell it), Campbelltown.

The town is beautifully situated, encircling the head of a two mile long land-locked bay. On the north and south, hills of 800 to 1200 feet overhang the bay, which has a depth of water sufficient to allow vessels of the largest tonnage to approach the two quays of the

town. Askomil is on the northern side of the harbour, whose inner end is encircled by the town. The chief portion of the town, with its quays and shipping, is on the northern side of the harbour. The hills rise behind it towards the east on the left hand, but on the right hand the ground falls to the low-lying Laggan of Cantire, between Campbelton and the Atlantic. Over this Laggan (or How), a distance of less than five miles, the sea once flowed into Campbelton Harbour, thus converting the northern portion of the peninsula into an island. From the heights to the north-west an admirable prospect is obtained, including the entrance to the harbour by the Island of Davaar, the open channel, with Ailsa Rock in the distance, and the bold and picturesque range of hills to the south of the harbour, culminating in Bengullion, 1500 feet above the sea.

THE KINTYRE CLUB.

THE KINTYRE CLUB BADGE.

Campbelton, together with Cantire and its people, are annually brought before the great world of Glasgow, at the yearly dinner and festival in that place, of "the Kintyre Club," whose badge bears as its crest the Campbelton cross. It was established in 1825, and now consists of upwards of 500 living members scattered over the face of the earth. Besides the annual social gathering of the Club, which does so much to foster the friendly feelings of those who have been born in the peninsula, but whose paths of life have led them to other scenes, the main objects of the Club are charitable and educational. With its funds it relieves distressed natives of Cantire, grants school fees to children taught in Cantire, gives six silver medals to the three grammar schools, and sixty-seven book prizes to the seven remaining schools

in Campbelton, the latter seven schools having an attendance of about 800 scholars; gives a £5 grant to the Ragged School, and £60 in bursaries to eight students. At one of its annual dinners, the chairman, J. C. Macnaughton, Esq., spoke thus of the peninsula and people of Cantire:—

"Kintyre has its halo; unlike some of our sweet spots around the Firth of Clyde, where the sea, as it were, nestles in the bosom of the land, it stretches its long body far out into the ocean, holding firmly its own against the rude waves of the Atlantic. We love it, and are proud of it—the land of our childhood's home—and of the men it has sent forth to the battle of life, men who in many instances stamped, as it were, somewhat with the hardy endurance of their almost sea-girt peninsula—not to be dismayed by the threatening cloud or adverse gale, have risen by dint of steady, sturdy perseverance and honest conscientious integrity of purpose, under Divine Providence, to positions of respectability and usefulness; and, as the poet has said, 'an honest man's the noblest work of God,' and such like men, we hope, Kintyre and the Kintyre Club ever shall embrace."

The following extract from the report of the club, published in 1898, shows that this useful institution has done, and is still doing, excellent work:—

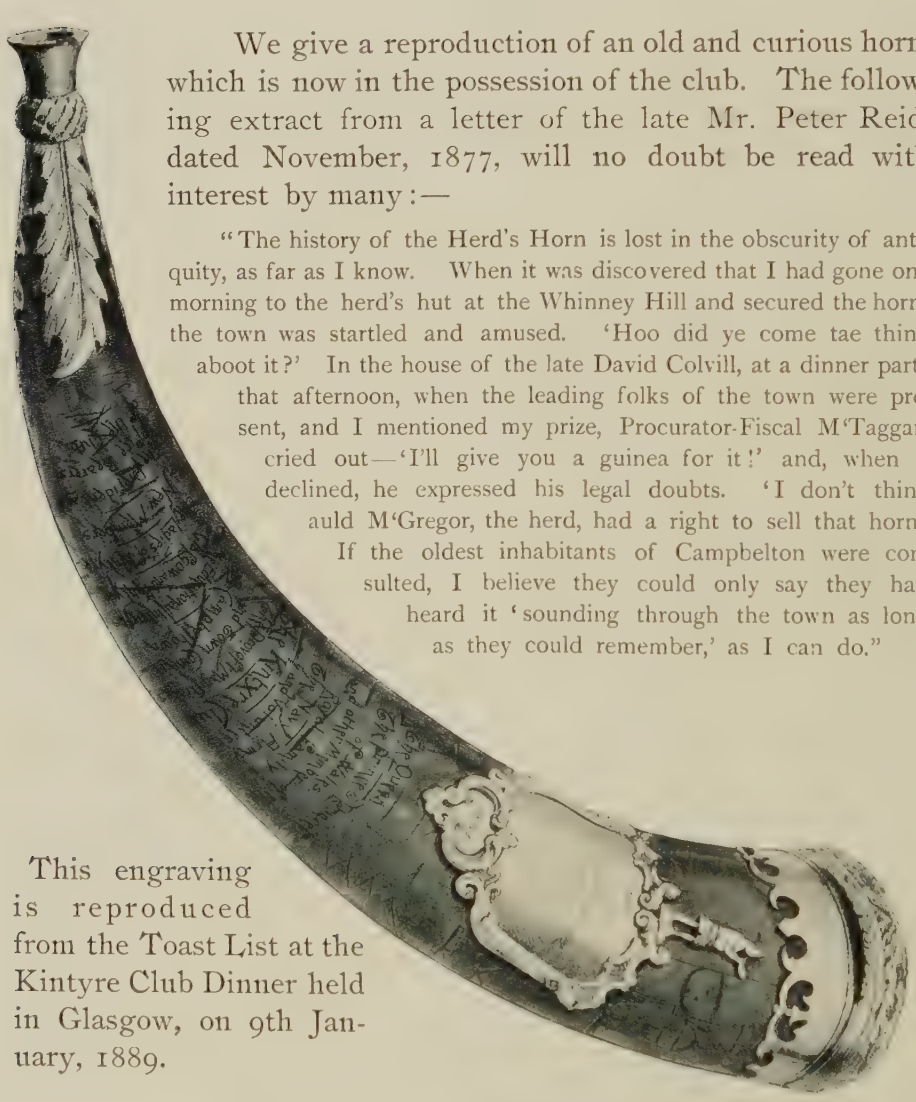
"The Kintyre Club was instituted in 1825, a number of natives of Kintyre resident in Glasgow having agreed to form themselves into a club for social and charitable purposes. For the first three years of the club's existence the whole revenue was accumulated, in terms of the original rules, but in 1830 its operations in bestowing charity, and in granting school prizes, were commenced. A few years later the work of education was taken up, the fees of poor children attending school in Kintyre being paid by the club. In 1847 the operations of the Club were further extended by the providing of bursaries for students attending the University, and in 1862 the "Kintyre Bursary" was founded by Robert Ker, Esq., of Auchinraith, at a cost of £500. The bursary, which is of the annual value of £22 7s 4d, is tenable at Glasgow University for a period not exceeding four years, and is open to students connected with Kintyre whose circumstances are such as to render aid important, and without which they would be unable to attend College. A further Special Bursary was founded in 1889, the family of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Love, of Campbeltown, having made over a sum of £300 to the club for this purpose. The bursary, which is named the "Alexander Love Bursary," is of the annual value of £11, and is open to students at Glasgow University who are natives or sons of natives of Kintyre. With the exception of the payment of school fees, which ceased shortly after the passing of the Education Act in 1872, the several departments of the club's work continue in force. There has been expended, since the formation of the club, in charities, £3042 12s 8d; in prize books and medals, £1117 18s 7d; in school fees or bursaries, £779 14s 9d; and in University Bursaries, including the two special bursaries, £2060 12s

1d—a grand total of £7000 18s 1d. The funds of the club at 31st December, 1897, amounted to £4819 8s 11d. During the year 1897 a substantial addition has been made to the funds, the President for 1897 having commemorated the Queen's sixty years' reign by handing over a sum of £500 for providing small annuities to deserving widows and others connected with Kintyre who may be in necessitous circumstances. The fund has been named "The MacDonald Annuity Fund," and it is anticipated that the annual income will amount to about £17, to be allocated among three or four annuitants."

THE HERD'S HORN.

We give a reproduction of an old and curious horn, which is now in the possession of the club. The following extract from a letter of the late Mr. Peter Reid, dated November, 1877, will no doubt be read with interest by many:—

"The history of the Herd's Horn is lost in the obscurity of antiquity, as far as I know. When it was discovered that I had gone one morning to the herd's hut at the Whinney Hill and secured the horn, the town was startled and amused. 'Hoo did ye come tae think aboot it?' In the house of the late David Colvill, at a dinner party that afternoon, when the leading folks of the town were present, and I mentioned my prize, Procurator-Fiscal M'Taggart cried out—'I'll give you a guinea for it!' and, when I declined, he expressed his legal doubts. 'I don't think auld M'Gregor, the herd, had a right to sell that horn.' If the oldest inhabitants of Campbelton were consulted, I believe they could only say they had heard it 'sounding through the town as long as they could remember,' as I can do."



This engraving is reproduced from the Toast List at the Kintyre Club Dinner held in Glasgow, on 9th January, 1889.

A "peninsular man" has given me the following description of the Cantire demonstration on the passing of the Reform Bill:—

THE REFORM PARADE AT CAMPBELTON.

In the years 1828-32, there was a great cry abroad with regard to the laws, and meetings were held throughout the country asking for an extension of the franchise, and that the people should have freedom to vote for a member of Parliament in order that the burthen of taxation might be lightened. The Cantire people, hearing what was going on in other parts of the country, did not wish to be behind the rest of the world, and proposed that they would have a grand parade at Campbelton in order to testify their desire that they also would like the reform. So the day was appointed for this parade, and each of every trade held meetings and formed committees, so as to have everything in good order, and subscriptions were raised to provide music, and banners having appropriate designs and mottoes. From Glasgow also were brought a band of music and many curious devices, such as a printing press, a weaver on his loom, a shoemaker, a tailor, a baker, a carpenter, an old wife churning, a ship in full rig, and a variety of other devices which, being mechanical pieces, were made very amusing by being set to work.

So, when the parade day came, the people assembled, every trade having its own proper place assigned to it. They met on the Quarry Green near Kilkerran, where the various trades took their places, each with its flag and piper, and all dressed in their best. Then the procession got in motion, and paraded the streets of Campbelton, Lochend, Dalintober, and Dalaruan; and then, turning back, went up Big Kiln Street, and halted at Witchburn, where a large stage had been put up for the speakers. Mr. Galbraith, commonly called "the factor," was unanimously voted to the chair, and it was the highest day he ever saw. He delivered a most excellent address on the subject of reform, and gained for himself great popularity, for he was a large proprietor in the parish, and that at a time when very few of the proprietors countenanced the reform movement. Other speakers also addressed the people, and then each party marched to its respective place and partook of

refreshment, after which they quietly dispersed and went home. The day was very fine and calm, and no accidents occurred. The number that assembled was near upon three thousand, and altogether it was a notable day for Campbelton.

THE TENTH OF MARCH, 1863.

And yet, not so notable as a day in the more recent annals of the town, the 10th of March, 1863, when the marriage of the Prince of Wales was celebrated at the Land's-end with as much enthusiasm as in any other portion of the Western Highlands, and when there was not only a "parade" of divers trades, as in the reform celebration, but various other methods to make this festive occasion an opportunity for rare spectacular display. The marriage of the Heir-Apparent to the Throne, one of whose titles is that of Lord of the Isles, could not fail to raise to the heartiest pitch of loyalty the feelings towards him of the inhabitants of one of the chief districts and the chief town, once ruled over by a long line of famous Lords of the Isles.

Fortunately for the success of the festival, the "coorse" weather of the 9th was not repeated on the famous 10th of March; for, although the morning dawned in a foreboding way, yet soon the royal sun, coming like a bridegroom out of his chamber, drew aside the bridal veil of mist that concealed the face of nature, and looked forth jubilantly upon the preparations of the day—the steamers and vessels in the harbour dressed from hull to mast in bridal banners—flags fluttering from house tops, people thronging into the town from every point of the compass, white plumes, feathers, and ribbons abundantly flecking the green masses and garlands, and even the old cross in the centre of Main Street decorated for the day, and surmounted with a regal crown.

By ten o'clock the streets were alive with a grand procession. Deputy-Lieutenants, proprietors, and farmers on horseback, arranged according to the colour of their horses, and 120 in number, led the van, followed by a body of farm servants, the Magistrates and Town

Council in carriages, the Civil Service and teachers (81 in number), Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, the Volunteers and their chaplains, with their band, and the Artillery, with their band and a thirty-two pounder, All of these bore flags and other outward evidences of wedding festivities, and pipers preceded most of the divisions. Then came the Freemasons, with their flags and insignia, followed by the trades—the painters, masons, blacksmiths, hammermen, shoemakers, bakers, tailors, joiners, ship carpenters, and rope-spinners, carrying flags bearing mottoes and characteristic devices of their trade, the "souter" being shown actually at work on King Crispin's throne. Then there were the pensioners, merchants, shopkeepers, Band of Hope, and Ragged School Children, shipowners, sailors, and fishermen, all carrying banners, models, and devices, forming a procession of half-a-mile in length, composed of nearly 1500 persons, and attended by a still larger crowd of spectators. This procession, starting from Main Street, went round the harbour by Lochend to Dalintober Quay, and thence back by Dalaruan and Longrow to Kilkerran, where the battery was gaily decorated with flags. Here the Artillery fired salutes from Fort Greenlees, the Rifles breaking in a *feu-de-joie* after every seventh gun; and Bengullion, echoing back the deep-boomed thunder of the cannon and the singing rattle of the rifles, looked grandly down on one of the most animated scenes that the old Loch of Kilkerran could ever have displayed.

Then came cheering and speechifying and singing, and marching back to Campbelton, and the Provost's cake and wine at the Town Hall, and the drinking of the healths of the royal bride and bridegroom, and the clashing of the joy-bells. Then followed the long programme of rustic sports in the Meadows, Burnside, in the presence of 5000 spectators—the flat race (not only for men and boys, but for women also); the hurdle, barrow, and sack races; the pig with the greased tail, and the leg of mutton on the pole; the jingling matches, and other games and sports familiar to Englishmen, with others peculiar to Scotland and the Highlands, such as putting the stone, throwing the hammer, hitch-and-kick, and eating scones and treacle.

In the evening there was a public dinner in the Bolgam Street

Hall, presided over by Provost Galbraith,* and a general illumination, not only of the Town Hall and other public buildings, but also of shops and private houses, extending all round the harbour to Dalintober. At nine o'clock a grand display of fireworks took place from the city barge, moored in a part of the loch suitable for that purpose, thus terminating the greatest gala day in Campbelton's history with a more beautiful spectacle than had ever been witnessed in its ever-beautiful harbour. Throughout Cantire, as elsewhere, the 10th of March was celebrated as a general holiday, and with many evidences of the loyalty of the Land's-end people, whether it took the shape of bonfires, rustic sports, or public dinners. But Her Majesty has already received proof of this, for although I am not aware that the foot of modern royalty has ever been set upon the soil of Cantire, yet the old capital of the Scottish kingdom has been visited by its Sovereign in the present reign, and the people of Campbelton had the opportunity to testify to the Queen the respect and love in which she was held by her Land's-end subjects.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO CAMPBELTON,

or, rather, to Campbelton Harbour, was on Saturday, September 17th, 1847, on her way from her then Highland home of Ardverikie. One of the magnates of Campbelton, who took part in the proceedings of the day, has given me the following particulars of the royal visit, the first that had been paid to the town since the days of the old Scottish kings.

The royal squadron arrived in Campbelton Harbour on the afternoon of Saturday. Her Majesty's Highland retreat was then at Ardverikie, near Fort William. She had gone thither that year

*Who stated—"There was a public procession in the town thirty years ago to celebrate the passing of the Reform Bill, but it was far from equal to the one on this occasion, which showed that the marriage of the Prince of Wales had given pleasure to the community at large." Another speaker, the Rev. H. M'Neill, said—"I agree with our respected Provost in thinking that there never has been anything to equal it in the annals of Campbelton."

through the Crinan Canal, and returned by the same route. On the day when she came to Campbelton, the portion of the squadron that accompanied her to Crinan, as soon as she had landed there to go on board the track-boat, set off to round the Mull of Cantire, and so reach Campbelton from the south. The other ships were waiting at Ardrishaig, having gone there some days previously. It so happened that the two divisions of the squadron met just as they were entering the harbour, and it was said that it was Her Majesty who first descried the vessels that rounded the Mull as she came down Kilbrannan Sound.

Campbelton was splendidly illuminated for the occasion, and bonfires blazed on the quays and on all the surrounding hills. The whole population was abroad, and in a state of the highest excitement and delight. As the vessel carrying the royal standard came to an anchor, Provost Colville went off in a barge and sent on board a card on which was written—"The Provost and Magistrates of the Royal Burgh of Campbelton—to enquire for Her Majesty, and to receive Her Majesty's commands." The Provost then went on board the royal yacht, and walked its deck for some little time in company with the Minister in attendance, who enquired particularly if the lands on all sides of the harbour belonged to the Duke of Argyll. The Provost and Magistrates were greatly pleased with their cordial reception.

Rumours got afloat that some of the royal party had landed, but I believe that this was not correct, although more than one stranger was followed by crowds through the streets, under the impression that they were looking upon Prince Albert. Her Majesty frequently showed herself upon deck, as did also the lamented Prince Consort, until the shadows of night began to fall, so that the Campbelton people had a good opportunity of seeing her, and she could view our beautiful harbour and town to great advantage. The harbour was literally covered with boats of all sizes and descriptions, some with a single sculler, but each one striving to get the nearest to the royal yacht. The illuminated town, and the bonfires blazing on all the hills, produced a very fine effect as viewed from the loch. The streets of the town continued densely crowded and in a state of great excitement until a very late hour, or rather till after midnight.

Every one was in hopes that the royal squadron would remain in the harbour over the Sunday, but they left it at an early hour on the Sunday morning, encountering very severe weather on the remaining part of the voyage.

Mr. Douglas Jerrold gave out in print that, on the arrival of the squadron in the harbour, the Provost sent round the town bellman to announce that "The Queen is in the loch!" I think this was a mistake of Mr. Jerrold's, and that what the bellman said was "The Queen's ships are in the loch." But, even if the proclamation was made as thus reported, it was scarcely a greater blunder than occurred at Aberdeen when the Queen visited that city, when one of the announcements to the public was "Her Majesty is now in the dock," a position of greater shame, if not of peril, than being in the waters of Campbelton Loch.

The marriage, on March 21st, 1871, of the Marquis of Lorne to Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, is yet another notable event for the town of the Campbells. The wedding gift of the people of Cantire to the Princess Louise was a pearl necklace, valued at nearly £700.

CHAPTER III.

Story-Hunting in Argyllshire—Wandering Characters in Argyllshire: The Drovers, the Carriers, the Beggars, the Pedlars, "Dusty-Foot"—Why the Macmillans were called Brown—The Weeper of Carradale Glen—The Pit of the Goats—The Rival Clans of Gigha—The Cantire Gentleman and the Greedy Priest.

STORY-HUNTING IN ARGYLLSHIRE.

In the southern Argyllshire peninsula of Cantire, and those few other old-world spots in the Western Highlands and Islands where the language, traditions, and customs of the past have not wholly succumbed to the dominant influences of the present, the neighbours would meet together in one of their houses, and there, as they sat round the peat-fire heaped on the middle of the earthen floor, they would wile away the dark wintry nights by telling tales and legends. The storm might be thundering without, the great Atlantic "rollers" might be rattling almost at their very doors, or the silent snow might be spreading thickly over the hills and glens, but within the heather thatched hut they were happy and busy, the women spinning and the men knitting, and all, in turns, lightening the time by song and story.

As Gaelic was the only language of the majority, their traditionary tales were told in that tongue. When translated, therefore, they lose much of their force; but, at the same time, if translated with literal exactness, although the stories are thereby rendered of greater value to the Gaelic scholar, yet, from their copiousness of local peculiarities and allusions, their ruggedness of diction and their idiomatic phrases, the general reader would probably not peruse a volume of such translations without an effort. On the other hand, when such legends are rendered into prose-poetry—as was done by Macpherson in his "Ossian," and by Dr. Smith, of Campbelton, in his "Ancient Poems from the Gaelic"—we have another system of translation that has found its admirers since the days when the great Napoleon made "Ossian" his favourite pocket volume. A middle course between the free Ossianic and strictly literal styles has also been

adopted by other translators, so that in this way we might meet with three varying versions of the same legend. Similarly a landscape, when transferred to the canvas by the pencil of a Turner, a Linnell, or a Creswick, would assume as many varying styles, and yet the differing pictures might accurately represent the scene; though, at the same time, all three would present numberless divergencies and discrepancies to the strictly literal photograph. It must be borne in mind that to many of the tellers of Gaelic stories the English language was a sealed tongue, and that as they could neither read nor write the Gaelic that they spoke, all their legends and traditions were orally delivered from generation to generation, being altered and adapted, pieced, turned, and twisted according to the memory or fancy of the narrator, so that in the same Highland district we frequently meet with the same legend in half-a-dozen different dresses, and sometimes find it to be so patched and cobbled as to be well nigh metamorphosed out of its original shape.

But, in the majority of cases, any departure from the original story is due to the inventive faculty of its narrator, and not to any deficiency in his memory; for, the powers of memory possessed by these illiterate West Highlanders are so extraordinary, as almost to surpass belief. They will not only repeat hundreds, but even thousands, of lines of poetry, without an error; and will declaim the Ossianic poems much in the same way that the Icelanders repeat their interminable Sagas. But, the narrators of such stories are quickly dying off. Every year there are fewer and fewer left to sing the "battle-chants of bard Oran and Ullin"; and the tellers of the *sgeulachdan* or popular stories are rapidly becoming a distinct race, through the pressure of those new creations of the railway era that haunt them in their far away nooks and bring them within the realms of tourists, telegraphs, newspapers, and the English language and fashions. The imagination and inventive faculties of the people are being directed to far more useful purposes than the framing of *sgeulachdan;* and the Ministers and godly "Men" who have done their best (or worst, as it is often considered) to frown down these excuses for nightly gossipings, have much to say on their side of the question, in affirming that the powers of the memory are given to us for better and higher purposes than the treasuring of silly fables

and old wives' tales, which tend to no increase of intellect, religion, or morals, but rather denote a state of stagnation, both social and intellectual. Such objectors have remorselessly consigned such tales to the Hades of "fairs, dances, and worldly revellings."

Yet, although it must be conceded that there are higher and worthier efforts of the mind than those exercised by the retention or in the dissemination of popular folk-lore and fairy tales; still, the preservation of these evidences of the mental amusement of a people during many centuries cannot be altogether without its use or interest. Nurtured under the influences of a country like to that described by the poet of *The Excursion*, where

> "Many a tale
> Traditionary round the mountains hung,
> And many a legend, peopling the dark woods,
> Nourished Imagination in her growth,"

the men of the wild Western Highlands and Islands have grown up to be the memory-keepers of Ossianic songs and ancient legends, and these *sgeulachdan*, whether as relics of a dead and buried Past, or as lingering specimens of a transition era, may prove interesting as evidences of a thoroughly Celtic race that is fast losing many of its distinguished characteristics. From *Seanachas na Feinne* and Fingalian lore, through all the misty and distorted traditions of the intermediate periods—from the commingling of Norse and Celtic myths up to the already semi-fabulous popular tales of the past century—all these are illustrations of the oral entertainment of thousands, through many generations, in days when the schoolmaster was quite abroad, and Education Acts were unknown. These popular tales and legends represent, in fact, the literature of a people, and, as such, are worthy to be snatched from oblivion.

But how to get them is the difficulty. It is obvious that unless the hearer of a Gaelic-spoken story can, at the time of its narration, note it down word for word with stenographic fidelity, he must depend upon his own powers of memory for reproducing in an English version the story that has been told him in Gaelic. And it is further obvious that when a Gaelic story is thus filtered through an English medium, it cannot be reproduced, as a whole, with literal exactness, although the more prominent verbal phrases and

idiomatic expressions may have remained in the memory. Yet, it is quite possible to preserve the sense and spirit of the story, together with its continuity and homogeneousness. The work of story-hunting in a Western Highland district is by no means easy, and demands the exercise of peculiar qualities. A knowledge of spoken Gaelic and its various dialects is not sufficient for the acquisition of orally-delivered legends, but he who desires to listen to the narration of such stories must first possess the key to the Highlander's heart, and use it with tact and kindliness for the attainment of his purpose. An utter stranger wandering about story-hunting would meet with scornful wonderment, stolid silence, or assumed ignorance from 'cute West Highlanders, who, if they were so disposed, could load him with a budget of traditionary tales. But let another person visit such memory-keepers of old lore, and, by clanship or any other magic wand, tap the full cask of their recollections, and forthwith such a stream of talk will begin to flow that the visitor's chief difficulty will be to know how or when to stop the outpouring.

The old retainers of the ancient families—characters that appear to be indigenous to the soil—are very storehouses of legendary lore,

> "Enough to furnish tales for every night,
> The whole long winter by the peat-fire's light."

And they are not the only tale-tellers and reciters who are considered "good at *sgeulachdan*." The vagrants and beggars were especially remarkable as being holders and diffusers of popular stories. Utterly different in their character to the "vagrom men" who beg from door to door in England, these Western Highland mendicants are rather to be looked upon as a peculiar class of traders, "wandering minstrels," who fairly earned their board and lodging by the exercise of their peculiar talents. Making easy progress from one farm town to another, with their bagpipes or fiddle as their badge of trade, they everywhere received a hearty welcome, and the best entertainment in return for the music that they played, the stories that they told, and the budget of news and gossip that they freely opened. The common rule (according to a Cantire proverb) was certainly a simple one, although it pressed rather hardly upon a

reticent or unimaginative stranger, *A chiad sgeul air fear an taighe, agus sgeul air muin sgeòil air a choigreach gu là'*. (The first story on the man of the house, and story after story on the stranger, till day).

The Gaelic language in which these stories were told possessed great flexibility for the dramatic narrator of the *sgeulachdan*, and frequently enabled him to give the sense of a passage by the mere sound of the spoken words. This may be exemplified in the Gaelic song called "The Swan's Ditty," for the classical belief in the song of the swan has never quite died out, and among the Cantire Highlanders it is universally affirmed that the wild swans which frequent their peninsula in the winter, and which are specifically different from the tame, emit some very melodious notes on certain occasions, particularly when two flocks meet, or when they are about to take their flight. Usually the wild swans, when they are seen in Cantire, are not in flocks, but in two's and three's; but in January, 1864, as many as thirty wild swans were observed at the curling pond at the Dhury-loch, between Campbelton and Kilkenzie, and they kept together for several days. The swan's note has, in the Gaelic, a particular name, which would not readily be the case if the thing had not a foundation in nature; and both the words and air of the song called "The Swan's Ditty"—*Luinneag na h-eala*—are in close imitation of the bird's notes. It would scarcely be possible to give the air, even with the aid of musical notes, but the words may be judged from the following specimen verse of the song as sung in Cantire:—

"Guileag ì, guileag ó,
Sgeul mo dhunach
Guileag ì,
Rinn mo léireadh,
Guileag ó,
Mo chasan dubha,
Guileag ì,
'S mi féin glé gheal,
Guileag ó."

Even the English reader who "has no Gaelic" can see that this ditty rivals the Aristophanic Frog-song. But the Gaelic language is remarkable for the ease with which its sounds may be made to

echo the sense. The dipthong *ao* and the tripthong *aoi* have a peculiarly soft and mournful sound, and are used with great effect in the Gaelic songs and poems. In the mournful passages the predominant sounds are these, and *ai*, *iu*, *ua*, *uai*, etc. Soft and tender passions and objects are also expressed by words that bear some analogy to them in sound, and which consist mainly of vowels, while harsh objects are denoted by harsh sounds, in which consonants predominate, although many consonants are quiescent in Gaelic. The sound of the hoarse roaring of a wave on the rock is, for example, signified by the prominent use of the letter R, thus:—

. . . "*stairirich*
Measg charraige cruaidh a gairich."*

West Highlanders may be pardoned for asserting that no language was ever better adapted for poetry than the Gaelic, almost all its words being not only energetical and descriptive of the objects that they represent, but also, for the most part, an echo to the sense. Knowledge of Gaelic, both spoken and written (despite its being written in Roman characters), still exists, not only throughout the Western Highlands and Islands, but also among many families of the Scottish nobility, and, it is said, among the members of the Royal Family. Yet, despite this fact, and the additions that are still being made to Gaelic literature, that the spoken language is in its decadence, with no hope of a revival to its former widespread power, is confessed even by Celtic philologists and scholars. It has been stated, indeed, that at the present day the various branches of the Celtic language are spoken by upwards of four millions of people in the Old and New Worlds. Whether this be a fact or no, and whether or no Gaelic, as a widely-spread spoken and living language, be doomed ere two or three more generations have passed away to be classed among the things that have been, it will ever maintain its value as a language necessary to be acquired for the proper study of Celtic literature, history, and philology.

But, whatever may be the present state or fate of spoken Celtic elsewhere in Scotland, it lingers at the Western Highland's Land's-

*In the imitative language of the Indians, the noise of the waves dashing upon the rocks is called *mah-dwa-yaush-kak*. See Professor Wilson's *Prehistoric Man*, Vol. I. chap. 3, for many similar examples from the vocabulary of the Indians and Egyptians.

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

Lochaber trumps.* The wanderer was the lion of the night; and, in his way, as great as, perhaps greater than, any "lion" secured for a fashionable assembly in far higher spheres of society.

These wanderers might be divided into four classes, the drovers, the carriers, the beggars, and the pedlars. The two first classes, from the nature of their occupations, were unable to make a prolonged stay with their entertainers; but the drovers, from the great distance that they often travelled—which took them occasionally to such foreign parts as England—were enabled to bring back wondrous narratives of Lowland customs, and to frame any amount of romantic fiction upon the actual facts of their travelled experience. What these drovers were has been painted for us by a master's hand in "The Chronicles of Canongate."

The carriers, as distinguished from the pedlars, conveyed their goods in carts, and were therefore restricted to those parts of the country where the roads might be found not altogether in a state of nature, and one degree better than rocky channels and semi-watercourses. Heavy goods, such as were beyond the pedlar's powers, were brought by the carrier; and his periodical visits were therefore invested with much importance, while the limited opportunities afforded by the brief intervals of business were turned by him to the best advantage in rehearsing the news of the town or clachan that he had lately passed through, and in gathering scraps of information for the dwellers in the next clachan on his route—a proceeding which was equally acceptable to his customers, who were thus able to indulge in the universal love for tittle-tattle.

The beggars were, perhaps, the most welcome of all the wanderers; though beggars they were not, if, by that word, we mean the vagrants who demand alms and food to support themselves in idleness; for the West Highland beggars worked for their livelihood, and had no need to ask for that food and shelter and douceur which would be voluntarily given to them. To the newsmongering of the drover and carrier, they added talents and abilities of their own. The shining rafters of the peat-reeked roofs would vibrate to the reels and jigs and strathspeys danced by the barefooted lads and lassies on the earthen floor to the inspiring music that the beggar

* The Jew's (*i.e.*, jaw's) harp.

blew from his pipes, or scraped out of his fiddle, or breathed from his Lochaber trumps. And when, tired with the dance, they gathered round the fire, who but the beggar could so well recite their grand Ossianic poems, or narrate wild legends and *sgeulachdan*, and thrill them to the very marrow with stories of ghosts and warlocks and brownies and water-kelpies, told with dramatic power and an actor's art? Such wanderers as these were wondrous popular in the Western Highlands and Islands, and nowhere more so than in Cantire, where, at its veritable Land's-end—when the Mull was more thickly populated than it is in these sheep-farming days—it is said that the beggar's progress from Balligrogan to Southend, a distance of less than twenty miles, was not made under the space of four months, owing to the hospitality that was forced upon him at the various houses and "farm-towns" that lay on his route. These beggars mainly helped to disseminate the popular tales and legends, and also to assist in their perversion, by the additions to them and the subtractions from them, that they received either from design or from lapse of memory. The beggar who brought in his budget a good story that was new to the hearers, was as welcome to them as Mr. Mudie's agent would be to the dwellers at some lonely country-house, when he arrived with a fresh packet of sensational literature, whose dyspeptic effect would raise a nightmare vision of Lady Audley thrusting Colenso into a well of doubt. And, perchance, the beggar's audience would have the advantage, for, however frivolous might be that old spirit of popular romance which he had raised, yet he would only be telling them stories in which (in the words of Mr. J. F. Campbell, of Islay),* "a mother's blessing, well-earned, leads to success—in which the poor rise to be princes, and the weak and courageous overcome giants—in which wisdom excels brute force."

The fourth and last class of wanderers is to be found in the pedlars, or packmen, or merchants—for by all these names is the Highland *Autolycus* known. The pedlar had not only his news "very true, and but a month old;" but, like his Shakspearian representative, had also within his pack "a counterfeit stone, a riband, glass, pomades, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring," with

*"Popular Tales of the West Highlands."

. . . "Tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a;
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st and fin'st wear-a?"

His arrival, therefore, was especially welcomed by the feminine portion of the community; and the opening of his pack was a revelation for which "the gude mon's" husbandly and paternal pocket was sorely taxed. Articles were suddenly discovered without which it was impossible to live another day, and which, being offered at such extraordinary bargains, it would be a folly not to secure.

But the Scotch pedlar, or packman, or merchant, was known by still another name—that of "Dusty-foot." It was an appellation whose meaning was to be found in the migratory habits of the pedlar. He was, essentially, a wanderer, a bird of passage, a travelling merchant; and, in days when, not only in Eastern nations, but also (according to Cambrensis) among the Welsh, the offering and acceptance of water for the washing of the traveller's feet, was a token of invitation and the acceptance of hospitality, the dusty-foot was regarded as a sign that the person would not remain for the night, but would pass onwards on his way. And as the pedlar had no permanent residence, but carried his goods from fair to fair, and from town to town, he received the name of "dusty-foot."*

From the "dusty-feet" we get the name of that singular court of justice commonly known as the Court of Pie-Powder, or, more properly, "the Court of *Pies-powdrees* or dusty-feet, *curia pedis pulverizati*." The Pie-powder Courts were established in order that a rough-and-ready justice might be administered at fairs, on those who had committed minor offences during the fair-time, and who were tried in a temporary court on the fair ground by the steward of him who had the tolls, and not by the magistrates of the burgh. "The dusty-foot," says Mr. Robertson, when speaking of Scotland

* "The followers of the Celtic lord was sometimes known as *gillie wet-foot*, from wearing no shoes or stockings, a practice to which the Scottish peasantry long clung—an incidental testimony of the prevalence of the native element amongst that class."—Robertson's *Scotland under her Early Kings*, vol. i., p. 305; ii. 474.

between the years 1124 and 1153, "was the travelling pedlar, or merchant as he was called in Scotland, the original of the modern haberdasher, or 'man with a havresac;' and as, in fair-time, the *stallenger*, or trader who sold from a temporary stall or booth, could claim 'lot and cavyl'—share and share—with the most dignified burgher, with whom for the time he was upon an equality, it would have been contrary to the true northern principle of justice if he had been liable to be tried and punished in a strange court, and by any other verdict than that of 'his peers,' the community, for the time being, of the fair. The dusty-foot probably came by land, and only entered the burgh for traffic during fair-time: but the sea, or the river, bore the vessel of the foreign trader to the burgh at all times."

WHY THE MACMILLANS WERE CALLED BROWN.

Macmillan was a great man in Carradale Glen. He had three sons, who were very strong like himself. At that time, the Athol men used to come to Cantire for the purpose of plunder and to drive away the cattle of the glen. Once, they made a raid on Macmillan's cattle, when he was from home; but, when he returned and saw that his cattle were away, he armed himself and his three sons, and pursued the plunderers. A fierce combat ensued, in which Macmillan was victorious and drove back his cattle; but his youngest son, instead of returning home, continued his pursuit of the enemy. His father was afraid that he was killed; but, in a few days, he came back, carrying with him a great load of the Athol-men's heads. Seeing this, his father cried out

Mo laochan, mo ghille donn,
'S tu fein an sonn a chuireadh riu.

"My hero! my brown lad! it is yourself so brave would follow them." The descendants of this man were called Brown; and that was the origin of the name in Carradale.*

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* The Campbells are said to have derived their name from that Diarmid who slew the Boar, and who, having but one eye, was called *Camshuil*, "the one-eyed." The boar's head in their armorial bearings also refers to Diarmid's deed.

Afterwards, this Macmillan took a brain fever and became insane. He got out of the house at *Roinadale*, "the horizontal field," and went to the mountain of *Sròin-na-seana-chair*, "the nose of the old rocky eminence"; and he was never seen again. It was supposed that he fell into a dreadful pit which is on the side of the hill; from which the people of the glen afterwards heard terrifying sounds, like the rumbling of waves dashing on the shore, making the glen to tremble as though with an earthquake.

Among many who heard the sound was an aged and respectable woman, who lived in the glen, and who affirmed to me, that, when the noise was heard, the plates on her dresser would quiver; and that the noise always preceded the death of a Macmillan or Brown, and that it was supposed to come from the spirit of the brown lad who was lost at *Sròin-na-seana-chair*, and that generally, immediately afterwards, a death of the *Clann Mhaoilein* or *Clann 'Ic gille dhuinn*, took place in the Glen.

THE WEEPER OF CARRADALE GLEN.

This same old woman also told me that she had heard the *Caointeach* "Weeper" or "Mourner" in Carradale Glen, which was a supernatural creature, who wept before the deaths of certain individuals. When young this woman had gone with other girls into the wood to gather nuts; and there, in a thicket of "Scraggs," they heard sore weeping, like the sobbing of a very little child. They thought it was a little child who had lost itself in the wood, and they endeavoured to find it. But, the sound of the sobbings kept going before them, and keeping the same distance from them wherever they went, although they followed it for some time. Then the oldest of the girls said "It is the *Caointeach!*" and, when they knew that it was the Mourner they became alarmed, and went home. In a few days after they were told that the Lady of Carradale was dead. Another Carradale woman who once saw the *Caointeach*, said that he was no bigger than a new born babe, and that he was weeping, in feeble tones, like an infant.

THE PIT OF THE GOATS.

On the side of the hill of *Sroin-na-seana-chair*, "the nose of the old rocky eminence," in Carradale Glen, is a deep pit or cavern, called *Sloc-nan-Gabhar*, or "the Pit of the Goats," because many sheep and goats have been lost in it. It is fringed with thickets and long ferns that cover the opening, and make it very dangerous both to man and beast.

It was said that a girl was gathering berries with a *coge* (wooden dish) near to the mouth of *Sloc-nan-Gabhar*, and that she fell into it and was killed. Some time afterwards a *coge* and a portion of a girl's breast were found in a well at Torrisdale, three miles distant from *Sloc-nan-Gabhar*, which were supposed to have belonged to the young girl who had fallen into the pit; and it was thought that there was a mighty subterranean cave connecting the two places, for, if a stone is thrown into *Sloc-nan-Gabhar*, its echo may be heard ringing for some time, showing that the pit is very deep. The well at Torrisdale is also very peculiar, for it ebbs and flows with the sea, and has a rapid ascent. Its depth is not known, the water is exceedingly pleasant to the taste, and it rises on the side of a little hill called *Tor-an-tobair*, or "The Hill of the Well."

THE RIVAL CLANS OF GIGHA.

On the island of Gigha there once lived only these two clans—the Clan Fhamhair, or Sons of the Giant, and Clan Bhreatan, or Galbraiths. These two tribes continued in perpetual enmity with each other, but one of the Galbraiths took to wife one of the Clan Fhamhair, and they lived together quite comfortably for some time. Galbraith strove to reconcile the two clans, but in vain, his wife's friends having a deadly hatred to the Galbraiths.

At length her father took ill and was dying. His son-in-law wished to see him, to pay his respects to him before he died; and the dying man was told that his son-in-law was coming to him. The

old man sought his sword, and concealed it in order to give his son-in-law the death-blow. Galbraith perceived his purpose, but did not like to touch the dying man, and said they would have another day of it. After the old man was dead, the two clans met on a little hill and fought with great valour. The Galbraiths gained the victory, and cut off the thumbs of the other clan and drove them out of the island. The hill where their battle was fought still retains the name of *Cnoc-nan-òrdaig*, or "The Hill of Thumbs," to this day, and for a long time the Clan Bhreatan were the only inhabitants of the island.

THE CANTIRE GENTLEMAN AND THE GREEDY PRIEST.

It is evident that singing was used by the Culdees. St. Columba might be heard, it is said, at the distance of a mile, singing praises, but we have not the sacred airs recorded, and know not whether they were chants or measured staves. The monks and nuns of the Cantire abbeys and religious houses practised singing in their religious exercises, but as the Psalms of David were not translated into metrical verses, in Gaelic, until a recent date, we are not able to ascertain what were the original sacred tunes to which they were sung in olden times.* But, with regard to profane songs—such as Ossian's Poems, Legends, Tragedies, and Sacred Hymns—we have abundance of music preserved. Cantire, before the Reformation, was a stronghold of Popery. The priests claimed their tithes and perquisites most rigorously, and although they got so much, yet were often discontented, coveting what they could not claim a right to. A Cantire gentleman who lived in the neighbourhood of a greedy priest, had a fine fat sheep to which the priest took a fancy, and sought it from the gentleman, but he refused to part with it, preferring it to the prayers and service of the priest; so that the opinion of the priest towards the gentleman was that he was a complete Pagan. But the priest could not be baffled in that way, so

*A manual on "Gaelic Psalmody," written in Gaelic by Mr. John Mathieson, and containing forty tunes adapted for Gaelic congregations, was published in 1863.

took the opportunity of stealing the coveted animal. The gentleman knew the way that the sheep had gone, and that it was in vain for him to try to get it back, for he knew that the loss of his sheep would be nothing in comparison with the damage that the priest's curses would bring upon him. Yet he did not care much for the priest's instructions, but frequently absented himself from church, and at other times was late in coming forward, so that the priest began to be suspicious that he was not a good Catholic.

One day, when the gentleman was late in coming to the service, the priest noticed him as he came into the meeting, and made a pause, and then sang the following words to a chant:—

"A Mhaighster Pagan, is fada tha thu,
C' àite 'n d' fhàg thu na mea?"

"Mr. Pagan, you are late of coming; where did you leave your bleating sheep?" to which the gentleman, with ready wit and no fear, took up the verse and the chant with these words:—

"Is miosadh thà mi no bhà mi,
Thugadh nam am próléa."

"I am worse off now than I have been. My bleating sheep is stole away." The chant to which this verse was sung is melodious, and is often sung by Cantire mothers to restless children, in order to soothe them to sleep. It is here given:—*

*Noted by the Rev. F. H. Havergal (of Hereford Cathedral), who thinks that its melody—which in two of its bars has a resemblance to the well-known air, "Auld Lang Syne"—is not older than the latter half of the seventeenth century.

CHAPTER IV

THE FAIRY MAN, OR THE CLANDONALD'S LAST STRUGGLE.

THE FAIRIES had always a great taste for beauty in mortals, and were ever on the look-out for lovely girls, with the intent, if possible, to carry them off, and this was fully as much the case in the Western Highlands of Scotland as in other places. There was once a water-fairy or Kelpie (*Each-uisge*), who lived in an inland lake in the Western Highlands, and carried on an intrigue with a beauteous maiden. After that she had borne him a son, she repented of her intrigue with the *LeannanSìth*, or fairy lover, and was anxious that he should take their infant under his own charge. This, however, the Kelpie refused to do, and to make his refusal the more acceptable to her, he qualified it with a bribe. He said to her in his Gaelic tongue:—

"Mo nighean chruinn donn, gabh rì d' mhacan
'S bheir mise dhuitse gad bhreacan."

which signifies—

"Maiden, deck'd with auburn tresses,
Take thy son to thy embraces;
And, each morning whilst I live,
Spotted trout to thee I'll give"

Whether induced by her fairy lover's daily supply of trout, or whether maternal feelings prevailed, is not recorded, but the young mother took her son and reared him as requested, calling him by the name of *Dubh-sìth*, which signifies "The Fairy Man."

This *Dubh-sìth*, the Fairy Man, grew up to be a remarkable and historical character. Of his personal appearance we may draw a mental picture from his nickname of *Sìtheach*, or "The Dwarf," by which name his memory is still cherished in Cantire. His surname is variously given as Mac Gilleain and Mac Amhlay. Cantire tradition makes him to have come from Mull, and to have been an expert archer, and not altogether ignorant of the black art. He became famous in Cantire history as the slayer of Sir Lachlan Mor

Maclean, of Dowart (or Duart), who was the foe of his nephew, Sir James Macdonald, Lord of Islay and Cantire, at the battle of Traigh Gruinart (or Loch Gruinart), in Islay, on 5th August, 1598; and the drama in which the Fairy Man played so conspicuous a part, has not only a peculiar bearing on the history of Cantire, but also forcibly illustrates the family wars in which the Lords of the Isles and the Western Highland chieftains were so ready to plunge themselves and their clans. The full details spread over so great a space that they would weary the reader, unless he has a ravenous

DUNYVEG *(DUN-NAOMHAIG)* CASTLE, ISLAY,

An Ancient Stronghold of the Lords of the Isles.

appetite for the literature of early Highland history; if so, he may feast on the ample particulars of those events in which the Fairy Man played his part, as they are set forth in Gregory's *Highlands and Isles*, Stewart's *Sketches of the Highlanders*, Skene's *Highlanders of Scotland*, Dr. Browne's *History of the Highlands*, Dr. A. Macdonald's *Historical Sketches of the Island of Islay*, Cosmo Innes' *Sketches of Early Scotch History*, and the like sources. Concisely narrated, and divested of all superfluous matter, the following is the

account of the memorable Clan Donald's last struggle, and the connection therewith of *Dubh-sìth*, the Fairy Man.

Sir Lachlan Mor Maclean was the son of that Lady Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of Archibald, second Earl of Argyll, who was known as "The Lady of the Rock," from having been cruelly exposed by her husband, a chief of the Macleans, on a rock in the Sound of Mull, that was covered at high tide. From her terrible position she was happily rescued. They had two children, a son and daughter, the former of whom became Sir Lachlan Mor Maclean, of Dowart, and the latter married Sir Angus Macdonald, of Islay and Cantire. Sir Angus had a cousin, Donald Gorm Macdonald, of Sleat, in Skye, who, when on his way to visit his kinsman at Dunyveg—or, in Gaelic, *Dùn-naomhaig*—in Islay, was windbound in a harbour of Jura, near to some possessions of Sir Lachlan. Two of that clan—or, as some accounts say, two of his own clan—made it to appear that he had "lifted" some of the cattle of Sir Lachlan, who, in revenge, fell upon the Macdonalds and slew some 60 or 80 of them. Donald Gorm having, with the remnant of his followers, escaped to Skye, informed his cousin, Sir Angus, of the treatment he had met with from Sir Lachlan, who at once set sail for Skye, in order to consult on the reparation that should be demanded for the outrage. Sir Angus took with him his brother Ranald (or Reginald) and his own son James, but on his way to Skye called in upon his brother-in-law at Dowart, in Mull, and arranged the difficulty concerning his cousin's affairs. But it happened that Sir Lachlan rented of Sir Angus a portion of Islay called "The Rinns," and as he coveted this land, and now had Sir Angus in his possession, he refused to let his brother-in-law go unless he made over to him the Rinns by a formal deed. To escape from the threatened captivity, Sir Angus was feign to comply with his demands; and he quitted Mull, leaving his son and brother behind him as hostages, and secretly vowing to take vengeance on Maclean.

In due time Maclean came to Islay to take possession of the Rinns. He brought with him one of the hostages, the lad James, and took up his quarters on the island of Loch Gorme, from whence, at the repeated invitations of Sir Angus, and the solemn promise that he should not be harmed, he removed with his 86

followers to Mullintrea, where he was hospitably entertained. Sir Angus wound up the feast by surrounding the lodgings of the Macleans with three to four hundred of the Macdonalds, and made them all his prisoners except two (supposed to be the two persons who had "lifted" Sir Lachlan's cattle), who were burnt in their quarters. When Sir Lachlan quitted Mull, he had left his affairs to the management of his kinsman, Allan Maclean, who had no sooner heard of the result of the Islay entertainment than he

DUART CASTLE, ISLAND OF MULL,
The Ancient Seat of the Chiefs of the Clan Maclean.

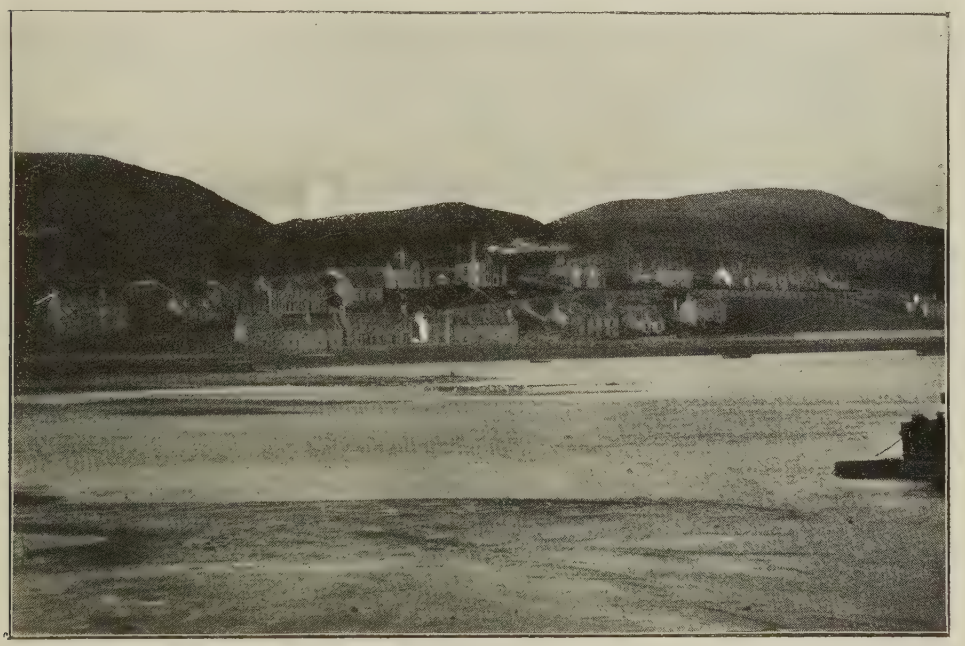
thought to compass Sir Lachlan's death, and to obtain the guardianship of his young children, by informing Sir Angus that his brother Ranald, who had been left as a hostage, had been put to death. The lie succeeded. Sir Angus was so enraged that he slew the 86 followers of Maclean, two each day, reserving their chief for the last. His life was spared, according to one account, through an accident that happened to Sir Angus; or, as others say, through

the intervention of young James Macdonald. But the King himself had interfered, for, as Sir Angus slew only two Macleans each day, it necessarily took forty-two days to make away with the 84. This gave time to the Clan Maclean to apply to the young Earl of Argyll's representative (the chief of the Campbells) to intercede with the King on behalf of their chief. They were successful, and Sir Angus agreed to release Sir Lachlan on condition of being pardoned for his crimes, and receiving his eldest son and seven other sons and brothers of chieftains, as hostages. And so drops the curtain on the second act of this sensational drama, leaving Sir Lachlan liberated, and Sir Angus going away to Ireland for a little more fighting.

But as soon as Sir Lachlan had got back to Mull, he summoned his clan and took them to Islay, which he wasted with fire and sword, regardless of his own vows, and of the safety of his own son and the seven other noble hostages. Macdonald, hearing of this, came with hot speed from Ireland, and, wonderful to say, disdaining to revenge himself on the hapless hostages, sailed for Mull, and did to the lands of the Macleans what the Macleans had done for the Macdonalds. In the meantime, Sir Lachlan was not idle, for he had crossed from Islay to Cantire, where he ravished and plundered his enemy's possessions. "And thus," says Sir R. Gordon, "for a while they did continually vex one another with slaughters and outrages, to the destruction almost of their countries and people." The Macneills of Gigha, and many other clans, were also involved in these feuds, which kept the southern Hebrides in a ferment, and again demanded the King's interference. He ordered the obedience of the clans, and an Act of Parliament called the "General Band," or "Bond," was passed for maintaining good order in the Highlands and Isles. The Macdonalds and Macleans took no notice of it, and went on in their old cutting and hewing style, the former assisted by a band of English mercenaries, and the latter by a hundred Spanish soldiers, who had been on board "The Florida," when that vessel of the Royal Armada was driven into the harbour of Tobermory in Mull, where she was afterwards blown up by Sir Lachlan. The outrageous cruelties committed by both parties—but more especially by the Macleans—once more brought about the

feeble interference of the King, who—with one eye to justice and the other to the herring fisheries—pardoned the two chieftains on very easy terms.

After various adventures and vicissitudes, which it would take too much space to talk about here, the feud arose in which *Dubh-sìth*, the Fairy Man, played his important part. Young Sir James Macdonald (now twenty-two years of age), having set fire to



ASKOMILL, NEAR CAMPBELTON.

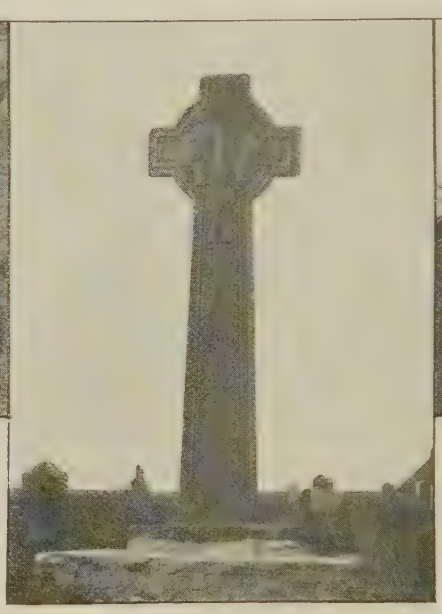
the house at Askomill,* in which were his father and mother, having half-burnt his father and then put him in irons, in his prison at Smerbie, had leisure to attend to the proceedings of his uncle, Sir Lachlan Mor Maclean, who, not content with taking possession of the Rinns, was anxious to drive the Macdonalds out of Islay, and place the whole island under his own control. The friends of both

* On the north side of Campbelton Harbour; Smerbie is about two miles beyond Askomill, on Kilbrannon Sound.

parties interfered, and proposed that the matter should be settled by a conference at Loch Gruinart, in Islay. They met, and as was to have been expected, Sir Lachlan would not be satisfied with half of Islay, and said that they must fight for the whole of it. Thereupon ensued the battle of Loch Gruinart (or Traigh Gruinart), fought on August 5, 1598, and terminating in the victory of Sir James Macdonald, who was severely wounded, and had thirty of his

SANCTUARY CROSSES OF ISLAY.

KILCHOMAN.



KILCHOMAN.

KILNAVE.

followers killed and sixty wounded, but the slain of the Macleans amounted to 280 in number, together with their chief, whose death is thus described by Dr. A. Macdonald in his *Historical Sketches of the Island of Islay*:—

"As nothing but full possession of the whole would satisfy Sir Lachlan, the dispute was left to the decision of a bloody battle, which raged for several hours on Traigh Gruinart, with alternating prospects of success; when, as the Macdonalds were seemingly well beaten, they derived encouragement from the arrival of their friends, the Cantire men, more especially as, at the same momentous juncture, Sir Lachlan fell by the well-directed arrow of an insignificant-looking creature called *Dubh-sìth*, who, in

the early part of the day offered his services to Maclean, and, on being spurned by the courtly knight, went immediately to Macdonald, who received him with grateful feelings. Many of the Macleans, now without a leader, were slain as they fled to Kilnave Church, where, on account of the reputed sanctity of the place, they expected to find refuge. They met with no mercy, however, for the edifice was set on fire around them, and thus perished the whole muster of the Macleans, except the body of reserves, who took to their gallies and escaped to Duart, and one brave fellow who effected his escape through the roof of the church. The corpse of Sir Lachlan was picked out from among the slain, and conveyed on a car to Kilchoman churchyard, by a female of the Macleans. It is said that her son, a youth of about eighteen, accompanied her to drive the horse, and that on observing the head of Sir Lachlan waggling with the jolting of the cart, he smiled. This levity incensed her already wounded feelings to such a degree that she attempted to stab him."

Dr. Browne, in his *History of the Highlands*,* adds the following instance of superstition in connection with the battle of Loch Gruinart, which may here be given;—

"Sir Lachlan, according to Sir Robert Gordon, had consulted a witch before he undertook this journey into Islay, who advised him in the first place not to land on the island on a Thursday; secondly, that he should not drink of the water of a well near Groynard;† and lastly, she told him that one Maclean should be slain at Groynard. The first he transgressed unwillingly (says Sir Robert), 'being driven into the island of Islay by a tempest upon a Thursday; the second he transgressed negligentlie, having drank of that water before he was awair; and so he wes killed ther at Groinard, as wes foretold him, bot doubtfullie. Thus endeth all these that doe trust in such kind of responces, or doe hunt after them.'"

Such, then, was the battle of Loch Gruinart, in which so memorable a part was taken by that *Shigach*, or Dwarf, whom the Cantire people believed to have been the offspring of a Highland maiden, and her fairy lover *(leannan sìth)* the water-kelpie, and whom they therefore called *Dubh-sìth*, or "The Fairy Man."

The victory that he had obtained over his uncle, Sir Lachlan Mor Maclean—who was shot by *Dubh-sìth*, "the Fairy Man," at the battle of Loch Gruinart—made young Sir James Macdonald highly popular with his clan. It is true that the Macleans had at once invaded Islay, under the leadership of Hector, Sir Lachlan's son, and had revenged themselves for their chief's death; but the Government appear to have looked friendly upon Sir James, with whom, in the year after the battle of Loch Gruinart, (1599) the King's Comptroller was in treaty regarding the lands of Islay and

*Vol. I., p. 228. † *Tobar Neill Neònaich.*

Cantire, and whose offers were approved by the Privy Council. Sir James expressed himself willing to evacuate Cantire and place it at the king's disposal, and also to allow a royal garrison to be maintained at the castle of Dunyveg, in Islay, if he should be allowed possession of the remaining lands in Islay, by paying to the crown an anuual feu duty of £600, and granting to his father an annual pension of £670. These offers were accepted; for the king wanted money, and was also anxious to bring "the daunting of the Isles"

FINLAGGAN CASTLE AND EILEAN-NA-COMHAIRLE, ISLAY.
It was on this Island that the Lords of the Isles held Courts and dispensed justice.

to a peaceable termination; but, as he was now intent upon his preparations for taking possession of the English throne, the disturbances in the districts nearest to the Lowlands demanded prompt measures; and the more distant Highlanders and Islanders were left to revel to their heart's content in mutual reprisals. It was at this date, for example, in the year 1603, that the Macdonalds assisted in the raid of Kilchrist, when a whole congregation were burnt in the

church of that name, the while the piper of the Macdonald chief marched round the building, mocking the cries of the victims, with that pibroch, which ever since, under the name of "Kilchrist," has formed the family tune of the clan.

Soon after this, in the year 1603, Sir James Macdonald, who had broken his word as to giving up Cantire and Dunyveg to the king, but who had released his father out of prison at Smerbie, near Campbelton, had now the tables turned upon him, and was himself consigned to a dungeon by his father—natural affection, apparently, being a commodity of which the then West Highlanders were singularly deficient. The Earl of Argyll took possession of Sir James, and, in the following year, was ordered to "exhibit" him before the Privy Council. This he did, and Sir James was committed to Blackness Castle; and, on his attempting to escape, was, from thence, removed to Edinburgh Castle.

In the following year, 1605, while Sir James was safe in prison, notice was given that Lord Scone, the Comptroller of Scotland, would attend at Loch Kilkerran (now called Campbelton) on July 20th to receive the submissions and rents of the principal men of the clans of the South Isles, and to examine their title deeds. The fighting men of the western shires and burghs, with provisions for forty days, were ordered to attend at Loch Kilkerran, to enforce, if needful, the king's demands with the aid of fire and sword; and as an additional precaution all the men of Cantire and the Western Isles were to be deprived of their boats. But, more was threatened and demanded than was performed or received. Lord Scone did not hold his court until the month of September, and it was attended only by the Cantire proprietors, old Sir Angus Macdonald, the Macneills of Gigha, and the Macallasters, Maceachrans, and Mackays of Cantire. Old Sir Angus paid up his arrears, and handed over to the Comptroller, as a hostage for his future obedience, his natural son, Archibald Macdonald of Gigha, who was forthwith placed in prison at Dunbarton Castle.*

* A roll was made of the lands in Cantire. Out of 151½ merk lands in North Cantire, 62 were waste; and out of 203 merk lands in South Cantire, 51 were waste. At the previous roll, made nine years before, (1596) out of 139 merk lands in North Cantire, 36½ were waste; and out of 205 merk lands in South Cantire, 45 were waste.—See Gregory's History, pp. 269, 308.

The Earl of Argyll had already been plotting and planning so that the sway of the Macdonalds in Cantire might give place to that of the Campbells; and, he now began to push his views, by proposing himself as a tenant for the king's lands in Cantire. He gained the ear of the king, who would not listen to the petition of Sir Angus Macdonald, and who was angry at the escape of his son Archibald from Dunbarton, and at the simultaneous attempt of Sir James Macdonald to break out of his prison at Edinburgh. The Earl of Argyll, therefore, was successful, and received the charter of Cantire, and of those lands which had formerly belonged to the Macdonalds, which thus passed out of their possession, after they had held them for many centuries.

But, the Macdonalds were not willing to yield Cantire to the Campbells without a struggle. The fact that young Sir James had married a sister of Sir John Campbell of Calder, was, in those strange times, when a man's worst foes appear to have been those of his own household, an additional reason why there should be enmity between a Macdonald and a Campbell. The clan gathered under old Sir Angus, and rushed to arms. Argyll, who had been appointed Justiciar and Lieutenant over the South Isles, called out the militia of Tarbert and Argyle to assist him; and, as it would seem, called in vain, so far as the men of Cantire were concerned. The king then prepared a new expedition for the daunting of the Isles, in which royal troops should take the place of the local militia. He had just been saved from his Bartholomew-massacre of the extirpation of the Northern Islanders, and he now placed the southern expedition under the leadership of Lord Ochiltree, who brought it to a successful termination by the following *ruse*, which was worthy of the actors and the treacherous dealings of their day. His coadjutor, and chief councillor, Andrew Knox, Bishop of the Isles, invited the recalcitrant chiefs to hear him preach a sermon on board His Majesty's ship *Moon*, and, afterwards, stay to dinner; and then, having got them safely on board, they put them under hatches, weighed anchor, and sailed away direct to Ayr, from whence they conveyed their prisoners to the well-used dungeons at Edinburgh.

Young Sir James Macdonald had already been a prisoner there for six years. He had again attempted his escape, but had fallen

and broken his leg, and was from henceforth heavily ironed. His affectionate parents now gave evidence against him for his filial conduct in attempting to burn them in their house at Askomill, near Campbelton; and, Sir James, on this charge, and also for his attempts at prison-breaking, was condemned to be beheaded as a traitor, with the forfeiture to the Crown of all his lands and possessions. But, it seems that this condemnation was but a farcical proceeding, and that there was a secret understanding between the prisoner and his sovereign, who had formerly sent him a letter approving of his conduct towards his father, and who now did not wish that this letter should be made public. Sir James, doubtless, received a hint as to the part that he should play; he judiciously held his tongue; was condemned to death; and "the royal prerogative of mercy," had a fine opportunity for its display. The condemned culprit was respited, and remained in prison at Edinburgh for six more years. The other chiefs, who had been entrapped to hear the sermon on board the "Moon," were more lucky, for they were released under certain conditions, and were made to accompany the militant Bishop of the Isles on his survey and commission, which resulted in the promulgation of the "Statutes of Icolmkill," and was followed by a temporary freedom from the ordinary chronic state of feud and bloodshed in the Western Highlands and Isles.

But the Bishop was not allowed a lengthened time of tranquility. Although old Sir Angus was dead, his kinsman, Sir Ranald Macdonald (afterwards first Earl of Antrim), son of Sorley Buie, had a lease of the island, of which Angus Og, a younger son of Sir Angus, would not suffer him to retain peaceable possession; and, by stratagem, had even succeeded in the capture of Dunyveg, which had been garrisoned by the bishop for the Crown, compelling the bishop to enter into a treaty with him, and to leave his son and nephew as hostages in his hands. The Earl of Argyll, with the ascendancy of the Campbells in view, appears to have pulled the wires that directed the motives of Angus Og, who, before long, seems to have had a suspicion that he was working under a double dealer for the subversion of his own clan. The militant bishop was of the same opinion, for, when Sir James Campbell, of Calder (whose sister was married to the prisoner, Sir James Macdonald),

prayed the king to grant him artillery and ammunition for the battering down of Dunyveg, the bishop remonstrated thus:—"Neither can I, nor any man who knows the estate of that country (the South Isles), think it either good or profitable to His Majesty, or this realm, to make the name of Campbell greater in the Isles than they are already, nor yet to root out one pestiferous clan and plant in another little better." So the bishop advised that "a new plantation of honest men," protected by a military force, should be established in the Macdonalds' dominions.

But the Clan Donald's last struggle was not yet ended, although during the next twelve months (1614) they were sorely dealt with by the king's forces, under Sir James Campbell, of Calder; Sir Oliver Lambert, commander of the Irish forces; and Archibald Campbell, bailie of Cantire. The castles of Dunyveg and Lochgorm were taken. The Macdonalds, being pressed on all sides, were taking to piracy, and the Lords of the Council were adopting measures for their repression, when a fresh turn was given to the events of the campaign by the sudden appearance of Sir James Macdonald, who, on May 24th, 1615, had escaped from his Edinburgh prison, after a detention of eleven years. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm by his clan. Not one pirate or marauder of their company would have betrayed their chief for the two thousand pounds set upon his head, nor yet for the five thousand pounds which were shortly after offered. They hailed him as their chief and liege lord, and flocked to his banner. He at once re-captured Dunyveg, and sent half his force, under Coll Mac Gillespick, to Cantire, to encourage the ancient followers of his family to rise in arms and assist him. Argyll was recalled from Court that he might look to his new acquisitions in Cantire and Islay. Campbell of Auchinbreck was appointed to head the forces; and Angus Og Macdonald was put out of the way, by being beheaded, together with several of his followers. The men of Cantire began to rise in favour of Sir James, when the king's proclamation was issued, that all they who assisted the rebels (as the Macdonalds were now called), should forfeit their possessions to Argyll. So that now it was really a struggle of supremacy in Cantire between the Macdonalds and the Campbells, and we can

hardly be surprised that the letters of Sir James, written at this time to his friends in Edinburgh, should breathe a spirit of implacable hostility against the Campbells, whom he characterises as a race that "craves ever to fish in drumlie (muddy) waters," and he repeatedly declares that he would die sooner than see them possess his lands. Sir James was both a reader and a writer, had improved his leisure time in prison, carried a small library with him, and was superior to most of his compeers in natural abilities.

It therefore behoved the Clan Donald to use every exertion, for it was evident that their last chance had come. And, to do Sir James justice, he neither spared ability nor courage in the undertaking. He put himself at the head of four hundred of his followers, and crossed over to Cantire, where he took possession of the King's castle at Kinloch (Campbelton) and sent the fiery cross through the peninsula, bidding Argyll's vassals come and take new charters of their lands from him. Many received him well; and he marched through Cantire towards Tarbert, where Sir Dougal Campbell of Auchinbreck had only three hundred men to oppose him. Sir James might easily have routed them, and have overrun Argyllshire, but, his followers were undisciplined, and, for some unaccountable reason, he chose to confine his army to the boundaries of Cantire for a whole month, so that, by the beginning of September, 1615, the Earl of Argyll had been allowed sufficient time to come to the spot with a force strong enough to repress the rebellion.

It was ascertained that Sir James had fixed his camp of one thousand men at Dunskeig Hill, by Clachan, ten miles south of Tarbert, on the west coast of Cantire, and at Largie, opposite to the small island of Cara, where the greater part of his vessels were at anchor. Argyll detached a force of seven to eight hundred men to seize the vessels at Cara, and fall on the western coast; a similar force was sent round to the eastern coast, and he himself advanced with the main body through Tarbert. Sir James was surrounded and driven from point to point, until he was forced to fly, first to the Isle of Rathlin, and then to Islay, where, with 500 followers, he endeavoured to make a final stand in the Rinns. He then tried to treat with Argyll, and being greatly straitened, escaped by night

with some of the Macallasters and Mackays, and forty of his clan, to the Island of Inchdaholl, on the coast of Ireland. And thus he left his possessions, never to return to them.

When Argyll had made all secure in Islay, he crossed over to Cantire to crush out the sparks of the rebellion. His severe measures were effectual in furthering his purpose, and the Clan Donald's last struggle in Cantire was over. The Campbells from thenceforth reigned in their stead.

PORT-CHARLOTTE, RINNS OF ISLAY.

Sir James Macdonald was first sheltered by the Jesuits in Galway, and by their means effected his escape to Spain. But the strange vicissitudes of the career of this last great chief of the Clan Donald were not yet at an end, and the mutability of human affairs is strikingly displayed in the conclusion of his history, and of that of his opponent. The Earl of Argyll had married, for his second wife, Dame Anna Cornwallis, and on their son, James Campbell, was the Lordship of Cantire settled. This second wife was a Romanist, and

she won her husband over to her own views. They went to Spain, where he entered into dealings with his old enemy, Sir James Macdonald. When this reached his sovereign's ears, Argyll was ordered to appear before the Council in February, 1619, under the pain of treason, and as he failed to appear, he was proclaimed a traitor. Sureties were taken by the king that "the barons and gentlemen of Argyll" should be answerable for the good rule of the Earldom. For Cantire, Campbell of Kilberry was required to answer; and Macdonald of Largie, the Macallasters of Loupe and Tarbert, Hector Macneill of Taynish, and Hector Macneill of Carskay were to assist him.

Upon Argyll's disgrace, Sir James Macdonald was recalled to England, taken back to royal favour, and granted a pension of one thousand merks sterling. He never returned to the Western Highlands, but remained five years in London. He died in the year 1626, without leaving any son who should renew his struggle with the Campbells. The Earl of Argyll also returned to London after the death of the king, and died there in the year 1638, having distinguished himself in the military service of Phillip III. of Spain. Although Sir Alastair Macdonald (the celebrated *Mac Cholla Chiotaich*), who was Lieutenant-General to the Marquis of Montrose—whose cause he greatly injured through serving his own private feuds—did something towards reviving the strife for ascendancy between the Macdonalds and Campbells, yet his efforts were fruitless. The Clan Donald's last struggle was over, and the principal house of the once powerful clan Ian Mhor, was totally ruined.

"Many a year of rage and grief,
The Islesman strove against that fall,
To reinstate the attainted chief,
True heir of Ross and Innisgall.
Most fiercely they, Clan Ivan Vor,
Sprung from that son to whom his sire,
Lord of the Isles, consigned of yore
The chieftain of Cantire.
Ay! restless, proud Clan Ian Vor,
Kept the old bearing of the Isles,
While closer each Mac Calein Mor
Drew round the net work of State wiles;

As hunters wear a herd of deer
From windy peaks and bare hillsides,
Down to a pass where every rock
A deadly ambush hides.
He watched their temper, bode the hour
For his long-brooded plan,
Then, backed with all the kingdom's power,
Let slip his straining clan.
Relentless as unleashed bloodhounds,
They plied with sword and fire,
And hunted from their ancient grounds
Of Islay and Cantire
The outlawed Macdonalds—wildly rang
Their conflict—down these mountain shores
The fiery cross flew—then the clang
Of slogans and claymore;
Nor ceased the slaughtering till Argyll
His long-sought purpose surely gained—
This mainland and that kingly isle,
Where erst Clandonald reigned."*

* *Kilmahoe,* p. 73, 4.

CHAPTER V.

Argyllshire's Smugglers: How the Custom-House Officer Tricked the Excise Officer, How the Smuggler Cheated the Man-of-War, The Smuggler of Innisheon and the Cantire Sailors—Highland Pipers: The Piper of Largieside, Donald the Piper—The Chieftain and his Fool—The Fool's Advice to the Young Man wishing to Marry—Allan Ruadh and Gowk Hunting—Bogie, Bogle, and Brownie.

HOW THE CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER TRICKED THE EXCISE OFFICER.

A NATIVE of Cantire, whose reminiscences of smuggling dated back to the close of the past century, told me, in the following words, how the custom-house officer tricked the excise officer:—Archibald Macnab was a custom-house officer in Cantire in the latter part of the past century. He had a Government commission to seize smuggled goods, which were by no means scanty in those days; and it was even whispered that Archibald Macnab himself had discovered the art of doing a stroke of business in that way on his own account, or, at any rate, of appropriating a portion of the seizure to his own private use. However, he was gifted with wit and surpassing ingenuity, which made his success the more sure and certain. In his personal appearance he was peculiar, for he was considerably under the ordinary stature of man, and was exceedingly broad and round. He wore knee-breeches, with white stockings to his legs, which were stout and shapely, and an ornament on any street path. He was also possessed of great strength, and has been known to half kill a man with the grasp of his fingers round his neck. It was of no use to go to law with Archibald, for he was his own lawyer, and he was so cunning that he could always gain the plea. At this time Mr. Cameron was an excise officer in the town, and was very keen to apprehend smuggled goods. It was whispered to him one day that Archibald Macnab had some rolls of smuggled tobacco in his house, so Mr. Cameron went there to search for it. Archibald was a master of politeness, and he addressed his visitor in mild and friendly language.

"How are ye this day, Mr. Cameron? Is your wife pretty well, Mr. Cameron? Are your bairns pretty well, Mr. Cameron? And is it well with all thy kith and kin, Mr. Cameron? And it's kind of ye to be calling upon me, Mr. Cameron. Maybe you've some particular business with me this day, Mr. Cameron? If so, I shall be glad to hear it of ye, Mr. Cameron; so, perhaps, you'll be pleased to take a seat, Mr. Cameron."

He was always polite, was Archibald Macnab.

Mr. Cameron took a seat, and said—"It is on business that I have come to you to-day, Mr. Macnab, and rather important business, too. The fact is, that I have received information that you have a large quantity of smuggled tobacco concealed in your loft; and I must search it, in order to prevent a fraud on the Government."

Archibald Macnab lifted up his hands and eyes in amazement. "Oh, Mr. Cameron! is it against me that you have suspicions? Me! Archibald Macnab! a man bound in duty to protect the revenues of my country! Oh, preserve me! Surely, Mr. Cameron, you have been sent on a fool's errand? How could tobacco be in my loft, and me not know it? Preserve me!"

"However unpleasant my duty must be, Mr. Macnab, both to you and to myself," said Mr. Cameron, "still, it is my duty, and I must obey it. I must, therefore, persist in my determination to search your loft, and I hope that you will not throw any unnecessary obstacles in my way. I must request you to furnish me with a ladder and a light."

"You shall have as many as you wish for, Mr. Cameron. But no tobacco will you find. It's a fool's errand that you've come upon," said Archibald Macnab.

But Mr. Cameron mounted the ladder, and had no sooner set foot in the loft than he kicked against a roll of tobacco, and holding out the light he saw a pile of these rolls.

"Ho, ho, Mr. Macnab!" he joyfully cried, "where is my fool's errand now? My information was correct—the tobacco is here."

"Preserve me!" said Archibald. "It's a trick that some one has played upon me, Mr. Cameron. Are you sure it's tobacco, Mr. Cameron? Is there much of it, Mr. Cameron? Oh, is it not a sinful world, Mr. Cameron? In my loft, too, Mr. Cameron? and

me bound to protect the revenues of my country. Oh, what shall I do, Mr. Cameron?"

"For the present, you can take charge of these rolls as I throw them down;" said Mr. Cameron. And he began to pitch them down from the loft, counting one, two, three, as he did so. He counted up to thirty, and then said that was all, and getting on the ladder came down from the loft. When he had landed safely on the floor, there was Archibald Macnab standing there, and at his feet was a small half-rotten roll of tobacco.

"Why, where is my tobacco?" cried Mr. Cameron.

"Your tobacco, Mr. Cameron?" replied Archibald, quite politely; "your tobacco is here." And he gave him the half-rotten roll, but took good care to say nothing of the others, which he had contrived to put away into a secret place while Mr. Cameron was busied in the loft.

"Oh, this won't do at all," cried Mr. Cameron, in a rage; "I counted and threw down thirty rolls."

"Thirty rolls," echoed Archibald; "preserve me! but you amaze me, Mr. Cameron. What should bring thirty rolls of tobacco in my loft? Me! who am bound to protect the revenues of my country! You must have been drinking, Mr. Cameron, and wetting your eyes, Mr. Cameron. Preserve me! but you see more than double, Mr Cameron. It's lucky that you did not set my loft on fire with that candle. Thirty rolls! why, you must be very drunk indeed, Mr. Cameron, and not the proper company that a decent man like I am ought to keep."

Mr. Cameron was so beside himself with rage and amazement, and with Archibald's coolness, that he was blurting out his words very much as if he indeed were tipsy.

"I thought you had come on a fool's errand, Mr. Cameron," Archibald went on to say, "but I never thought you were overtaken in liquor, Mr. Cameron. And to fancy that this little packet was thirty rolls of tobacco! I wouldn't have believed it of you, Mr. Cameron. And to try to take away my honest name, and make me out to be no better than a smuggler! Me! who am bound to protect the revenues of my country. Preserve me! But I could take the law at you, Mr. Cameron,"

"It's I that will take the law of you, Mr. Macnab, as you will soon find to your cost," said Mr. Cameron, as he bounced out of the house.

Very soon Archibald received a summons to appear before the Sheriff, and he obeyed the summons. Mr. Cameron made out a strong case against him; but, as he had no witnesses, Archibald got the liberty to plead for himself. "Let me hear, Mr. Macnab," said the Sheriff, "what explanation you can give to this remarkable charge that has been brought against you."

Archibald put on his most smiling face and jocular manner. "It was the gowk-hunting day (the first of April) and my good friend, Mr. Cameron here, was to be made a fool of. And this was our plan. He was to be told that I had some smuggled tobacco in my loft, and then he was to come to me on a fool's errand, in search of it. In my house, preserve me! but the idea was amusing. Well, my good friend, Mr. Cameron, never suspected that he was being fooled; so he came to my house, made his demand, and went up the ladder to the loft. There he found that roll of tobacco that is placed before you. It is, as you plainly see, rotten and worthless, and had probably been lying there since the building of Babel. Well, my good friend, Mr. Cameron, threw down the roll and I received it, and he said, 'That's one.' Without showing him what I was doing, I threw it up again into the loft, while he was turning about in the dark with his candle. Presently he found it and threw it down, saying, 'That's two.' So I did the same over again, and I was throwing it up, and he was throwing it down and counting, until I thought that I had drawn enough fun out of him for one day, so then I stopped. And, of course, he was obliged to stop; and he said, 'There's no more, that last made thirty,' and came down from the loft. Then I showed him what I had done, and that it was gowk-hunting day, and that I had played him a trick with that worthless roll of tobacco. But my good friend, Mr. Cameron, took it amiss that he had been put upon a fool's errand, and so he took the summons against me. And that, Mr. Sheriff, is the whole of the case."

Upon this, all the persons in court burst out laughing, and although Mr. Cameron protested that a false tale had been told, yet

there was no witness to support what he said. So the Sheriff dismissed the case, and Mr. Cameron was ordered to pay the expenses. Archibald Macnab went home, quite pleased at having won the day.

As a note to this anecdote of a former officer of excise in Cantire, I may mention a published statement regarding the pay of his successors. *The Financial Reformer* for July, 1862, in speaking of the enormous cost of collecting the Customs' duties, said:—"At Campbelton, four officers receive £471 for handing over to the Commissioners of Customs the sum of £17!"

HOW THE SMUGGLER CHEATED THE MAN-OF-WAR.

At the time of which I am speaking, seventy years ago, smuggling was conducted on a large scale in the peninsula, and with great ingenuity and success. The long, narrow form of Cantire and its extensive sea-board, with the proximity of numerous islands at brief distances on either side, combined to give to this district of the Western Highlands unusual facilities for the dealers in contraband spirits. Despite the hazard and lottery that attend the business of smuggling, yet, like gambling, it had its peculiar fascinations, and hundreds were found to engage in it with the greatest alacrity, while not a few made fortunes by their ventures. At that time the islands of Guernsey, Jersey, and Man, were free ports, and swift-sailing vessels were prepared to carry to and from those islands tobacco, tea, rum, brandy, wine, and all other articles on which a heavy duty was imposed when they were sold within the bounds of the three kingdoms. So that when a smuggler ran a good cargo and escaped a seizure, he made a considerable profit by it.

The Campbelton herring fleet, with my father on board one of the vessels, was lying in harbour in a certain loch, when a large smuggling craft came to anchor among them. It was by no means an unwelcome visitor, for the herring fishers had always a fine time of it

during the stay of a smuggler, as they got plenty of spirits and tobacco at a cheap rate. But this was not to last long, for a war-ship got information about the smuggler and came in search of her, and finding that she was with the herring-fleet in the harbour, the king's ship made for it. Now, at the mouth of the harbour was a lofty rocky island, on the northern side of which the harbour could alone be navigated, so that the war-ship had to sail round the back of the island before getting into the harbour. The smugglers saw their enemy standing in, and the war-ship also got a view of what they considered to be their rich prize. But, while the king's vessel was passing out of sight round the other side of the rocky island, the smugglers hove short, taking in their anchors, except one that they could take in very quickly; then they unfurled their sails as if they were drying them, and then every man went below, and keeping out of sight, held himself in readiness.

The man-of-war came round the island and into the harbour, and seeing everything quiet and snug, and no appearance of any living soul on board the smuggler, they thought they should have an easy matter to capture their rich prey. So they went in shore, moored their ship, "handed" the sails, launched the boats and manned them with the ship's crew, well-armed, in order to board the smuggler. But while they were doing so, the smuggler's crew crept upon the deck, shook out the sails, hauled up the anchor, and, like lightning, sent their vessel frothing through the deep. She made such way that it was in vain for the man-of-war's boats to give chase, so they returned to the ship with all speed, got up anchors and sails, and made after the smuggler in hot haste. By this time she had got out of the harbour and past the island. The herring fishers, who had watched all these proceedings with the greatest interest, climbed their masts and viewed the chase so long as the two vessels remained in sight. It need hardly be said that, although they drew the king's bounty, their sympathies went with the chased, and not with the pursuers. The night drew on, and by the time that it was dark, the man-of-war had gained so greatly on the smuggler that its capture was inevitable, unless those on board of her could devise some expedient to mislead their pursuers. And, as they were always ready with their ingenious tricks, they were not much at a loss for

a device on the present occasion. As the night wore on, they had fixed a light at the stern of their vessel; and, as the darkness increased, this light greatly assisted the man-of-war in keeping to the right track. But, although their pursuers thought them very stupid for showing this light, the smugglers had done so for a purpose of their own. They had prepared a tar barrel and put a flame to it, at the same moment that they dowsed their light, craftily substituting the one for the other. They then quietly lowered the lighted tar barrel into the sea, and cutting the rope adrift, altered their course, and steered in the darkness on another tack. The man-of-war sailed steadily on after the light, and, when at last they came up with it, found it to be nothing more than a blazing tar barrel, and that their rich prize had slipped out of their very grasp. In a few days the smuggler was in another loch, disposing of her goods to the herring fishers, and neither regarding the law nor fearing the man-of-war.

THE SMUGGLER OF INNISHEON AND THE CANTIRE SAILORS.

Captain Willoughby was the commander of a fine little cutter, which cruised chiefly from Lough Foyle to Lough Swillie, round the coast of Innisheon, in the County of Donegal, on the northern shore of Ireland. Innisheon Head, as it is now called, is not forty miles distant from Cantire, and was once the kingdom of O'Connor. There was also a great connection between the Celtic population of these two places; and, just as Cantire, although a peninsula, was accounted an island and reckoned among those Sodorenses or southern isles that gave the title to the Bishopric of Sodor and Man; so also that old kingdom of Innisheon (which is a word meaning "the island of birds"), was accounted an island, although it was really a peninsula, for the two lochs that bound it on the east and west are nearly thirty miles in length, and at their southern extremity meet within a few miles of each other. Thus Innisheon had a seaboard as extensive as that of Cantire, and, perhaps from this fact, its inhabitants were exceedingly vigorous in carrying on

the trade of illicit distillation. It was to prevent the smuggling traffic that Captain Willoughby's cruiser was stationed off that part of the Irish coast: and, as he had a preference for Campbelton sailors, he had his little vessel entirely manned by them. But, as the sailors were not commissioned to make a prize of smuggled goods, they did not privately seek to interfere with the contraband manufacture of whisky, or to annoy the smugglers in any way, although they were occasionally called upon to accompany their officers, and to defend them when attacked.

One day, when Captain Willoughby's Cantire sailors were lying off Innisheon, they were ordered to arm themselves and to go ashore with the officers in order to make a search. They did so, and, on entering a lone cabin, they found a man very busy distilling whisky.

"Ho, ho!" says the Irishman, "come in, my Scotch boys! faiks, ye have caught me very nately at my work, and all the matarials will belong to ye, my boys: all the whisky, and the still, and the worms, head and tail—it'll all be yours, my boys. But, my dear Scotch boys! I am running the precious stuff, and it would be a shame and a wickedness to destroy it. And, so, my dear boys, if ye'll rest for a little while until the whisky is distilled, then ye'll have all the spirit and the materials as well: and I will leave them all outside of the door to ye, and ready prepared for ye to take away. And now, my dear Scotch boys, business is business, all the wide world over, but why should it stop us from enjoying ourselves while we are able? so, instead of spilling the precious stuff, which would be a wicked thing to do, I would advise you to make yourselves comfortable until the whisky is ready. And here are nice seats for ye, my dear boys, where ye can sit at ease and watch me at work: and I'll teach ye all the secrets of my trade for just nothing at all. And, not to be idle yourselves, here's some nice little employment for ye, my dear Scotch boys: so let us be happy while we may, and the business shall be business all the same."

Captain Willoughby and the officers were greatly amused with the man: but, as they were not indifferent to a drop of whisky after their walk, they sat down, and gave their sailors permission to do

the same, while the Innisheon man very politely set before them a large bottle of whisky, and gave each of them "a refreshment." Very well they relished it, and they sat and drank and made merry while he went on with his distilling, running off the spirit and laughing and cracking his jokes, and telling them queer anecdotes. At last, when he had got his whisky distilled, he took the head off the still and lifted it to the outside of the door, and he did the same with all the other materials.

"Now, my dear Scotch boys," he said, "I've shown you how to make whisky, and taught ye all my secrets, just for the fun of the thing. So let us part good friends, and take a *deoch-an-doruis!*" This was "the drink of the door," or the bumper at parting.

So they took their parting glass in a very friendly way, but when the Cantire sailors went outside, neither whisky nor still could be seen. "Where are the materials gone to?" they asked.

"Well, my dear Scotch boys, that is more than I can say," said the Innisheon man. "I put them all there, as you saw, and I left them all there; and if they are not there now, why then, my dear Scotch boys, they must have been spirited away by the little folks."

By the little folks he meant the fairies, but, in reality, they were the man's own children, whom he had trained ready for the emergency. As the Cantire sailors could nowhere find the whisky or the materials, they had to go away without them, and confess that the Innisheon fairies had got the better of them.

THE PIPER OF LARGIESIDE.

The piper was always a person of importance in the Highlands. I give the following account of a celebrated Cantire piper, in the words of the narrator:—"A few of the West Highland lairds still maintain their own piper as a necessary portion of their establishment, and occasionally evoke his services for the public benefit. Donald M'Lellan was a native of Largieside, Cantire, who lived and died at Killean, aged eighty years. He was of a comely

shape, little of stature, but peculiarly handsome. He was a sweet player on the violin and bagpipes, and was frequently employed. He could accompany the fiddle with his voice, and sing Gaelic songs and spiritual hymns, making a strong impression, and would himself shed tears in singing the hymn of five verses, as it was called. He could compose poetry, and even make a keen and cutting satire; but his mother made him promise that he would never compose that kind of verse, as it was the way to gain enemies to

LARGIE CASTLE—SEAT OF THE MACDONALDS OF LARGIE.

himself, and to do no good. Indeed, a bard in those days was considered as a dangerous character, the Gaelic language being so flexible that satirical verses nearly brought weak-minded people to their grave. A Macdonald, a great Gaelic poet, once composed a satire upon a young lady called Morag, which almost put her deranged; but, taking pity on her, he composed a song to her praise, scarcely equalled in any language, and it was often sung by our ancestors. Donald M'Lellan kept his promise to his mother, and

was a great favourite with rich and poor. Sir Alexander Macdonald Lockhart, of Largie, respected him, and would often call upon him and invite him to the castle, to play on the fiddle and bagpipes. When Sir Alexander's sister was married to the great laird, the wealthy Colonel Campbell, of Saddell, M'Lellan was the musician, and his fee was a fiddle, which cost Sir Alexander fifteen guineas. Sir Alexander was himself a masterly performer. Mrs. M'Lellan, who outlived her husband, was the daughter of a grain miller at Tayinloan, and had many admirers richer than M'Lellan; but she took a fancy to him, and would marry no one else, though her parents were angry with her for making choice of a poor piper. But at last she eloped with him, and they got themselves married and lived comfortably, and reared a family, and her parents became reconciled to her. M'Lellan was employed at every wedding and ball in the neighbourhood, and when the people rested from their dancing, he would entertain them with a song or spiritual hymn. In those days the Cantire people believed firmly in supernatural visions and apparitions. Donald was going home one night, and coming to a spot south of the Parish Church of Cleit, there he saw a marvellous sight, and heard strange things, affecting him greatly. Something conversed with him, of which he made a secret, and would not tell what he had heard, but it was observable that Donald never passed the spot by day or by night without uncovering his head. If playing before a wedding on the highway, he would cease when passing the spot, and, taking off his hat or bonnet, would ejaculate a prayer, though he never would tell his reasons for so doing. Indeed, the people became so much used to it that they never troubled him for his reasons, for they had all heard of something supernatural appearing to him.

DONALD THE PIPER.

There was another Largieside piper, who has but recently died, and as he also was a noticeable Cantire character, he deserves a brief memorial here. Donald Carmichael was a native of Whitehouse, on West Loch Tarbert, Cantire, and came of a family that originally

belonged to the Island of Lewis. He was brought up as a cabinet-maker, and was at one time in good circumstances, until adversity overtook him, and compelled him for many years to live by his pipes. These pipes he always made for himself. In his early days he was a handsome young fellow, and he had the courage to run away with a laird's daughter, and to marry her in the low country, but he dared not show his face in Cantire for some time afterwards. Eventually he settled at Greenock, but he did not forget the place of his birth, and he regularly attended the Campbelton fairs, and would remain in Cantire for some weeks at a time. The gentry did not neglect him, and he was a welcome visitor among the kind-hearted tenantry of the Largieside, who always looked for his periodical visits with pleasure. At the fair time at Campbelton he used to take his daily rounds through the town, and when the pipes ceased all of a sudden, Donald's tail might be seen disappearing into some favourite public-house, to receive his accustomed dram, for which he had the proverbial fondness of his class. This well-known Highland piper and Cantire character died at Greenock on 22nd January, 1864, aged seventy-five.

THE CHIEFTAIN AND HIS FOOL.

But, besides pipers, the Lords of the Isles and other chiefs in Cantire were wont to follow the custom of magnates elsewhere, by retaining in their services a jester or fool, with whose pranks and quips and witticisms they and their friends were amused, and not unfrequently instructed. The following popular story of a Cantire fool has been told to me by a native of the peninsula, who heard it some years ago in a Highland hut. The fool of a certain chief in Cantire was amusing himself at the side of the river, when a gentleman rode up on the opposite side and called to him to show him the safest ford across the water. The fool asked him whither he was bound, and the gentleman told him, naming the fool's master. The fool inquired of the gentleman whether he intended to make any stay with his master, and the gentleman replied that he did, for he had not seen the chief for a long time.

Now, the fool knew that his master was ill prepared to receive any guest, so he thought that it would be doing him a kindness to prevent this gentleman from going to his house. Therefore, when the gentleman a second time asked him to show him the safest ford, the fool directed him to the very deepest spot in the river. Accordingly, when the gentleman rode into the river, he had not proceeded far from the bank when down plumped the rider and his horse over head and ears in the water. They would have been drowned to a surety had not some people chanced to come by at the moment, and with difficulty they rescued the gentleman. He was no sooner safe on the bank than he ran up to the fool to give him a lashing.

"Why did you lead me to such a deep place?" he said.

"Truly," was the reply, "I am but a poor fool, and how was I to know that the place was so deep, for are not the legs of your honour's horse far longer than the legs of my master's goose, who hath crossed this place in safety over and over again?"

So the gentleman laughed, and instead of giving the fool a lashing, he gave him a piece of money and told him to lead the way to his master's house, and to bear in mind that he rode a horse and not a goose.

There is yet another tale told of this same fool. He was once sent, together with another laird's fool, to gather shellfish, or "maorach." Their masters had laid a bet which of the two fools was the more foolish; and so, to try them, they left a piece of gold by the side of the road along which the fools would have to pass, and then, concealing themselves behind a bush, waited to see which of the two fools would pick up the piece of gold. When they came to it, the other fool said—"See, there is gold!" but the chief's fool replied—"When we are gathering gold, let us gather it; but, when we are sent for 'maorach' let us go for it." So they both went their way for the shellfish, and hence arose the proverb, "Whatever we are doing, let us do it."

But this chief's fool was always very ready with his answer. One day he met two young gentlemen who had found a horse-shoe on the road, which they showed to him, saying, "See here, we have got a horse-shoe." "Now, what a fine thing is learning," said the

fool; "you learned gentlemen can tell this at once to be the shoe of a horse, but I, who am but a poor fool, could not for my life tell but that it might be the shoe of a mare."

THE FOOL'S ADVICE TO THE YOUNG MAN WISHING TO MARRY.

There was a chieftain in Cantire who had a fool to whom the people came for advice. Now, there was a young man who wished to get himself married, but he had three ladies in view, and he did not know which of them he should choose. So he came to the fool for advice. And when he came, he found the fool riding on a large spar or branch of a tree, in the same way that a little boy rides on his father's staff.

"What do you want here?" said the fool.

"I want your advice," said the young man, "for I want to get myself married."

"To whom?" asked the fool.

"To a rich widow," replied the young man.

"I do not like to hear prayers for the souls of the departed," said the fool. And the young man understood him to mean that if he married the rich widow, and she should become displeased at any time, she would fall to speaking of her deceased husband, and the young man thought that he should not like to hear his wife praising another above himself. So he determined to dismiss the rich widow from his thoughts.

Then the fool came capering round on his stick, and the young man said—"I am going to get myself married."

"To whom?" asked the fool.

"To a learned lady," replied the young man.

"Take care my horse does not give you a kick!" said the fool, as he went galloping away on his stick.

The young man understood that the fool did not approve of his second proposal, and he himself would not wish to be thought an ignorant fellow by his wife. So he dismissed the learned lady from his thoughts.

Again the fool took his round, leaping and lashing his wooden horse, and the young man said—"I want to get myself married."

"To whom?" asked the fool.

"To a servant girl," replied the young man.

"Oh!" said the fool, "alike to alike."

So the young man understood that the fool approved his choice, and he thanked him for his advice, and went home and married the servant girl, and a very good wife she made him.

ALLAN RUADH AND GOWK-HUNTING.

Allan Ruadh was eccentric in shape, in voice, and in manners. He had a long, lanky body, was swift of foot, and was calculated for his work as a shepherd; but his voice was like the quacking of wild ducks, and his manners were clownish and vulgar. He was employed to herd the cattle and sheep of a wealthy farmer, and had his house in a retired spot on the side of the mountain, Bengullion. It was much exposed to the wintry blasts, but he had plenty of fuel, for the peat-moss was near at hand, and his wages were sufficient to supply himself and family with food and raiment, and altogether he was pretty contented with his lot. Allan was in the habit of attending the Campbelton fairs, though, when he got there, he was seldom to be seen walking the streets, for he always made choice of being inside the door of a public-house. If anyone wanted him, it was very easy to know where he was, for you had only to walk into the street and you would hear his great quacking voice. The Campbelton whisky had a great effect on Allan, and filled his brain with such ideas that, under its influence, he considered himself to be superior to everyone else. At such times you would hear him quacking out—"I have bank notes in volumes! I have money like slate-stones! I have gold pieces like pebbles on the shore! I have a watch that will beat all the watches in Cantire! I will lay a wager that my watch will make two hours for one of any gold or silver watch in Campbelton!" Such were his boastings while he was under the influence of the whisky, but it never led him into any

fighting or disturbance, and he was always able to get himself safe home. The first day of April is commonly called "Fool-errand day," and is set apart by practical jokers for the game that they call "hunting the gowk." Gowk means a cuckoo, but it is derived from a word that signifies "to be easily imposed upon," and, therefore, gowk means a silly, credulous person, who in England would be called an April fool. Allan Ruadh was just the person to be sent gowk-hunting, and, so sure as fool-errand day came round, so sure would Allan be victimised by someone who dearly loved a practical joke. The way was this. Allan's master, the wealthy farmer, would give him a letter to take to the schoolmaster, who lived about a mile distant, and Allan would be led to suppose that the letter contained some very important news. But its only contents were these two lines:—

"On the first day of April
Hunt the gowk another mile."

The schoolmaster would take the hint, and would send Allan with the letter to some farmer about a mile distant, who would then send him on, in a similar way, another mile. In this manner Allan would be kept trudging from one place to another all through fool-errand day, unless he met with some one who was kind enough to undeceive him by the information that he had been spending the day in gowk-hunting.

BOGIE, BOGLE, AND BROWNIE.

On the dark nights of winter, when folks circle round the cheery fire, and by turns amuse or frighten each other with legendary lore and ghost stories, there is one name which hardly ever fails to make the listener's blood creep, even if it does not cause his hair to to stand on end—and that name is bogie. When in the Western Highlands, I was told a story which curiously exemplified the popular belief in the power of the Duke of Argyll. A Highlander was benighted on the moors, when suddenly he saw a light, which at first he imagined to be one of those two stars called by the Argyllshire men *ton-theine*, "fiery-tail," and *iùl-oidhche*, "guide

of night." But he soon found that he was mistaken, for the light began to dance before him, being nothing more than the *ignis fatuus*, will-o'-the-wisp. The Highlander, however, concluded it to be a bogle, and, falling upon his knees, he prayed to Peter and Paul and the Virgin that it might disappear. But, instead of doing so, it danced before him in a more lively style than ever. Driven to an extremity, the Highlander then used to it the strongest form of adjuration of which he could think, and bade it get out of his path in the name of the Duke of Argyll. The charm was sufficient, the bogle instantly disappeared, and the Highlander got safely home. In Gaelic, the bogle is known as the *bodach*;* and Mr. J. F. Campbell, in his "Popular Tales of the West Highlands" (vol. iv., p. 403), when speaking of the Hallowe'en observances (which, by the way, were witnessed by the Queen at Balmoral on November 1st, 1869), with their bonfires and blazing torches, observes:—"It seems that the ancient eastern veneration for the sun and for fire, which is recorded in the Vedas, still survives in the West Highlands in popular superstitious observances, which resemble Indian religious ceremonies. Perhaps 'Bodach,' the bogle, may once have been 'Buddha,' the sage." The West Highland bogle is also known by another name, *bòcan*, and the *bòcain* are the species of sprites known as bogles.

*On the Mull of Cara (one of the islands off the western coast of Cantire), is shown "the Brownie's Chair."

CHAPTER VI.

Round the Peat-Fire at Glenbrecky: How Allan-of-the-Straw Founded a Family, A Story of Paul Jones the Pirate, The Legend of the Water Kelpie, The Shipwrecked Cat and the Derelict Vessel, The Big Smith and Hector the Piper, The Dowager Duchess, or Diamond Cut Diamond, How MacEachran's Daughter Saved a Bannock and Lost a Laird, Wee Donald Bàn—The Ghosts of Glenlussa.

ROUND THE PEAT-FIRE AT GLENBRECKY.

It was a wild winter's night in the Western Highland district of Cantire; wild enough down in the sheltered valley of Glenbrecky, where hills of more than two thousand feet in height interposed their broad shoulders against the fury of the storm; but wilder far out on the exposed headland of the Mull, as David Fisher found to his cost. He had toiled up to the lighthouse with a burden of Christmas provisions for the keeper and his family, who not unfrequently in the depth of winter, and when a heavy fall of snow blocked the mountain paths, were as much cut off from needful supplies of food as if they had been a beleaguered garrison driven to the last extremity, or as though they had to victual a similar station built on a solitary rock at a distance from the mainland. But the Mull of Cantire lighthouse was solidly built on the extremity of the peninsula, nearly three hundred feet above the sea, and close to the edge of the precipitous sea-wall of mica, slate, and quartz, at the foot of which the larger rocks, called "The Three Merchants," and innumerable smaller rocks, revealed their jagged forms amid the foaming waves, like so many teeth that would grind and rend the timbers of the doomed ships. But, steadily and clearly, from the headland above them, the lighthouse flashed its kindly ray, and made its path of light in which the vessels could walk those angry waters, while answering beams flickered through the darkness from Pladda and Rathlin.

The Christmas week had set in with such a thorough-going old-fashioned determination to leave no mistake about its being decidedly wintry weather, that the lighthouse keeper had recognised the necessity of seeing that his commissariat department was in a

sufficiently effective state to enable him and his limited garrison to withstand the siege of snow-drifts that would intercept his ordinary communication with civilised life. So David Fisher had made various journeys in order to bring him the necessary supplies; and, now that he had fulfilled his commission, he was for taking his leave, and descending to Glenbrecky, despite the lighthouse keeper's entreaties that he would stay.

"Ye'll nae be venturin' ootside the walls the nicht, Davie; 'tis sheer lunacy, mon."

"Nay, but they'll be expectin' o' me doon in Glenbrecky; an' I ken there's twa bricht een that'll be dimmed wi' saut tears an' I keep not my plighted word. My bonnie Jean's father, John MacCallum, has a gathering the nicht, and I must e'en be ane amang them."

"Ech! Jean's your loadstane, Davie. Weel, weel, my laddie, I'll nae be the mon to keep thee frae thy sweetheart. But it's a fearsome nicht."

"I've been in waur. But gude nicht, the Lord be wi' thee."

"The Lord protect thee, Davie!" rejoined the lighthouse keeper, after the pious Highland fashion; and David Fisher left the shelter of the strong and sturdy walls, which, even at that elevation, were bedewed with the spray flung up the face of the cliff. The Atlantic rollers were coming in with fury, as though the wild "white war-horses" had but increased in speed, after their thousand-mile gallop, and were tossing on high their streaming manes. Here and there, amid the short grass by the lighthouse, were some strong posts and rails, formed out of wreck salvage, and to these David Fisher had to cling, while above him swirled the wind and sleet and rain, in a drifting cloud, through which the rays from the lighthouse could with difficulty pierce. Below him was the precipitous cliff, horribly begirt with its ragged rocks, and a boiling chasm of angry waves, that showed white even through the darkness, and flung on high wreaths of clotted foam. With such a mighty roar were the waves dashed upon that terrible Mull, that their voice could be heard above the wild tumult of the storm even at so great a distance as the coast of Ayrshire. Plunging madly among the deep troughs of the waves, David Fisher could dimly discern the shadowy form of some vessel, driving before the tempest.

"The Lord help the puir folk on board!" said David; "'tis a fearsome nicht, indeed, for a sinner to be left to the mercy o' the hungry waves. And 'tis the very nicht o' a' the year when I tasted o' the Lord's mercy, and when He gave strength to Jamie Macmillan to lug me oot o' the saut water. May the Lord help them, and make the light aboon to guide them safe."

He slid from the safe hold of the post and rail, and, almost lying upon the ground, allowed himself to roll and slide over the steep descent that led towards Glenbrecky, guiding himself with hands and feet, and gripping firmly in the tufts of grass to keep himself from being blown down by the fury of the blast. Then he got among heather, amid which he could stand and make speedier progress. Down in the glen he was somewhat sheltered from the full force of the wind, although the sleet whirled around him, and made him the more ardently to long for the snug shelter of John MacCullum's cottage, which, with five or six others, and a farmhouse, formed the *clachan* or village of Glenbrecky. The twinkling lights from the small glazed loop-holes, that did duty for windows, were at length seen; and, crossing the burn by the slender stone bridge that spanned its waters—now swollen and peat-stained—David Fisher in a few minutes had given a particular tap at a particular window, and had been welcomed in a particular manner by a bonny Highland girl, who had at once opened the door, and had stolen out to his side. Her loving greeting was a full reward for the hard toil of his wild wintry walk; and as she caressed him with an "Ech, Davie! puir bodie! ye're hauf drownded!" he felt that he would willingly have gone through much more to have been rewarded by half as much.

"It's daft Wattie wi' the pipes," explained Jean MacCallum, as the silence of a delicious lover's pause was suddenly startled by a wild skirl of the bagpipes from within the cottage. "We'll ha'e mony a reel the nicht, and, aiblins, ye'll be my partner."

"Aiblins, I will," rejoined Davie, with a kiss, "and soon for life, my lass."

Then, after a while, Jean protested that if they stayed longer out in the sleet and rain, and poor Davie already half drowned, that he would certainly become wholly rheumatic, and that she could never

dance a reel "wi' a puir roomatiz mon," and would most certainly never be wedded "to siccan a bodie," it therefore behoved David Fisher, as he valued present pleasures and future delights, to come inside and dry his clothes by the peat-fire.

"Ye'll ha'e had eneuch o' coddlin', sae ye'll jest gae in an' get yer clathes dried," said Jean, with the authoritative air of a physician who, having ordered a powerful tonic to be taken, has observed its treatment to be effectual, and then changes the regimen.

So they went inside, though not without some more last words and some more last kisses, and inside there was John MacCallum with his wife, and their elder daughter, Helen, with her "young man," one Tam Neill by name, and two neighbours, James Hunter and Murdoch Cameron, and daft Wattie, who, under the mask of daftness, concealed much shrewd wit and acute observation. David Fisher was warmly welcomed, as became not only the recognised lover of a daughter of the house, but also as one who had done a neighbourly deed in braving the winter night's storm and perils, in order that the Mull lighthouse might be amply provisioned if the approach thereto were cut off by snowdrifts. The peat-fire blazed brightly and cheerily on the low hearth, lighting up the rafters of the pitched roof, that shone black with years of smoke. The old oak dresser flashed back the rays from every platter and can, the strings of herrings and dried fish flickered from the walls, and even the mysterious recesses of the box-beds were revealed in the fire-light. A kail pot swung from a massive chain over the fire, and a compound within it that gave out a strong odour that was appetising to the Celtic palate, simmered and bubbled to the stirrings of Mrs. MacCallum's ladle. As much of the smoke as could find its way out of the hole in the thatched roof that served for a chimney, went into the outer air, to mingle with the rain and sleet; small snowy contributions of which occasionally drifted down the chimney, and spluttered in the peat-fire, to remind those that were sitting around —if there were any need for such a reminder—that it was a wild winter night out of doors, and that they who were comfortably housed had better enjoy themselves while they had the opportunity.

David Fisher dried himself and his clothes, by warmth without and whisky within; and challenging daft Wattie to blow up his

pipes, he and Jean, and Helen and Tam Neill, were soon reeling away to the tune of Tullochgorum; and before they had danced themselves into the required state of inspiration (not to say perspiration) they were joined by another pair of partners, Duncan Macfarlane and Girzie Ferguson, whose petticoat had been turned over her head to serve her for an umbrella. Then the earthern floor of the hut throbbed to the quick pulsations of the reel; and the black rafters rang to the shrill skirls of daft Wattie's bagpipes, as the dancers sprang into the air, spun round like whirling Dervishes, smacked their fingers defiantly, and gave short sharp cries of wild excitement; while the few spectators who had caught the enthusiasm of the dancers, with foot and hand beat time to the inspiriting music of Wattie's pipes. That individual was not altogether so daft as not to be fully aware that he must reserve some of the breath in his body for the blowing up of other reels later in the evening; so he brought the present dance to an end by a sort of demoniacal scream, which caused the three couples to give an extra leap in the air, and an aggravated yell and twirl before they sank, panting and exhausted, on the floor. Refreshment was then passed round in the shape of whisky, pipes were lighted, and Jean and Helen helped their mother to distribute the savoury contents of the kail pot. David Fisher undoubtedly found it far more pleasant and cheery by the peat-fire in Glenbrecky than on the exposed headland of the Mull. Then the women got to their spinning and knitting, and one or two of the men even took out their knitting, for Highland fingers are clever as well as busy, and, on the winter's nights, men as well as women will profitably employ their time in this occupation, or in net-weaving, the while they amuse each other and lighten the moments with story and song, and the powers of memory possessed by many of the West Highlanders is so extraordinary as almost to surpass belief. They will not only repeat hundreds but even thousands of lines of poetry without an error.

They who were gathered on that winter night round the peat-fire at Glenbrecky were Highlanders born and bred, Celtic to the backbone, and delighted in the recitation of their legends and fairy tales. So, in accordance with the old Highland proverb—"The first story on the man of the house, and story after story on the

stranger till day"—John MacCallum led off their winter night's tales with the legendary story—

HOW ALLAN-OF-THE-STRAW FOUNDED A FAMILY.

The great Macdonalds of Cantire were always fighting with the Macleans. One of these Macleans had "a love-child," and, because the mother had given birth to him in a barn, they called the lad Allan-nan-sop, which means "Allan-of-the-straw." Maclean afterwards married the lad's mother, who was a beautiful young woman of his own clan, and he took her to his castle of Torloisk. But Allan-nan-sop was neither taken into the house nor received any favour from the hands of his father, who only wished to leave his money to his lawfully-begotten sons. But none were born to him.

Maclean's wife used to see her lad by stealth, and only had him up to the castle when her lord was away from home. But one day he came back unawares, and found his wife baking a girdle-cake for her lad; whereupon Maclean called Allan-nan-sop to him, and gave him the cake. But no sooner was the hot cake in the lad's hands than his father pressed them tightly over the cake, and held them there until the lad had got his hands badly burned. Maclean laughed, and Allan went away in wrath, swearing to be revenged. He set off and joined himself to a Danish vessel, and became a pirate. As he grew older he became more daring and adventurous, and presently they made a captain of him, and gave him a vessel for himself; then he took other vessels captive, and made many prizes, and when he had got together a goodly fleet he set sail for Torloisk. Allan-nan-sop found his mother in her grave, but Maclean, his father, was alive and hearty, and received him with great honour, for he knew not what he might do with all those ships and fighting men. Maclean invited him to settle down and be a laird, and no longer to live the life of a rover; and he told him that the next island was a very pretty spot, with every convenience ready to hand, and a fine castle to dwell in; and that Macquarrie, who owned it, was a feeble old man, with but few followers, so that Allan would have no difficulty in overpowering him and taking possession of his island, where he could be a laird for the rest of his days. Maclean had a double motive in offering this advice, for he not only wished to be

rid of his son, but he also wanted to compass the death of Macquarrie, who had given him offence. The advice jumped with Allan-nan-sop's ideas, and he sailed away with his ships and fighting men to Macquarrie's island, with the intent to do what his father had suggested. But old Macquarrie was as crafty as a fox, and was more than a match for his neighbour, Maclean, and when he saw Allan's vessels and men he prepared a splendid feast, and invited them to partake of it. Allan had no objection, so they sat down and enjoyed themselves, and Macquarrie behaved himself so well, that it went to Allan's heart to think that he must kill him when dinner was over.

"This is a feast that will cost you dear," he said.

"You are right welcome to it, dear or cheap," said Macquarrie.

"You do not see my meaning," said Allan-nan-sop. "It will cost you your castle and lands; and, maybe, your life."

He was beginning to soften a little, and he thought that he might perhaps let the old laird go free instead of killing him.

"Now, who has been schooling you?" said Macquarrie. "It is not in you to break bread and then to break faith. Such baseness as that comes from Torloisk and not from Torloisk's son. Your father would keep you out of your own just possessions. He it is who has thus desired to give you the toil of the reaping, while he secures the harvest for himself. But Torloisk is a base, bad man. He was never your friend from the hour of your birth. Why are you Allan-nan-sop instead of Maclean of Torloisk? Why are you a man of straw instead of a rightful son? Your father has ever treated you as an outcast, and not as his own flesh and blood, and he turned you from his doors, which he now fears that you will enter as his enemy. What sort of feast did your father ever make for you, Allan-nan-sop? Did he ever give you more than a hot girdle-cake?"

"And I swore to be revenged!" cried Allan-of-the-straw, as he stretched out his open hands. "See here, the marks of his cruel burning."

"His conduct broke your poor mother's heart," continued Macquarrie; "and he would break yours if you would let him. Torloisk is a bad, base man. How glad should we all be to see you in his place, which is yours by right, and which will never be yours

unless you take it from him by force. I am an old friend of your poor mother, Allan-nan-sop—the mother whose heart was broken by his baseness; and I have your best interests at heart. I would give you my island with pleasure, but such a poor little place is not worth your acceptance; it would not feed beef enough for half your followers. Torloisk's island is as large again as mine, and has far finer pasturage. Your father has held it much longer than he deserved, after all his bad treatment of you and your poor mother. You might have come years ago, with your fine fleet, and taken it from him, if you had not such a soft heart. He deceived your mother, and he has deceived you. He brought your mother to the grave with his cruelty, and he will bring you there too, Allan-nan-sop. Look at your hands! You have carried about the marks of his cruelty all these years, and never made him pay the penalty. The women will cry shame on you, Allan-nan-sop, and say that you are indeed made of straw. Be a man, Allan, show yourself made of steel, and go to Torloisk, and make him give you your own rights, and if he refuses to do so, you will then know how to deal with him. Think of your burnt hands and your poor mother's broken heart. Show yourself to be a man! Remember that you are a Maclean; and that if you are to found a family, your proper place is at Torloisk, and not on this poor little island."

With such words as these, the crafty Macquarrie so worked on Allan-of-the-straw as altogether to divert him from the business that had brought him there, and to send him back with his ships and fighting men to his father's island. When Maclean saw the vessels on the shore, he went out with great glee to meet his son, imagining that Allan had carried out his purpose, and had ridden him of his enemy, Macquarrie.

"Oh, my dear boy!" said he, "now you can have an island and a castle of your own, and can be a laird and found a family."

"That can I," replied Allan-nan-sop.

"And see how easy it can be done," said Torloisk.

"Easy, indeed!" said Allan.

"Just by taking your sword," said Torloisk, "and putting out of his misery a bad man, that had lived quite long enough to make his neighbours wish to get rid of him.

"The very thing," said Allan, "for the bad man who burnt his boy's hands, and broke his wife's heart. You have taken the trouble to teach me a lesson, now see how well I have learnt it!"

With that he caught Torloisk by the throat. The man saw his danger, and craved mercy; but his son bade him remember how he had not shown mercy either to him or to his mother, and he smote Torloisk to the earth and slew him, and told his men to bury him there, and let him not come into his mother's grave. Then he took possession of the island, and he settled there and married, and gave up his rover's life. And that was how Allan-of-the-straw founded a family.

John MacCallum had given full dramatic point to his tale, and had told it amid the hushed attention of those who were sitting round his peat-fire, while the storm of sleet and rain drifted against the loop-hole window, or sputtered down the opening in the roof.

"It puts me in mind," said Murdoch Cameron, "of

A STORY OF PAUL JONES, THE PIRATE,

that I have heard my father tell. Allan-nan-sop went to be a rover and a pirate, and that was just the profession of Paul Jones. It was in the year 1778 that his well-known ship, flying the black flag, was seen under full sail, sweeping past Ailsa Craig, and bearing for Campbelton Harbour. The news spread quickly, and made a terrible consternation, for the very name of Paul Jones was sufficient to strike dread. The fishermen pulled into land, and, as well as they could, hauled up their boats and secured their nets and tackle. The few old cannon on Kilkerran Fort were double-shotted to give the pirate a warm reception. House doors were locked and barred, men got their guns and fire-arms, the cattle were collected and driven off to distant glens, some women hid themselves and their little ones in cellars and underground places, while others betook themselves to the shelter of caves among the hills. The pirate ship was anxiously watched as she stood in close to shore, but after a while a breeze from the shore sprung up, and the ship sailed away, and to the great relief of all, its black flag vanished in the distance.

But Paul Jones had not come into this neighbourhood merely to look at its scenery, and when those who had watched him from the eastern coast were congratulating themselves that he had said good-bye to Cantire, he was rounding the Mull for the western coast, and preparing a bit of news for them. My father was at that time one of the hands on board the packet that plied between Tarbert and Islay. Islay, as you all know, is a land of the Campbells, but there was a time when the Campbells had no foot in the island, and it was all to the Macdonalds. John MacCallum has just told us of the feud that was between the Macdonalds and Macleans, and it's now more than two hundred years since, when the Macdonalds of Islay, who had there been crowned kings of the isles by the Bishop of Argyll, brought to an end their quarrels with the Macleans of Mull, and the Campbells of Argyll stepped into the Macdonalds' place.

On the morrow of the day on which Paul Jones had frightened the folk on the eastern shore of Cantire, my father was aboard the packet on its way from Tarbert to Islay. They had a heavy freightage, for Campbell of Islay was on board. He was a fighting gentleman, a major in the king's army, and he had been for many years in India fighting against the Papists. (It is to be noted that Murdoch Cameron was a staunch member of his Presbyterian Church, and classed all Turks, infidels, and heretics under the generic title of "Papists.") Campbell had married a sweet young Scottish lass, and he was bringing her back to Islay, with all the jewels and spoils that he had taken in his fightings. The whole of his wealth was on board with him, and he was looking forward to end his days in Islay in peace and prosperity.

The packet had sailed down the West Loch, and had got past Ardpatrick and Carn-na-faire, on Gigha, where is the watch-cairn from whence the Gigha people make a signal when they want the packet to stop; and they were speeding on to Islay, and Major Campbell was already in sight of home, when my father sighted a strange ship bearing down upon them, under a crowd of canvas. Its course was in a line to intercept them before they could reach Islay, and the captain of the Tarbert packet very soon made out that the strange ship was flying a black flag. He knew at once

that it was Paul Jones, the pirate. It was but little that those on board could do in the way of self-defence, for it was but a packet vessel, and they were not provided with guns. All the captain could do was to alter his course and make for Port Ellen as best he could, for he knew that there was no good anchorage for him on the western coast of Gigha. So it became a race between him and the pirate; and yet not much of a race, for the pirate had twice his speed, besides having the best water. A very brief time decided the

PORT ELLEN, ISLAY.

matter. The pirate bore down on the Tarbert packet, and sent a shot across its bow; and then, when the captain of the packet still pressed on, a second shot, that sent some of the rigging and ring-bolts clattering on the deck. Then there came a voice through a speaking trumpet, 'Heave to, or I'll sink you!' and the captain hove to, although Major Campbell wished him to press on and fight it out to the last. The major had his cocked pistols in his hands, and determined to protect his wife and property. She was below, poor thing, in her cabin, frightened nearly to death. But the

captain begged the major to do nothing rash, and reminded him that it was his ship. and that the major, as a passenger, was bound to obey him.

Then the pirate ship came alongside the packet, and a boat full of pirates put off from it and boarded the Tarbert packet. They were armed to the teeth, but Paul Jones told the captain that they would not hurt any one unless resistance was made, all they wanted was plunder. Well, there was but very little plunder except the

ISLAY HOUSE—SEAT OF THE CAMPBELLS OF ISLAY.

rich spoil that Major Campbell had on board, to obtain which they were indebted to this visit from Paul Jones, who by some means had got wind of it. Major Campbell found that not only the life of himself, but also of his wife, would be endangered unless he submitted to Paul Jones, so he was forced to give up to him the whole of his valuable property, which he thus lost at the very moment when he seemed to be safe at his journey's end. Paul Jones took it all, and then drank to the health of Major and Mrs.

Campbell, and in half-an-hour afterwards was flying across the Atlantic, and was never seen again on the Cantire coast. Major Campbell landed on Islay a penniless man, and despoiled of his hard-earned wealth; but as Paul Jones could not rob him of his land, he soon got together a second fortune, and he and his wife lived prosperously.

Daft Davie, by way of interlude, played one of their favourite Highland airs, leading up to a tune to which Jean MacCallum sang

THE LEGEND OF THE WATER-KELPIE *(Each Uisge).*

It was in Gaelic, and it narrated how the water-kelpie had beheld a beauteous maiden walking on the sea-shore, and had fallen in love with her. He asked her to come and see his wondrous coral cave, and persuaded her to do so. He took her beneath the waves, and showed her his home, and asked her to be his wife. Her curiosity being now satisfied, she wished to get back to land, where she had a lover more to her taste, so she told the Kelpie that she could not live with him unless she had got her spinning-wheel, but she would go and fetch it. So he trusted her, and let her go, and took her up through the waves and placed her safely on the sea-shore. There she was found by her lover, lying in a swoon. He took her to her home, and when she had recovered she told him what had happened. He would not at first believe that she had really seen a water-kelpie, but he afterwards believed it, for, when she was his wife, every morning they found three spotted trout placed just outside their door, ready for their breakfast. It was the gift of the water-kelpie, who had not forgotten his love for the maiden.

When Jean MacCallum had ended her song, she called upon David Fisher for a story; and he, reminding those present that it was on that very night three years ago that he had been saved from shipwreck, said that he would tell them of that well-remembered event, and of

THE SHIPWRECKED CAT AND THE DERELICT VESSEL.

I was mate of the "St. Mungo," of Glasgow (Captain Keir), and we had sailed from the port of London, and were bound for Montreal.

When we had got to latitude 46° N., longitude 34° W., we came upon a vessel in a sinking condition. She proved to be the barque "Rinaldo," of 700 tons burden, which had sailed from Quebec for Antwerp, and had been abandoned by her crew. They had been picked up by a Prussian brig from New York, which had landed them at Queenstown, with the ship's papers and all the portable property. The "Rinaldo" had a valuable cargo of timber on board, and, although she had nine feet of water in the hold, I volunteered, with the help of four of the crew, to sail her across the Atlantic and pilot her into the Clyde. Captain Keir consented, and we five went on board the "Rinaldo," and parted company with the "St. Mungo."

The weather proved foul, and the leakage of the water-logged vessel was so great that for twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four we were kept working at the pumps. But we toiled on manfully for eighteen days, and at length sighted Cape Clear. I should have run in there to save the vessel, but the wind shifted, and the weather became more tempestuous, until a heavy gale sprung up which drove us out to sea, and obliged us again to work at the pumps. The "Rinaldo" was now running before the wind, with her canvas torn to ribbons; and in this state drifted round the northern coast of Ireland, and entered the North Channel. For the next two days—one of them was the Sabbath—we were at the mercy of the wind and waves; and wearied out as we were, we could barely keep her above the water. Then we came towards the Mull, and it seemed as though we must be dashed to pieces on the rocks, but a sweep of the gale bore us away from the coast, and we rounded the Mull in safety. As we drifted on to Sanda there came a lull in the gale, and, curiously enough, this calm probably proved to be our destruction, for, if the strong breeze had kept up, I think we should have weathered the rocks, and have passed on safely into the sheltered waters of Kilbrannan Sound or the Firth of Clyde. But, as it was, the wind lulled, and the "Rinaldo," being stripped of canvas, and having no anchors on board, was unable to withstand the landward current, and, becoming unmanageable in the tide-way, drifted into Carskey Bay, and struck on the rocks between Carskey and Glennanuilt. This was at six in the evening. She soon went on her beam ends, and it was impossible for us to launch the one

small boat that we had on board. In two hours more the stern was driven in, and we took refuge in the mizzen chains. At midnight the main and mizzen masts were cut away, and by one o'clock in the morning she began to break up, and we had to look for shelter forward in the vessel. During this time she had drifted nearer into shore, the gale having again sprung up with great violence. At half-past one it seemed as if the sides of the vessel had parted from each other at the stern, right along the keel, and the cargo of heavy timber burst forth from her shattered sides. She was torn to pieces by the billows, and the fragments of her hull were tossed in thousands of splinters on the boiling surf. At two o'clock the fore mast was completely under water, and I and my four mates were engulphed in a boiling mass of foam and wreck.

It was a misty night, but there was a moon, and not only had we been seen from the shore by those who had sent off to Campbelton for the life-boat, but we could indistinctly see the moving figures of those who sought in vain to help us. When we five went down together and rose together in the boiling surf, we did not then part company, but we helped each other on to one of the great floating logs. On this we had been tossed for some time among the fragments of the wreck, when I contrived to catch at the deck of the poop, which a wave floated close beside me, and to that I clung for the next five hours. My four poor messmates kept to their log, and had drifted within twenty yards of the shore, when the tide caught them and swept them out to sea. They were never seen again, although the life-boat, when it came, made good search for them.

Six o'clock in the morning had come, and I had been clinging for five hours to the fragment of the wreck, battling with the waves, and imperilled by the masses of floating timber no less than by the rocks. During that time I had twice been dashed upon the shore, but had been washed off again before I could maintain a footing or seize the rope that had been flung to me. A third time I was flung upon the rocks, and was being sucked back into the sea by the reflux of the wave, when from exhaustion I lost my hold, and fell into a cleft of the rock. In another moment I should have been drowned, when I felt myself lifted up by a pair of strong arms, and carried through the surf. By the Lord's will, Jamie Macmillan had

saved me. When I came to myself I was lying on a bed in the shepherd's hut at Lephenstrath, safe and sound, though it was some weeks before I had recovered from the effects of my long exposure on that winter night, and my previous twenty-one days of terrible toil. The derelict vessel had gone to pieces, and the logs and battens were drifted round the Mull and driven up the western shore to Machrihanish Bay, and as high northwards as Barr. A steam tug was sent from the Clyde to collect the wood, and much of it was saved and sold by auction.

Now, all the time that I had been on the derelict vessel, and tossed in the waves on the night of the wreck, I had a companion of whom I have not yet spoken. This was a cat, which had been left on board when the "Rinaldo" was deserted. Probably it had been purposely left there by the crew, because, if a ship is found, under certain circumstances, without a living creature on board, it is considered a derelict, and, according to particular conditions, a forfeiture to the Queen, Lords of the Admiralty, and other interested parties. So it has often happened that, when a vessel has been abandoned by her crew, a live canary, hen, or cat has been found on board, which has saved the vessel from being condemned as a derelict. Any way, there was poor pussy on board the "Rinaldo," and I took good care of her during our troubled voyage across the Atlantic. On the night of the wreck, the cat seemed fully alive to the danger, and kept close to me, carefully watching my movements. When the hull smashed up, and I leapt upon the floating log, the cat sprang upon my neck, and there clung for life. During the five hours that I was battling with the waves, she kept her position, and when, for the third time, I was flung on the rocks, and sank exhausted, she then probably had leapt ashore. There was great confusion on shore at that moment, for the life-boat, which had been brought from Campbelton, was just being launched. My cat got away unnoticed, and I was afraid that I should never see her again. But the next day, when I was awaking from sleep, I felt something purring and rubbing round my face, and opening my eyes, there was my poor cat. In some way she had traced me to Lephenstrath. There she stayed three days, when I took her with me to Campbelton, and afterwards to Glasgow. Since then she

went with me to Demerara, and at the present time she is in a snug fisherman's house, at Dalintober, waiting to be fondled by her new mistress, whose Christian name is Jean.

While David Fisher and Jean MacCallum were having a little private talk, consequent upon the words with which he closed his narrative, Daft Wattie, after a preliminary flourish with his bagpipes —a kindly act that drowned the lovers' voices—said, "I'll tell ye the tale of—

THE BIG SMITH AND HECTOR THE PIPER.

In the town of Tarbert there lived for many years a man who was known as the Big Smith. He was a stout man, who could take a joke, and give one with a sharp edge, but as it came from a smiling countenance, it did not do any one much mischief. The Big Smith was fond of whisky, and might be seen many times in the day marching to the whisky shop, so that the road between it and his smithy was well tramped.

"Smith," a neighbonr would say, "I would advise you to take your anvil with you and lay it on the table of the whisky shop. It would save you losing so much time by walking to and fro."

"*An ni nach bean duit na bean da*," the smith would reply; "the thing that does not touch you, do not touch it."

There was a great affection between the Big Smith and Hector, the piper; and Hector would be often at the smithy. One day, the Big Smith said to him—"Hector have you not a daughter at service in the Low Country?"

"Yes; she has been there the best part of two years."

"So I understand for I have read all about her in the paper."

"The paper! What has my girl been doing, that they should make a publication of her?"

"I will read it to you." And he got him a paper and pretended to read many wonderful things out of it. It was all make-believe, but as Hector had no learning, he was not for seeing the trick that was put upon him.

"This young woman"—the smith pretended to take the words out of the paper—"is the most extraordinary woman as was ever to

be viewed in all the Low Country. She is that strong that there is no man that can beat her at her work. She is the best shearer in the field, and she has gained a great prize at the reaping."

"Ech now, to think o' that!" cried Hector. "A prize for reaping, and she that were always so ailing! I must go home at once and tell this to the wife."

And he went home and told his wife the extraordinary news; and he busied himself to go from house to house, telling it through the neighbourhood.

"Is it true?" said some.

"True!" the piper would reply, "of course it is true. Did not the honest man read it to me out of the paper."

Though Hector could not read he could play sweetly on the pipes, and he had a tune that he never would play to any one but as a great favour. It had been learned him by the fairies. Once, by West Loch Tarbert, he had been looking for elf-shots in the *sìth dhùnan*—fairy hills—and he saw some of the little folks, dressed all in green, and making the sweetest music on the pipes. Hector caught the tune and played it as he went home, and before he died he learned it to me. This is it--

Whereupon Daft Wattie made a succession of noises with his bagpipes, which may possibly have been fairy music, for it was certainly unearthly. Helen MacCallum suggested that he should change the air to a reel, and daft Wattie, accepting the suggestion, blew out a tune that brought the young folks to their feet, and set them whirling and twirling with activity and glee.

It was now Angus's turn to sing a song or tell a tale, and clearing his throat, he said, "I'll tell you about

THE DOWAGER DUCHESS; OR DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

I daresay you all know Limecraig's House, between Campbelton and Kildalloig. A grand place it is, with its park and beautiful trees; and many of those trees were planted by a lady that once lived there, in great state, for more than twenty years during the early part of the last century. This was Elizabeth Tollemache, Duchess of Argyll, and mother of the great Duke John,

Duke Archibald, and Lady Anne, who married the Earl of Bute. The Duchess had Cantire for her jointure, and she passed her widowed years at Limecraigs, which was known as the Duke of Argyll's house. She laid out the park avenues and planted the trees, and there is a large plantain tree with a spring of water at its foot which still bear the name of the duchess' tree and well. She kept a sort of court at Limecraigs, and surrounded herself with maidens of noble rank, but she would not allow them to demean themselves by marrying the Cantire lairds.

At that time there was but one church in Campbelton where there was a service on the Sabbath, and this service was in Gaelic, so that Argyll's Covenanters and Lowlanders could not join in it. The Dowager Duchess wished for an English service, but there was bad blood between the Highlanders and the Lowlanders, and the Highlanders declared that they would have no English in the church. The Duchess was accustomed to command, and was determined to have her own way, so on a certain Sabbath she went to church with her noble maidens and all her retinue. The landed proprietors were there to oppose her, and it is said that MacNeal of Ugadale came to the church door with his naked sword in his hand, and placed himself so as to prevent anyone from entering the church. The Duchess, like a woman of spirit, stepped boldly forward to the sword's point, and asked MacNeal whether he purposed to keep her out of the church. To which he made answer, as he lowered his sword and allowed her to pass on, "No, your grace, but I will cut off your tail," meaning that he would cut off the tail of her followers. MacNeal was as good as his word, for he prevented any of the Lowlanders from following the Duchess into the church. After that, she built for her Lowlanders an English church in Kirk Street; and, when she died, I was told that her heart was buried beneath the door-step, while her body was laid in the graveyard at Kilkerran.

She was a grand woman, but she took it into her head that much property had been lost to her family when Argyll had divided the Macdonalds' lands among the Campbells, and she thought that she had hit upon a plan that would place all the Cantire possessions of the Campbells in her own hands. They tell the tale of her, that she invited all the Campbells to come to Limecraigs and to bring

with them their charters and title-deeds, in order that she might examine them. One of the Campbells held Kildalloig, with the land between Davaar Island and Glenramskill Hill; and, as it was a state visit, Kildalloig told his servant to accompany him to Limecraigs on horseback. It was not far to go, and when they set out the man asked his master what might be the meaning of the visit. Kildalloig had reason to put great confidence in his servant, who had proved himself faithful to him in more than one trial. So he told him that the great Duchess had summoned him and all the other Campbells to Limecraigs, where she was very kindly going to look over their title-deeds; and that, as she was well known to be a shrewd woman of business, he thought they might all get some good from the interview.

"Here," said he, as he showed his servant a small parcel that he was most carefully carrying, "here are all my writings; and if I lost these, I should lose Kildalloig. It may be that the Duchess will revise them, and make them more secure than before from falling into the grip of a Macdonald."

They rode on, and soon came in sight of the young plantation at Limecraigs. When Kildalloig drew rein at the door, he handed the packet of writings to his servant while he dismounted; but no sooner had he set foot on the ground than his servant galloped away down the avenue with the packet in his grasp. Kildalloig stared in wonder; and then, when the man neither turned back nor changed his course, he rode after him. He followed him over the heights of Bengullion, and viewed him in the direction of Knockmahaw, and then lost sight of him among the glens and corries, and was compelled to give up the chase. So enraged was Kildalloig, that if his gun or pistols had been at hand, he would have put a brace of bullets through the man's skull with as little ceremony as he would have winged a black-cock. But he had not the chance to do this; and being afraid to show himself at the Limecraigs without his writings, he returned to Kildalloig, sad at heart and sore displeased. The night passed, and the servant did not return. In the morning, the horse that he had ridden was brought back by a lad, who disappeared before any questions could be put to him. Kildalloig fumed and fretted through another day, when he heard some

news that changed his opinion of his servant's strange behaviour: and the news was nothing more than this, that when the Dowager Duchess had got the Campbells before her and had received from them their title-deeds, she burnt all the documents in the fire, and defied the Campbells to prove their right to the possessions that had been taken from the Macdonalds by MacCailein Mòr.

When this was told to Killdalloig, he thought he saw a motive for his servant's conduct; so he rested content until the man should reappear or communicate with him. In due time this was done. The man was in hiding in the caves on the Mull; and, when he deemed it safe, he came out of hiding and delivered the packet of writings to his master. The Kildalloig family ever afterwards shewed great respect to that servant and his offspring. I was told this story by old Matthew Sheddan and his sister, who were the gaandchildren of that servant, and who were also supported in their old age by the Kildalloig family. They quite believed in that tale that I have now told you. If it be true, it shows the wisdom of our old Scotch proverb, "An ounce of Mother is worth a pound of Clergy"; for the servant's mother-wit outweighed all the learning that his master and the Dowager Duchess could have thrown into the scale.

Tam Neill being called upon for his contribution to the amusement of the evening, told the following story—

HOW MACEACHRAN'S DAUGHTER SAVED A BANNOCK AND LOST A LAIRD.

You have all heard of the MacEachrans, and perhaps you are acquainted with Duncan MacEachran, the blacksmith in the Long Row. Honest man, he is the last of his family, though the clan was once a proud one, and held up their heads with the very best in Cantire. Shall I tell you how it was that they came south and settled at Kilellan? It must have been at least eight hundred years ago, and MacEachran was then the laird of Craigneish. It was there, at the spot they call Barbreck, that the king of the Scots killed Olaff, the king of the Danes, in single combat, and they buried Olaff under the mound called Dunan Aula, near to Dail-nan-

Ceann, "the field of heads," where the Danes that had fallen in battle were buried. The Campbells of Jura have held Craigneish since then, though not of late, and this is how it came about.

MacEachran of Craigneish was unmarried, but he had a niece who lived with him as his adopted daughter. A Campbell came to court her, she accepted him, and they were married. But, as MacEachran did not care to part with her, he bargained that the young married folks should live with him at Craigneish. They agreed to this, and for some little time all went on well. But MacEachran soon found that, although it was his own house, he was looked upon as one too many in it, so he made up his mind to leave Craigneish. They did not oppose his wish, and the only stipulation he made with them was that, whenever he came to Craigneish, he should sit at the head of the table, in token that he was the laird. Then he packed up his goods in a couple of creels, which he slung across his horse's back, securing them with girths of "woodies" (bark-bands), and he determined within himself that he would continue his journey until the woodie broke, and that he would take up his abode at the place where they gave way. So he turned his back on Craigneish, and, keeping near to the coast and the Sound of Jura, went straight on, across where the Crinan Canal now is, and then down through Knapdale, and on to Tarbert, and still the woodies held firm. So on he came all through Cantire and reached Campbelton, and the woodies still held firm. So on he went towards the Mull, and began to think that he should find his resting-place in the sea, when, just as he had got to Kilellan, on the road to Southend, the woodies broke. Well, MacEachran made himself so comfortable at Kilellan that he never went back to Craigneish to take the head of the table, and his niece and her husband settled there and founded the clan of the Campbells of Craigneish. MacEachran himself got a wife to his taste, and he married and had a large family, and that was the rise of the MacEachrans of Kilellan. Well, time passed on, and brought its ups and downs to the Clan MacEachran, like it does to poorer folk, and I'm now going to tell you of some of the ups and downs it brought to a daughter of one of the MacEachrans. She was not only his only daughter, but she was his only child, and he looked to

her to be making a fine marriage for herself. It happened on a day that she was baking oatmeal bannocks, and there came to the door a tall, strong-limbed man, who had a gold ring on his finger and a gold chain on his neck, but who wore neither bonnet nor shoes, and when he asked MacEachran's daughter to give him a bannock, the girl made answer to him with the proverb, "*Fàinne mu'n mheur is gun snaithne mu'n tòin*" ("A bare back and a ring on the finger is a paradox throughout the world.") The stranger would not be put off with a proverb, but again asked the girl to give him a bannock, and when she would not do so, he took one from her by force, and went out. The girl called out to her father that there was a strange man who was taking away the bread, and MacEachran went after him and made him give up the bannock.

Some time after this, MacEachran saw a company of soldiers at his door, with their commander, demanding food and lodging. MacEachran made them a feast, and provided beds for them, and gave up his own bed to the commander. In the morning, before they set out on their march, he gave them all a good breakfast. MacEachran's daughter had waited on them all and seen to their wants, and she found the commander so polite that she quite fell in love with him, and she told her father that he was just the man whom she should like to marry"

"We must first find out whether he is married already," said MacEachran.

After breakfast, when MacEachran's daughter had again waited on the commander, and shown him, as plainly as looks could speak, that she loved him, the commander said to MacEachran that he should like to have a word with him and his daughter in private. So she thought within herself that she knew very well what he was about to say, but in this she was mistaken, as you shall hear.

"Do you not know me?" said the commander.

"Neither I nor my daughter have ever seen you until last night," replied MacEachran.

"You may think so, but you are mistaken," said the commander. "Do you remember a man without bonnet or shoes, who came to your house and asked for a bannock, and when your daughter would only give him a proverb the man seized the bannock, and she cried

out, and you came and took the bannock away from the stranger. Perhaps your daughter will remember that, even if you don't."

"I remember it well," replied MacEachran. "Was that man a friend of yours?"

"The best friend that I have upon earth, for it was I, myself, and I never thought to be so treated by you, for we had been good friends up to that day."

"I had never seen you till that day," said MacEachran.

"But your factor had, for we have exchanged some land. You might have known my ring. Every one knows the Macdonald."

When MacEachran knew that it was the great Macdonald, he was very sorry not to have recognised him, and he begged him to stay there on a visit, and promised that he and his daughter would do all they could to make him comfortable. She, too, urged him to stay, and looked at him with loving eyes.

"It is too late," said Macdonald. "These soldiers are my Irish friends, who have come with me from Ireland to fight for me, and I must go with them. Your daughter would not give me a bannock for my bare head, though she might have done it for this gold ring on my finger. It will never go on to her finger now. She saved her bannock, but she has lost Macdonald."

With that he went away, and MacEachran's daughter had to look elsewhere for a husband.

"If Daft Wattie," said Fergus, "will blow up his pipes to the tune of the 'Braes o' Glenorchy,' I'll give you a song about a friend o' mine." Daft Wattie did as he was bid, and thereafter Fergus sang the promised song—

WEE DONALD BÀN.

O wha hasna heard tell o' wee Donald Bàn?
The drollest bit cratur on Torrisdale lan',
At fishing, or shooting, or rowing nane can
E'er seek to compare wi' that wee Donald Bàn.
His hair's just as yellow's the broom on the knowe,
And a thing like a fir-tap stuck firm on his pow,
Frae the neck to the knee he just measures a span—
O, a pocket edition is wee Donald Bàn.

He whiles carries a gun for the killing o' game,
To mak' soups and pies for the braw folks at hame,
When he fires at a maukin its last race is ran,
Sic a deadly sure marker is wee Donald Bàn.
Whene'er he appears wi' his gun in the fields,
Helter-skelter the rabbits a' tak' tae their heels,
And the magpies, and pigeons, and pheasants sae gran',
A' cut the acquaintance o' wee Donald Bàn.

He's aye courtin' the lassies, yet ne'er can agree;
He can tak' a bit dram and can tell a big lee;
And at playin' the bagpipes there ne'er was a man
Could e'er haud the candle to wee Donald Bàn.
Wi' his pipes and red coat, as he struts through the clachan,
Some fa' o the dancin' and some to the lauchin';
And at Embro', lang syne, when his drone he began,
The Queen took special notice o' wee Donald Bàn.

He has a' sorts o' knowledge—Gude kens how he got it—
How peacocks are proud, an' how flounders are spotted,
And whaur Gaelic language at first was began,
Can a' be expounded by wee Donald Bàn.
And a' ticklish questions, either gude or profane,
Are referred aye to Donald, wha sure mak's them plain;
And if while's the precentor should be na at han',
Wha's stuck 'neath the poopit but wee Donald Bàn?

O wae's me when death comes and tak's him awa'!
We'll ha'e grief in the cottage and grief in the ha',
Ilk heart will grow saft and ilk face will grow wan,
For we'll ne'er see another like wee Donald Bàn.
Then, lassies, O pray that he lang may be spared,
Tae skirl his bagpipes and pay you regard;
Show him kindness, ye billies on Torrisdale lan',
For a great curiosity is wee Donald Bàn.

And thus, with dance and music, and mirth and work, and singing and tale-telling, they passed the winter night round the peat-fire at Glenbrecky.

THE GHOSTS OF GLENLUSSA.

In one of the most romantic parts of the picturesque peninsula of Cantire, where the hills rise to a height of eight hundred feet, and command on either side panoramic views of the Atlantic-washed

southern Hebrides, and of the ragged peaks of Arran rising up from beyond Kilbrannan Sound, are a series of glens, the haunt not only of wild loveliness, but of wilder traditions. I have been enabled to collect many curious legends and traditions relating to these glens, which have been carefully treasured by the Gaelic-speaking natives of Cantire, but which have not as yet been put into print. If they are not now preserved, they would probably expire together with the old manners and customs of the people, and (as it would seem) that ancient language in which they have been orally delivered from generation to generation. I would now speak of the ghosts of Glenlussa.

The Devil's Glen, which possessed a ghost of its own, was connected with Straduigh Glen, otherwise called *Gleann Strath Dhùthaich*, or "the Country Glen," where dwelt a certain charmer—of the male sex—who exercised power over fiends, fairies, witches, and warlocks. Where this Country Glen makes a sudden bend eastward to the sea, it takes the name of Glenlussa, and is watered by a salmon-stream that flows into Kilbrannan Sound at Ardnacross. In the last century, when it was not necessary to "recruit with the collie dog," and when men, as well as sheep, were plentiful in those glens, Glenlussa furnished its full quota to the volunteer company who fought for "King George upon his throne." It also supplied two local poets, Donald Kelly and Donald Maclean; and it possessed for an inhabitant that ingenious old lady, who, when her sailor son brought her a pound of tea, in default of knowing what else to do with it, soaked it, pounded it with the potato 'beetle,' mixed it up with milk, butter, and meal, and, when she had eaten it, pronounced it to be "nane sae gude as kale." And there was also another inhabitant of Glenlussa, its laird, Mr. Hector Macallister, who had married a sister of the Marquis of Argyll, and the story is told of him, that when he refused to help Argyll against his neighbours the Macdonalds, he had to fly from Argyll's threat of vengeance, but was captured with his three sons near to Campbelton. Whereupon his wife rode with great speed to beseech her brother to spare her husband and lads; but Argyll spied her coming, and ordered his men to hang Macallister and his sons on the Whinny Hill. "Which of them shall we put up first?" asked the men.

"The whelps; and afterwards the old fox," replied Argyll. And when his sister reached the spot she found the four bodies swinging dead from the gallows, to haunt her from henceforth as ghosts of Glenlussa.

Some popular stories are still told by the people of Glenlussa in connection with their great festival of Hallowe'en (All Hallow's Eve, October, 31); and as at that festival is the very time for spells and invocations of spirits, the supernatural, as a matter of course, plays an important part in such stories. I here give two specimens of them, which include the leading customs and superstitions of that Western-Highland district. The ducking for apples, which is so common a custom on Hallowe'en night in Ireland and the North of England—and which forms a leading theme in Maclise's picture—is not mentioned here, nor is it alluded to by Burns in his poem on the subject. He mentions, however, the nut cracking; as does Gay in his "Spell;" and in the North of England this pastime has given to the festival the name of "Nut-cracking night." I may also observe that on Hallowe'en the streets of Campbelton are paraded by boys flourishing kailstalks. And now to my story.

It was Hallowe'en; and the young people in Glenlussa had met to amuse themselves. They had been at the kail-pulling, and worked it in this fashion: when the lads and lasses had been blindfolded, they were made to take each other by the hand and go into the kail-yard and pull out a stock of kail. If the stock was straight or crooked, or sour or sweet in its *custoc* (heart), so would be the shape and temper of the future husband or wife; and if the stock was light or heavy with earth, so would be the money in the purse of the partner. They had played, too, at cracking and burning nuts, to see which pairs of lovers would bide together or start asunder; and the girls had got the oatstalks to pull for their families, not minding if there were a dozen grains, but taking care to keep the top one on the stalk, lest anyone should say they had tripped, and they had winnowed their three *wechts* of nothing; and eaten the apple before the looking-glass; and held the blue clew-line; and tried in every way to discover their future partners.

When they had tried these and several other games, and had used charms and words in order that they might dream or see

something by which they might know their fortune, they got to egg-dropping. Then one of the girls filled her mouth with the water in which the eggs had been dropped, and went out quickly to run round the house. As she did so, she suddenly met a stranger who was dressed in a soldier's uniform, who said to her "*Am faca tu Iain?*—did you see John?" The girl was terrified, for she well knew that there was no soldier at that time at Glenlussa; and she darted back into the house, and told what she had seen.

MAIN STREET, CAMPBELTON.

Then they all run out to see the stranger; but no soldier was there; and although they searched everywhere, they were unable to find the person who had spoken to the girl. They then knew it to have been a ghost; and it filled them with such fear that nothing else was talked of in Glenlussa for some weeks. The winter passed away, and they had other things to think of, and even the young girl had almost forgotten the soldier's ghost, when one day that she had been to town (Campbelton) to market, she saw some soldiers

just landing from a ship. They had come all the way from the East Indies, where they had served for some years; and, as they marched up Main-street from the quay, who should be at their head but the very soldier whose ghost had appeared to her on Hallowe'en. He proved to be a cousin of a friend of hers, and she soon got to know him; and when she found that his name was John, she knew that it was not for nothing that the apparition had appeared to her, and, as he had saved some money, they did not long keep company, but were married and had settled in Glenlussa before the next Hallowe'en.

So ends that story. Here follows a very short one, which also makes the ghosts of Glenlussa to appear on a Hallowe'en with matrimonial intentions.

There were two brothers in Glenlussa, and on Hallowe'en they dipped their shirts in a dead-and-living ford, (that is, the ford of a stream that had been crossed by a funeral); and, when they went to bed, they left their shirts to dry before a large fire, and kept watch to see who would come. After they had watched for some time, they saw the figures of two girls coming in and going up to the fire, and apparently turning their shirts and then vanishing, and before next Hallowe'en the two brothers married those two girls whose apparitions they had seen turning their shirts.

Burns refers to this charm in his song of "Tam Glen," but limits the turning to the sleeve of the shirt, and the wetting of it does not appear to have been done in any special water. In the the appendix to Pennant's *Tour* the charm is mentioned as being confined to the sleeve of the left arm, and the dipping of the shirt is ordered to be done in "a burn where three lairds' lands meet" at a "south-running spring or rivulet."

Between two and three miles north of Kilcouslan, on the eastern coast of Cantire, is a spot called Pinnivers or Peninver, where stood a large block of stone, which was conjectured to have been erected many centuries ago, either in memory of some hero who had been slain in battle, or else for purposes of Druidical worship. Now, there was an Irishman who lived in the northern part of Ireland, and he dreamed a dream in which was revealed to him this very stone, or cairn; and it was shown to him in the vision that there was a great treasure buried underneath the stone. So he left Ireland,

and came across the Channel to Southend, and made his way to Campbelton, and on to Peninver, until he had found the place of his dream. It was almost dark when he reached the spot; but he immediately recognised the stone, and found the precise part of it underneath which the treasure was hidden; but as he had no implements with him wherewith he could raise the stone, he betook himself to a smith who lived at the foot of Cnocscalopil, where it slides down into Glenlussa. There he begged for a night's lodging; and the smith, seeing that he was a stranger, furnished him with supper and a bed, and also with a glass or two of moonlight (smuggled) whisky. They got very comfortable together over the whisky, and talked now of this thing, now of that. The smith was very desirous to know what had brought the Irishman to Cantire; and although the other had intended to have kept his own counsel, yet the whisky and the canny Scotsman were too many for him, and he told the smith the whole secret from first to last.

"O," says the smith, as though he made nothing of the news, "and is that all? only a dream! Why, I have often and often dreamed about many fine things, and I always found them nothing more than a delusion and a snare. I do wonder that a sensible man like you should have come so far on such an errand."

"I was thinking, as I came along, that I was a bit of a fool," says the Irishman; "but having come so far, and finding the stone just as it was in my dream, I should not like to go back without digging for the treasure."

"Certainly not, if it will ease your mind," says the smith, "but you may depend upon it, it will not put any siller in your pouch. I have dreamed of buried treasures a score of times; but, with all my digging and dreaming, I never turned up anything but hard stones. But, as you are bent upon it, I will take my tools in the morning and help you in your search."

But no sooner was the Irishman in bed and fast asleep than the smith got up, and, rousing his son, they quietly stole off to the cairn, where they dug in the spot that the Irishman had told him of; and there, sure enough, was the hidden treasure. They secured it safely, and filled up the hole that they had made, so that everything looked undisturbed. Then they got back to their beds, without the

Irishman being any the wiser for their proceeding. In the morning he challenged the smith to go with him to look for the treasure, and they went; the smith joking him as he went along, and telling him that he would find nothing but stones and dirt. Of course, the Irishman found that the smith's words were true; for although they dug and dug, yet not the ghost of any treasure could they find; and the disappointed man returned to Ireland poorer than when he had left his home.

After he was gone, it was noticed in Glenlussa that the smith and his family, who had been very poor, now began to be prosperous, and were well fed and clad. When everyone was wondering what could be the reason of the change, the smith took all his family away to America, and nothing more has ever been heard of them. How the Glenlussa people came to know of the dream and the hidden treasure was in this way: the smith told the secret to his wife, and the wife, just before sailing, told it to a friend, who told it to all Glenlussa; so that their saying is a true one, "Tell it to a woman, tell it to the town."

CHAPTER VII.

The Island Peninsula: West Loch Tarbert, East Loch Tarbert, Cantire an Island, Robert Bruce's Boat-Carrying, Rounding Wild Cantire—The Laird of Saddell's Coming of Age—The Sprightly Tailor and the Apparition of Saddell.

THE ISLAND PENINSULA.

"WILD CANTIRE" is viewed at its least wild aspect along the shores of West Loch Tarbert, where the scenery will remind many tourists of Windermere and the English lakes. The length of

WEST LOCH TARBERT

is about eleven miles, and its average width about three-quarters of a mile. It is an arm of the sea, to which it opens at its southern extremity, where it is guarded on the Cantire side by Dunskeig Hill, on which was one of the chief forts in the peninsula; and on the Kilberry side by the headland of Ardpatrick, so named from the traditionary belief that St. Patrick landed here on his way from Ireland to Icolmkill. The depth of the water in West Loch Tarbert varies from three or four fathoms to ten or fifteen; but MacCulloch is wrong in saying that "it is a great addition to the beauty of this inlet that, owing to the fall of the tide being exceedingly trifling, it is never subject to that display of mud at low water which renders the Wye, among many other rivers, so often an object of deformity rather than beauty;" * for there is a considerable fall in the tide, and at the head of the loch it shoals for some distance, and leaves a great waste of mud. Very good oysters are found here, and the widgeon and wild swan frequent the loch during the winter, to avail themselves of the shelter that it affords. Vegetation flourishes, the woods and plantations are luxuriant, and the beeches, pines, and oaks unusually fine. The varied combinations of wood, rock, and water, with the softly-rounded heather-stained hills, and every here and there a mansion-house, farm, or mill, dotted amid the trees, assist in forming a picture of no common beauty, and one that is in perfect contrast to the truly "wild Cantire" scenery of the Mull.

* *Highlands and Western Isles*, II., 85.

The loch, as I have before said, forms a favourite yachting ground, and boat races have annually been held here in the autumn. Although the depth of water in the loch so greatly varies, yet it possesses a clear channel, nearly to its head, for vessels drawing eighteen feet of water, and affords a good holding-ground, the bottom consisting for the most part of blue clay; and, as its entrance is protected from the prevalent south-west winds by the island of Gigha (where are excellent harbours frequented by Her Majesty's cutters), vessels can easily get out of West Loch Tarbert at all seasons of the year in smooth water.

EAST LOCH TARBERT

is a bay of the beautiful Loch Fyne, about a mile in length, and so land-locked that its entrance is well-nigh hidden from an approaching vessel. At its further extremity is the busy town of Tarbert, with its quays and many evidences of its herring business, and its vessels

TARBERT CASTLE.

that can approach the shore in the deep water. The ruined castle, once such a stronghold, and the scene of many a princely revel and regal court, looks over the town and loch from its lofty position on the cliff; and on either side the loch huge masses of rugged rocks

are piled in a wildly picturesque way that makes the scene so forcible in its contrast to the soft and sylvan beauty of the scenery of the western loch, and justifies Lord Teignmouth's happy remark in likening these two Tarbert lochs to pictures by Claude and Salvator Rosa.* The space between the lochs forms the neck of the peninsula of Cantire, and so narrow is it that the "Land's-end" is attached to the northern part of Argyllshire by a piece of land less than a mile in length, the actual distance being 1600 yards from high water mark on the one side to high water mark on the other. So flat is this narrow neck of land that, at its highest point, it rises only 47 feet above the sea. The waters of the Atlantic in West Loch Tarbert are therefore only divided from the waters of the Firth of Clyde in East Loch Tarbert by this narrow flat neck of land; and, in these modern days of peace and civilisation, the great problem is how the waters of these two lochs can be united.

In the old fighting and foray days, the problem was how to defend this narrow neck of wild Cantire from the invading Macleans and Campbells, and, in addition to the castle at Tarbert and the fort on Dunskeighill, there was a fort half way across this isthmus at a spot now called Cairnban. It has also been thought that a third fort guarded the neck of the isthmus at the head of the West Loch.

The union of the two lochs would really make

CANTIRE AN ISLAND,

as, indeed, it has always been considered. The Cantire legend would date back the geographical classification, or rather metamorphosis, of the peninsula into an island, to the days of Magnus Barefoot, who, according to very indefinite chronology, conquered Cantire in the year 1098. Magnus took his name of "Barefoot" (Barfod, Barbeen, or Ber-fœtta), after his subjugation of the Isles, and when he had adopted the dress of the people whom he had conquered, and had gone back to Norway with bare legs and a short tunic. The well-known legend relative to his conquest of Cantire, and his claiming it as one of those islands that had been granted to

**Scotland*, I., 26.

him by the Scottish King, is thus briefly told and explained by the latest historian on the subject:—

"It is further stated that the King of Norway established his claim to his new possessions by sailing round each of them separately; and he is even said to have been dragged across the isthmus at Loch Tarbert in a boat, with his hand upon the tiller, in order to include Cantire amongst the islands—a story probably invented at a later period to account for the severance of that district from the mainland possessions of the Oirir Gael, and its lengthened occupation by the Gallgael in dependence on the Norsemen and their kings."*

The latest poet on this subject thus mentions it:—

"Then Norroway kings, our chiefs o'erthrown,
Held isle and islet for their own,
And one, more haughty than the rest,
Swore he would claim for island ground
Whate'er he drove his galley round;
And, from the Atlantic up the West
Loch Tarbert bearing, made them haul
His barge across that isthmus small,
Himself proud seated at the helm;
Then, spreading sail down fair Loch Fyne,
He cried aloud, 'Kintyre is mine,
I've bound it to my island-realm!'" †

ROBERT BRUCE'S BOAT-CARRYING.

Whether we must refer this clever trick of the Norman King to the region of history or fable, it is certain that the feat of taking a boat across the Tarbert isthmus has been since considered an every-day affair; and that the word itself, if it does not signify to drag or carry a boat (*Tarruin-bàta*), means to drag or carry goods of all kinds (*Tar-beart*), which may have been done by means of a boat. Indeed, Pennant himself tells us that vessels of nine or ten tons were drawn by horses across the low neck of the isthmus; and the herring fishers haul their boats across it even now, in order to save themselves the long and hazardous voyage round the rocky Mull of Cantire. Sir Walter Scott, in a passage of *The Lord of the Isles*, readily applies the legend of the place and its adaptability for boat-

* Robertson's *Scotland under her Early Kings* (1862), I., 167.

† *Kilmahoe* (1864), p. 64.

carrying purposes, to the exigencies of the galley that was to bear Bruce and Lord Ronald in safety to Arran:—

"Ever the breeze blows merrily,
But the galley ploughs no more the sea,
Lest, rounding wild Cantire, they meet
The southern foemen's watchful fleet,
They held unwonted way;
Up Tarbat's western lake they bore,
Then dragg'd their bark the isthmus o'er,
As far as Kilmaconnel's shore,
Upon the eastern bay.
It was a wondrous sight to see
Topmast and pennon glitter free,
High raised above the greenwood tree,
As on dry land the galley moves
By cliff, and copse, and alder groves.
Deep import from that selcouth sign,
Did many a mountain-seer divine;
For ancient legends told the Gael,
That when a royal bark should sail
O'er Kilmaconnel moss,
Old Albyn should in fight prevail,
And every foe should faint and quail
Before her silver Cross."

"Kilmaconnell" should, more properly, be Kilcalmonell (which means the church of St. Columba of the Cells, the name of the parish extending from Killean to Tarbert; and "Old Albyn" may be thus explained by Gregory:—"The name of *Albannaich*, which, as far back as we can trace, is the proper appellation of the Scottish Highlander, seems to prove their descent from that tribe which gave to Britain its earliest name of *Albion*, and which may, therefore, be considered as the first tribe that set foot on this island."

Bruce's boat-carrying across the Tarbert isthmus, as mentioned by Scott—if we may accept his version as history—may have suggested to him the plan that he really put in practice after the decisive battle of Bannockburn. In that battle, the Lord Ronald of the poem—whom Scott so named *euphoniæ gratia*, but whose name was Angus Og, Lord of Cantire and the Isles, of Saddell and Dunaverty—had nobly repaid the confidence reposed in him, and, at the last decisive moment of the conflict, was addressed by Bruce in words thus rendered by the poet:—

"One effort more, and Scotland's free!
Lord of the Isles, my trust in thee
Is firm as Ailsa Rock;
Rush on with Highland sword and targe,
I, with my Carrick spearmen charge;
Now, forward to the shock!"

But, although eighteen Highland chiefs helped Bruce to gain this decisive victory, and submitted to his authority, that portion of

Argyll and the Isles that came under the dominion of John of Argyll gave their allegiance to England. Bruce, therefore, undertook an expedition to the Western Highlands, and sailed up Loch Fyne to Tarbert, where, partly from the danger of "rounding wild Cantire," and partly from the desire to impress upon the Cantire believers in the old legend that the time of their subjugation was come, he had his fleet of small vessels drawn across the isthmus to West Loch Tarbert. His expedition was perfectly successful, and

TARBERT, LOCH FYNE.

Cantire and the other isles that had remained in rebellion to his authority were subdued—perhaps not unwillingly. Popular tradition says that Bruce's fleet was dragged across between the two lochs by means of a slide of smooth planks of trees, laid parallel to each other.

The Lords of the Isles could legitimately claim the peninsula of Cantire as an island, for, even if the word *Epidium*, by which Ptolemy described Cantire in the earliest mention of it that is known,

should be derived from the old British word *Ebyd*, "a peninsula,"* and not, as the learned Gaelic scholar, Dr. Smith, of Campbelton, believed, "from a similar Celtic word signifying the *Isle* of the Picts," yet it is an established fact that, from an early period, Cantire was reckoned as an island. When the Hebrides (Æbudœ) came under the Norwegian rule, they were divided into the Nordureys and Sudereys; and, among the latter, together with Islay, Jura, Arran, Bute, and Man, was Cantire placed. All the Æbudœ were under one bishop, but as his cathedral and palace were in the Island of Man, one of the Sudereys, he took the title of *Episcopus Sodorensis*. Hence the title of "Soder" for the Bishop of Sodor and Man, "'Sodor' (*i.e.*, the South Isles), and Man," as Dr. Dasent explains the word in his *Story of Burnt Njal*. Yet, some have thought the word "Sodor" to have been taken from a town in Iona; and Bishop Wilson believed that it was Σωτηδ (Soter), "the Saviour," to whom the cathedral church in Iona was dedicated. When Edward I., in 1380, reduced the Isle of Man under the English Government, the Bishops of Man still retained the title of Bishops of Sodor, giving the name of Sodor to the little island of Peel, in which the cathedral of St. German was built, and which had previously been called St. Patrick's Isle.† All the rest of the Æbudœ remained under the government of Scotland, and came under the episcopal sway of the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. Thus Cantire, which was episcopally considered to be an island up to 1380, may, since that time, elect to be either a portion of Argyll or one of the Isles. In still older times than that of Ptolemy or Magnus Barefoot, the southern portion of the Land's-end peninsula

* "The *Epidii* inhabited the south-west of Argyllshire from Linne Loch on the north to the Firth of Clyde and the Irish sea on the south, including Cantire, the point of which was called the Epidian promontory, now named the Mull of Cantire; and they were bounded on the east by the country of the Albain, and the *Lemannonius Sinus*, or the Lochfyne of the present day. The name of this tribe is derived from the British *Ebyd*, a peninsula, as they chiefly inhabited the promontory of Cantire." Browne's *History of the Highlands*, I., 5. Pennant was wrong in his etymology when he said that the Mull of Cantire was "the *Epidii promontorium* of the Romans, noted for the violence of the adverse tides, compared to the force of a *mill*-race, from whence the modern name."

†The Rev. J. G. Cumming's *History of the Isle of Man*.

is believed to have been a veritable island, for the sea is said to have covered all that low ground between Campbelton Harbour and Machrihanish Bay, which is called "the Laggan (or How) of Cantire." This tract of land is scarcely five miles in breadth by three in length, and, until recently, was a waste of marsh and sand; while a large portion of it was really under water, forming the two lochs called Dory-loch and Lochsanish, or "the Black Loch." This is now partially drained, but Dory-loch (or Dhury-loch) still shows a considerable surface of water, which in a hard winter is the favourite resort of the Campbelton curlers, no less than the wild swans and wild geese. This low-lying Laggan of Cantire is nowhere more than forty feet above the sea level, though it is bounded on the north and south by hills.

The dangers attendant upon "rounding wild Cantire" by sailing past its formidable Mull being so great, another mode of communication between the Firth of Clyde and the Atlantic was eagerly desired. The boat-portage across the narrow neck of the peninsula of Cantire—resembling the "portages" of Canada, the "carrying-places" of North America, and the "diolkoi" of Greece—might have naturally directed attention to this spot as being the most practicable for the contemplated purpose of a ship canal, but local influences prevailed to carry out the scheme (in the shape of the Crinan Canal) at the northern extremity of the parish of South Knapdale, instead of at its southern extremity at Tarbert. At this place, as I have already said, the County of Argyll is contracted to a piece of ground less than a mile in length, viz., 1,600 yards, and only just big enough to form a narrow neck for the peninsula of Cantire to dangle from. This narrow neck, having a height not more than forty-seven feet above the sea, divides Loch Fyne from the Atlantic by the two safe land-locked harbours of East and West Loch Tarbert, where ships may sail and lie at anchor.* The junction of these two lochs would have solved the problem of the ship canal in a most satisfactory way, and would have admitted the Western Isles to all the improvements that follow on steam communication. This is partially done at this spot even now, passengers and goods that have been brought by the steamers to East Loch

*See the Admiralty Charts, published in 1856.

Tarbert being conveyed across the isthmus to another steamer (to Islay) stationed at the head of West Loch Tarbert, where there is a small pier. The distance from here to Greenock by sea is thirty-five miles, and the distance saved by crossing the isthmus, instead of sailing round the Mull, is fully sixty miles. This, in moderate weather, would be equal to a saving of at least six hours for the steamers employed in the Highland trade.

But the saving of time by a ship canal at Tarbert would not be the only gain. The saving of danger in

"ROUNDING WILD CANTIRE"

would be still more appreciated. It must be borne in mind that the Mull of Cantire, the most southern point of the Land's-end of Scotland, approaches nearer to the coast of Ireland than any other portion of Great Britain, and is only separated by eleven and a half miles of water from the promontory of Tor Point, County Antrim. This North Channel, between the Mull of Cantire and Ireland, is exposed to the full force of the Atlantic waves, aggravated by strong conflicting tidal currents, which run here at the rate of four knots an hour. The roar of the waves dashing against the precipitous sea wall of the iron-bound shore of the Mull has been heard at the distance of forty miles; and, even in calm weather, there is ever such "wild unrest" for these hoarsely thundering billows that fish have deserted the spot, unable to struggle against the perpetual conflict of the tides. During the storms of winter, steam vessels (even of the first-class) often find it impossible to make a passage round this scene of innumerable shipwrecks, and other coasting and sailing vessels are frequently detained for weeks in the harbours on either side of the headland. No wonder, then, that "rounding wild Cantire" should be looked upon as a hazardous experiment, and that captains should draw a breath of satisfaction when they had safely got their vessels into the Firth of Clyde, where the peninsula itself of the Land's-end stretched its forty mile barrier of protection against the westerly and north-west winds and the effects of the swell and storms of the Atlantic.

THE LAIRD OF SADDELL'S COMING OF AGE.

It was eighty years since Colonel Donald Campbell lived at Saddell. He was the proprietor of Saddell Glen, Moys, Craigs, Balegreggan, Drumore, Dalintober, Lochend, Dalaruan, and other properties. He was married to an amiable lady of the Largie family, a sister to the great Sir Alexander Macdonald Lockhart, Bart., proprietor of Largie, Lee, Carran, Carnwath, &c. Colonel Campbell was in the East India Company's service, and fought in many battles against the Great Mogul; he came home very wealthy, and lived in Saddell Mansion House. Colonel Campbell and his lady were extremely affectionate towards each other, they might be seen almost constantly walking together along the shore or in the gardens and policies, and could seldom be seen separate. But they did not long enjoy each other's society, for death came and laid them low in the silent dust. In the burial ground at Saddell, on the site of the old monastery, is a tomb erected, of exquisite workmanship, and there they both sleep in death. They left behind them an only child, an infant boy, who was carefully educated, and became an accomplished gentleman. His personal appearance was peculiarly attractive, he was robust and active, and few could excel him in horsemanship or field sports. When this young laird came to his majority at the age of twenty-one, there was laid up for him £80,000 along with the estate. All the people on Saddell's estate were invited to a great feast at Saddell on that day, and the people from Lochend, Dalintober, Dalaruan, and other places were early afoot and off to Saddell to congratulate the young laird. The number became very large, for all who came to Saddell were made welcome, whether they were invited or no. Great preparations had been made on the beautiful green in front of the mansion house, to get to which the crowd had to cross the bridge over the river near to the old castle. On this bridge stood the servants of the young laird, with jugs in their hands, and a large store of Highland whisky at their command, and they pressed a jug-full of the stimulant on every one who crossed the bridge. As no other way was opened to the scene of action, all the people had to cross the bridge, and all had to drink. Some got the art of crossing and re-crossing, and

crossing again, until they got more than was perhaps good for them. After the people had amused themselves for some time about the mansion house and along the beautiful white sandy shore, they got orders to cross the bridge and view the old castle, the jugs being kept in active service. The bridge was crossed, and the people became extremely loquacious, if not eloquent. There were many speakers, but few hearers. The strong men then set to work in putting the stone, and in leaping, and tossing the caber, while the dinner was being prepared on the green. The command was then given to come to dinner, and the bridge had again to be crossed and the jugs handled, for that was the order of the day. The scene about the bridge was truly ludicrous, those who went by the name of temperate, sober men, lying under the strong hand of Highland whisky. All who had any appetite got a sumptuous dinner, with ale and porter.

After dinner, the young laird made his appearance, and a sturdy Highlander he was, with his shapely legs and florid countenance. The people began to cheer him, and Righ Fuingal, his ancestor, could not have received more honour from his clan in Cantire than the young laird of Saddell got from his tenants. Some of the strong men prepared to apprehend him and carry him on their shoulders, but the young laird was as light-footed as any of them, and as able to walk, leap, or ride as any on the green. So he escaped them. Then the people were set to their sports in earnest, and a lump of a pig with a greased tail was let go among the crowd, that whoever would throw the creature over his shoulder by the tail should get the pig to himself. The active men pursued the pig, grasping it by the slippery tail, but, the pig squealing, and the crowd laughing and running after the beast, it got away with its life. Next a long pole was set up with a hat on the top of it, that whoever would climb up the greased pole and take down the hat would get it to himself. A strife was made, and it was not long till the hat was taken down. Next there was a foot race for a prize of money, when many ran, but only one gained the prize. Then there was a truly ludicrous race called the sack race, a number joined in this sport, tumbling, rolling, and leaping like toads. Then prizes were given for leaping, after which the young laird and

the gentlemen thought proper to dismiss the company with a *deoch-an-doruis* and good night. So everyone made for his own home as well as he could.

The young laird of Saddell herein mentioned was that John Campbell, Esq., of Saddell, who was Esquire to the Knight of the White Rose (Charles Lamb, Esq.), at the famous Eglintoun Tournament. Prince Louis Napoleon Bounaparte was at this tournament and had several bouts at broadsword with Mr. Lamb, who was step-brother to Lord Eglintoun. They were clad in heavy armour, the former without cuisses or gyves. Mr. Campbell was unable to tilt at the tournament, having received an awkward splinter-wound in the arm when standing a "thrust" for practice. His accident is thus referred to in Ingoldsby's poem "The Cynopath."—

> " . . Knights of St. John,
> Or Knights of St. John's Wood, who once went on
> To the Castle of Good Lord Eglintoune.
> Count Fiddle-fumkin and Lord Fiddle-faddle,
> 'Sir Craven,' 'Sir Gael,' and 'Sir Campbell of Saddell,
> (Who, as poor Hook said, when he heard of the feat,
> Was somehow knock'd out of his family seat)."

THE SPRIGHTLY TAILOR AND THE APPARITION OF SADDELL.

A sprightly tailor was employed by the great Macdonald, in his castle at Saddell, in order to make the *triubhas*, or trousers, used in olden times, when the vests and breeches being united, and ornamented with fringes, were very comfortable, and suitable to be worn in walking or dancing. Macdonald had said to the tailor that if he would make the *triubhas* by night in the church he would get a handsome reward. It was the time when the church had fallen to ruin, and when the singing monks and nuns had long since slept the sleep of death, and had left the monastery to the withering blasts of time, and to be a den for the freaks of the unearthly. It was thought that the old ruined church was haunted, and that fearsome supernatural objects were to be seen there at night.

The tailor was well aware of this, but he was a sprightly man, and when the laird dared him to make the *triubhas* by night in the

church, the tailor was not to be daunted, but took it in hand to gain the prize. So, when night came, away he went up the glen, about half a mile distant from the castle, till he came to the old church. Then he chose him a nice gravestone for a seat, and he lighted his candle, and put on his thimble, and set to work at the *triubhas*; plying his needle with great dexterity, and thinking about the hire that the laird would have to give him.

For some time he got on pretty well, until he felt the floor all of a tremble, and, looking rapidly about him, but keeping his fingers steadily at work, he saw the appearance of a great human head rising up through the stone pavement of the church. When the head had risen above the surface, there came from it a voice like the thundering of the mighty waves lashing the sullen rocks, and the voice said—

"Do you see this great head of mine?"

"I see that, but I'll sew this," replied the sprightly tailor, and he stitched away at the *triubhas*.

Then the head rose higher up through the pavement, until its neck appeared. When its neck was shown, the thundering voice came again and said—

"Do you see this great neck of mine?"

"I see that, but I'll sew this," said the sprightly tailor, and he stitched away at his *triubhas*.

Then the head and neck rose higher still, until the great shoulders and chest of the apparition were shown above the ground. Again the mighty voice thundered—

"Do you see this great chest of mine?"

Again the sprightly tailor replied—

"I see that, but I'll sew this," and the tailor stitched away at his *triubhas*.

Still the apparition kept rising through the pavement, until it shook a great pair of arms in the tailor's face, aud said—

"Do you see these great arms of mine?"

"I see those, but I'll sew this," answered the tailor, and he stitched hard at his *triubhas*, for he knew he had no time to lose.

The sprightly tailor was taking the lang steeks, when he saw the apparition gradually rising and rising through the floor, until it

lifted out a great leg, and stamping it on the pavement, said in a loud voice—

"Do you see this great leg of mine?"

"Aye, aye, I see that, but I'll sew this," cried the tailor, and his fingers flew with the needle, and he took such lang steeks that he was just come to the end of the *triubhas* when the apparition was taking up his other leg. But before the monster could pull it out of the pavement, the sprightly tailor had finished his task; and, blowing out his candle and springing from off his gravestone, he buckled up and ran out of the church with the *triubhas* under his arm. Then the apparition gave a loud roar, and stamped with both his feet upon the pavement, until the singing monks and nuns might have heard him in their graves, and out of the church he went after the sprightly tailor.

Down the glen they ran, faster than the stream when the flood rides it; but the tailor had got the start and a nimble pair of legs, and he did not choose to lose the laird's reward, and though the apparition roared to him to stop, yet the sprightly tailor was not the man to be beholden to a monster. So he held his *triubhas* tight, and let no darkness grow under his feet, until he had reached the castle. He had no sooner got inside the gate and shut it, than the apparition came up to it, and, enraged at losing his prize, struck the wall above the gate, and left there the mark of his five great fingers. You may see them plainly to this day, if you only peer close enough. The sprightly tailor gained his reward, for Macdonald paid him handsomely for the *triubhas*, and never discovered that a few of the steeks were somewhat over long.

CHAPTER VIII.

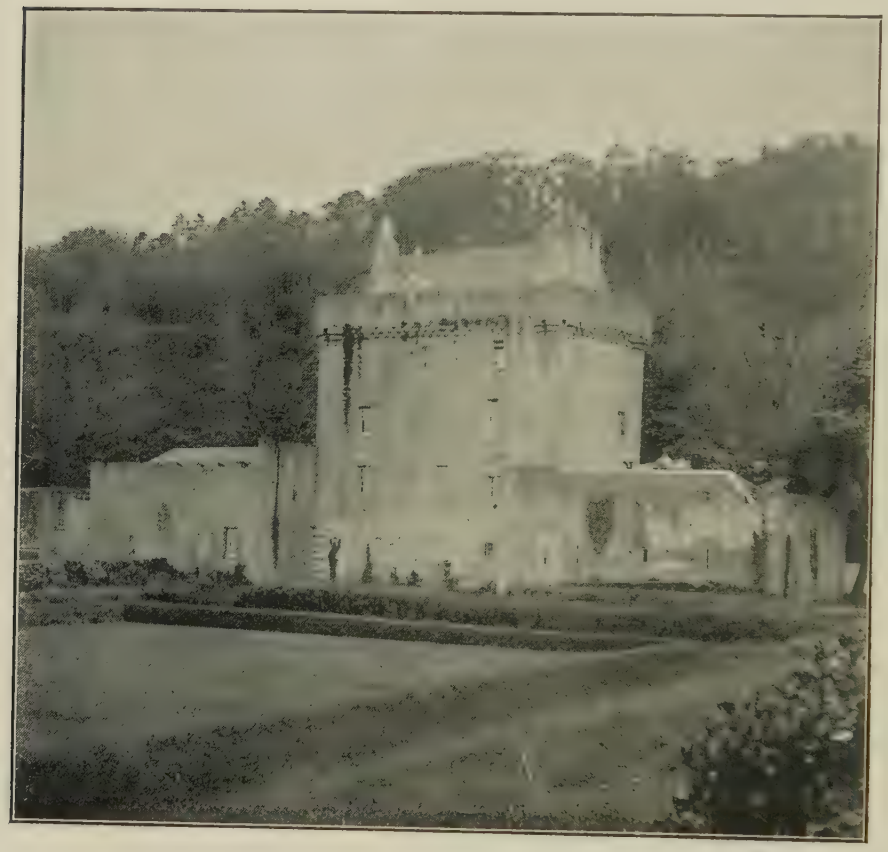
Saddell Castle—Saddell Monastery—The Dirge of Somerled—Monumental Memorials—The Holy Well.

RANKING with Skipness in being one of the two best preserved fortresses in Cantire, is

SADDELL CASTLE.

It is built on low ground on the eastern coast of the peninsula, towards the lower part of Kilbrannan Sound, and over against that portion of the Isle of Arran, where the basaltic cliff of Drummoduin ("the ridge of the fort") juts into the sea, whose hungry waves have eaten into the adjacent white gritstone cliffs, and hollowed them into a series of caverns, where the fugitive Robert Bruce is popularly believed to have taken up his abode, and, in those rude rocky halls, to have possessed his "king's cove" and "king's kitchen," and "cellar" and "stable." Tradition also relates that Bruce—accompanied by Sir Nigel Campbell of Lochow, Sir James Douglas, and Sir Robert Boyd—crossed the Sound from Drummoduin to Saddell, and landed at Portree ("the King's Port,") where he was welcomed by his firm friend, Angus Og, the "Ronald" of "The Lord of the Isles." After being entertained at Saddell, Bruce and his three companions were taken by Angus to his other castle at Dunaverty, and from thence to the Isle of Rathlin. The castle stands at the mouth of Saddell Glen and close beside its river, which, according to tradition, was once carried in a moat all round the walls, and greatly assisted to render the castle an impregnable fortress. High ground, covered with timber, rises immediately behind the castle. The chief portion of the castle is a square-built tower, measuring in width about seventeen yards by ten, and, in height, about fifty feet, and having walls of great thickness. They are without buttresses, but the top of the tower, which is embattled and machicolated, has projecting turrets (also machicolated) at its four corners, and a fifth nearly over its chief entrance on the western side. The other machicolations are sham. The lower part

of the castle has two barrel-vaulted rooms, pierced exteriously with narrow arrow-slits. Above these is the principal apartment, having at its north end an arched fire-place ten feet in width. Higher still are two other floors of rooms, reached by a newel staircase, which is continued to the embattled parapet. In the wall opposite the entrance is a locker with a shelf. The windows are small and



SADDELL CASTLE.

irregular, and are mainly modern adaptations and insertions. The castle was inhabited by the Campbells until the latter part of the last century, when a modern house was built on the other side of the stream, on a somewhat bleak-looking spot, but commanding fine views of the two shores of Cantire and Arran, the Channel, and

the distant ocean.* Since then the castle has been occupied by the servants and dependents of the Saddell House estate—a fact which, perhaps, has happily tended to the preservation of this interesting old relic of the Macdonalds and Campbells, and has prevented it from being pulled down and carted away for utilitarian purposes, and thus sharing the fate of Saddell Monastery.

If Saddell be another form of the words Saundle, Sandel, or Sandale—in which three ways the name of this spot is recorded in ancient chartularies—then the word is Scandinavian, and signifies "sandy plain," which, indeed, very well describes the situation of the castle, and we may bear in mind that the connection of Cantire and the other Southern Isles with their Scandinavian conquerors was necessarily great. The Bishops of the Isles were consecrated at Drontheim, and the archi-episcopal See, fixed there about 1150, had supremacy over the Hebrides. The settlement of the Scandinavians in the Sudereys commenced towards the end of the ninth century, and the cession of the isles to Scotland was made in 1266 by Magnus of Norway, the successor of Haco. Up to this date, therefore, we might reasonably expect to find Scandinavian art and workmanship on the ecclesiastical edifices, crosses,† standing stones, and monumental memorials in Cantire, and Scandinavian names for their sites. But if Saddell is a Gaelic and not a Scandinavian word, it then signifies *Sagairt dhail*, "the plain of the priests," or (according to Dr. Macleod) *Sàmh-dhail*, "the peaceful plain or valley."

Either of these significations point not so much to the castle as to

SADDELL MONASTERY,

which is situated in a sequestered spot a short distance up the glen, by the side of the river, embosomed amid dense foliage and environed by lofty wooded hills. Unfortunately, this spot in

> . . . "the deep Saddell-glen,
> Where the clans 'mid grey ruins their long rest are taking,
> And the Lords of the Islands stone-panoplied lie"

(as sings the author of *Kilmahoe*), this spot, which might have been

* A general view (in chromo-lithography) of Saddell House and Castle, &c., is given in *Glencreggan*. † The knots, whether "Runic" or otherwise, so commonly sculptured on the crosses and monumental memorials, are known in Cantire as "Danish tangles."

made of surpassing interest by possessing the finest ecclesiastical building in Cantire, has been converted into a distressing scene of confused and featureless ruins, utterly destitute of grace or beauty. A needy proprietor saw nothing more in the edifice than a quarry of dressed stones, with which he might build common dykes and still commoner offices, for the paving of whose floors the monastery's sepulchral stones and monumental slabs might also be used with cheap advantage. The thrifty Goth carried out his idea to the very letter, the monastery and all the carved work thereof was carried

SCULPTURED STONES IN SADDELL MONASTERY

away piece-meal, and the ruins that are now left are ruins indeed. On this point it is satisfactory to find that, however Presbyterian in profession may be the people, yet their natural instinct at once prompts them to denounce this wanton destruction of a monastery as a sacrilegious act, for the popular tradition is that the spoliator paid dearly for his deed, losing his life shortly afterwards by a trifling accident—which was looked upon as a righteous retribution —and that the estate passed into other hands.

There is also a tradition concerning the building of the

Monastery. A certain individual murdered his step-father, and, after having committed the deed, was constantly haunted by the ghost of the murdered man, and could gain no rest or peace of mind. He therefore went to Rome to confess his sin to the Pope, who ordered him to go back to Cantire and build a church between two hills and two waters, after which his troubled mind would be relieved. He made choice of Saddell, which fulfilled the conditions imposed upon him for the site, and there he built the famous monastery. This tradition may perhaps have arisen from what is told of Donald, grandson of Somerled, how he went to Rome to obtain absolution for his sins, and, on his return, gave rich gifts to Saddell.

A second tradition says that the founder sent to Rome for a quantity of consecrated dust—*ùir naomhaichte na Ròimhe*—and made the building commensurate with the extent to which it could be scattered. This founder was the "mighty Somerled" who was Thane of Argyll and Lord of Cantire and the Isles. He was slain in fight in the year 1163, and was buried at Saddell.*

"They rowed him home, and in the glen
Of Saddell made his grave,
Behind his own grim castle-keep,
That on its jagg'd rock breasts the sweep
Of the plashing wave.
There, 'neath a blue stone, graven o'er
With plaided warrior and claymore,
Beside the abbey's ivied piles
Long sleeps the first Lord of the Isles."†

Thus sings the latest of the Cantire poets, Mr. J. Campbell Shairp, in his beautiful poem (on peninsular themes) of *Kilmahoe*; and, although that other Cantire songster, the author of *Mac-Cailein's Raid*, is a versifier of a very different calibre, yet (even though it were to follow the song of Apollo by the harsh words of Mercury), I will here venture to transcribe his lines, entitled—

"THE DIRGE OF SOMERLED."

"Heard ye the toll of the great abbey bell?
Saw ye the monks line the bay of Sádail?
Saw ye what corse on their shoulders they bore?
Know ye that Somerled's glory is o'er?

*Gregory's *Highlands.* †*Kilmahoe, a Highland Pastoral,* by John Campbell Shairp, page 65 (published by Macmillan, 1864.)

Great was the chief in the height of his pride,
Mighty his valour, majestic his stride,
Keen was his glance in the chase and in fight,
Dark was his frown as the gloom of the night.
Heard ye the toll, &c.

Who slew the chief of our hearts—can ye say?
Whose was the brand that converted to clay
All that was noble and lovely in man,
Bravest and best of his race and his clan?
Heard ye the toll, &c.

Cruel that fate which directed the blow,
Cursed that steel which laid Somerled low;
Fighting he fell in the thick of the strife,
Wounded and bleeding he breathed out his life.
Heard ye the toll, &c.

Islay her mountains may veil up in grief,
Lifeless and cold is her warrior chief,
Glaz'd are his orbs, and extinguished their fire,
Dismal the soul of the son and the sire.
Heard ye the toll, &c.

Gray Ben-in-toork may now weep in his cloud,
Red deer may scaithlessly bellow aloud,
Lowly in death, the great chief of Kintyre
Hears not that cry he was wont to admire.
Heard ye the toll, &c."

The building of Saddell monastery was completed by Somerled's son, Reginald, who, in addition to his other titles, assumed that of king. The monastery was for the Cistertian—the "grey friar" order of monks. In the Norwegian expedition, in 1260, against Alexander III., when Haco was at Gudey ("God's island,") now called Gigha, an abbot of a monastery of grey friars waited on him, begging protection for their dwelling and holy church, and this the king granted him in writing. Not only so, but when one of his own monks, Friar Simon, died in Gudey, they carried his body "up to Cantire, where the grey friars buried him in their church. They spread a fringed pall over his grave, and called him a saint."* This

* *The Chronicle of Man*, written by the monks of Ruffin, quoted by Camden. See also Robertson's *Scotland under her Early Kings*, II., 87:—"Haco was still at Gigha, where he had listened to the prayer of the Abbot of Saddell, who craved a protection for his monastery."

undoubtedly refers to Saddell monastery. It was richly endowed by Reginald, who granted to it the lands of Glen Saddell, the twelve merk lands of Ballibean in the lordship of Cantire, the lands of Cheskin in Arran, and *unum denarium ex qualibet domo*. Donald, his son, confirmed the whole of his father's grants, and added some of his own, as also did Angus. The lands of Kilmorie, Tortin, and Benine in Arran, and Inchmarnock in Bute, were annexed to it, and Sir Duncan Campbell, of Lochow (created Lord Campbell in 1445), mortified for its use the lands of Blàr-an-tiobairt, Argyllshire.

"In Saddell glen, a fair abbaye
They built, that prayer night and day
Might rise from Somerled's place of rest,
And lord and chieftain, age by age,
Enlarged the sacred heritage
By dower and bequest.
A copsewood here, a fishing there,
Small island or hill pasture fair,
They gave in part or whole;
Perchance they sought to soothe the dead,
Perchance to win, when life was fled,
Peace for their earth-stained soul."

The monastery of Saddell was annexed to the Bishopric of Argyll by King James IV., in 1507. In 1556 the Bishop of Argyll was the brother of the Earl of Arran, then Regent of Scotland, heir presumptive to the crown, and guardian to Queen Mary. The Earl was of the illustrious family of Douglas Hamilton, and was created Duke of Chatelherault by Henry II. of France, the inheritance of which Dukedom is at this day a moot question between his descendants, the Marquis of Abercorn, his male representative, and the Duke of Hamilton, who springs from him in the female line. To the Earl of Arran's brother, the Bishop of Argyll, the manor or castle of Saddell belonged; and from him, in the year 1556, the Earl purchased it, together with the lands adjoining, in consideration of £1,200 paid him for various purposes, and £10,000 paid to meet the tax granted to the Queen. The reason for the purchase was this. James Mac Alexander Vic Ian Catanach Macdonald, of Dunivaig, had rendered valuable assistance to Argyll in repelling the invasion of Lennox in 1544, for which he received several grants of land from Queen Mary; but in 1547 he joined the English interest,

and in a letter addressed to the Lord-Deputy of Ireland, craves his lordship to send to his aid a fleet and army "to the Yll of Sanday, besyed Kintyer, at Sanct Patrik is day next to cowm,"* for the purpose of making a foray on the Scottish borders. To win him over, the Earl of Arran, who was then Regent, forced James Stewart (who was fourth in descent from a natural son of King Robert III.), to deliver up Kildonan Castle and his other Arran possessions to James Macdonald. This was done, but Macdonald conducted himself in his new possessions in such an ambitious and aggressive way that the neighbouring lairds rose against him, and induced the Earl to devise a plan to remove him from the island. The bait that the Earl offered to Macdonald was the possession of Saddell, in exchange for the lands in Arran. Macdonald accepted the offer, and Saddell was accordingly purchased for him from the Bishop of Argyll for the sum already mentioned, and a condition was also affixed to the purchase that Macdonald should do nothing to the prejudice of Arran, and should keep open house at Saddell for the Earl and the Bishop, whenever the brothers desired to come there. So, according to the old chronicle,† the rude kernes of the Dunivaig lord left the old castle of Kildonan and entrenched themselves within the "fortalice of Saddagall."

The plan of Saddell Monastery took the form of a cross, lying in an exact position towards the four cardinal points. Its length from east to west was about 136 by 24 feet, and of the transept, from north to south, 78 by 24 feet. The south end of the transept was extended from the gable to a distance of 58 feet, and from this projected another building running parallel to the body of the church, which was crossed in its turn at the termination westward, at right angles, by another building. This evidently formed the cloister court, which was quadrangular, though not perfectly square, owing to the fall of the ground on the north side, and the close position of the river on the south side. The east side of this court was probably occupied by the chapter house, mortuary chamber, and other apartments; the south side by the refectory—portions of

* *State Papers*, vol. III., p. 548, quoted in John M'Arthur's *Antiquities of Arran*, published 1861.

† *Collect. de Reb Alb.*, pp. 88, 89 (quoted in M'Arthur's *Antiquities*, p. 187).

whose north and south walls still remain, about nine yards in length, and from eight to ten feet high—and the opposite side by the church, of which the only (above ground) remains are portions of the choir and north transept. The choir was about eight yards from west to east, and six from north to south, and the transept about seven yards square.* Part of the gable of the transept and the aperture for a window in that wall remain; but the dressed stonework of the window is all gone, with the exception of a single stone near the spring of the arch, which has a moulding of fourteenth century work. The length of the nave has been variously conjectured from forty to nearly eighty feet—those who incline to the greater measurement basing their conjecture on the unusual elongation generally to be observed in the naves of Cistertian churches.

THE MONUMENTAL MEMORIALS

at Saddell are numerous and interesting, for distinguished persons from all parts of the country had their sepultures there, including some of the collateral branches of the great Macdonald family. The tomb that is pointed out as that of the "mighty Somerled" himself is in the choir, and appears to have originally been placed within the arched recess—or "Founder's Tomb"—in the south wall of the choir, near to which it now lies, and this supposition may probably be correct. If so, the sculptured effigy of this redoubtable Lord of Argyll and the Isles represents him as wearing a high-pointed conical baxine, from which the camail, or tippet of mail, is dependant over the neck and shoulders. The body is covered down to the

* These dimensions were taken in August, 1861, by the Rev. J. M. Gresley, who made a careful survey of the ruins and the ancient monuments, and to whose notes I am much indebted. A brief but intelligent and appreciative account of the monastery was given by the Rev. J. Macfarlane in his *Statistical Account of the United Parish of Saddell and Skipness*, 1843. It is singular that no mention of Saddell Monastery (more than is contained in a couple of lines) should be made in either of the only two published works that have treated of the ecclesiology of Cantire, viz., Mr. Howieson's three papers *On the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Argyllshire*, published in the *Transactions of the Camden Cambridge Society*, 1842, and Mr. Muir's work, first published anonymously in 1855, under the title of *Notes on Remains of Ecclesiastical Architecture and Sculptured Memorials in the Southern Division of Scotland*, and then (with additions), in 1861, as the *Old Church Architecture of Scotland*.

knees with the shirt or jupon, which is scored down with straight lines to represent the folds. The right hand is raised up to the shoulder, the left hand clasps the *claidheamh dà laimh*, or long two-handed sword. In the corner of the slab, above the right hand, is an inscription, now defaced and illegible.

A second but smaller monument in the choir is similarly sculptured, except that the right hand of the figure rests upon his right thigh, and at his right foot is a small nude figure, while above his left shoulder is the figure of a priest (about 18 inches long), vested in alb and chasuble, and with his hands raised in prayer. A third tombstone is called "The Abbot's." He is sculptured at full length, with shaven crown, and fully robed. His hands are closely clasped in prayer, and raised high. On the lower part of his breast is the seal of the monastery, resembling not a little the arms of Canterbury; the sand-glass and the trumpet are also there. On the lower part is a label filled with Saxon or Runic characters, but so effaced as to be almost illegible.* Another tombstone bears the figure of a warrior, said to represent that Mackay whose hospitality King Robert Bruce rewarded with a grant of the lands of Ugadale. Here also is the grave of Archibald Campbell, of Carradale, who was killed at the battle of Inverlochy, whilst engaged with the forces of Montrose. Here, too, lie Macdonalds and other distinguished men, whose graves cannot now be discerned from those humbler mounds beneath which "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Two fragments of "Iona Crosses" also lie in the choir. The smaller one is about twenty inches long. At the top, on the one face, is the crucified Saviour (the head and part of the arms being broken off), and below this an endless knot. The other face has entwined foliage, and, at the top, seems to be the lower part of a hand and a trefoil. On the sides are sculptured the twisted cable and other continuous ornaments. The other fragment is the lower part of a cross, and about four feet long. At the bottom of one face is a horseman with uplifted spear; above is entwined foliage, in which are two beasts devouring each other. On the other face is a vessel with mast and sail; above it a portion of a two-handed sword, two birds being below the cross of the sword hilt, and, by its side,

* The Rev. J. Macfarlane.

three letters of an inscription—DRI or DNI—and a dog. One side of the cross is decorated with foliage and cable work, and the other has a plaited ornament.

The Highland funerals were always attended by a great concourse of people, and unseemly scenes were not unfrequently beheld on these occasions, arising out of the jealousies and hot blood of hostile clans. It is related by Cantire people that, at a funeral in Saddell Churchyard about a century ago, one of the proprietors of Cantire pointed to the grave of "the great Macdonald," and exclaimed—"There lies the bloody dog!" Upon this, the Macdonalds who were present grasped their swords, and would have slain the gentleman had not his servant protected him, and got him on his horse with all speed, and made him gallop away for his life.

THE HOLY WELL

is in the bank on the other side of the stream, and almost concealed by the long grass and coronals of fern. The water flows into a small stone basin, on the front of which remains a sculptured cross, the only one belonging to the conventional buildings that has escaped the iconoclasts of the Reformation, and the modern destructors who are without the motives of a Knox to excuse their work. It is placed in a scene of singular beauty, and possesses the customary holy well legend—that those who drink of its waters and wish a wish will be married to their heart's desire before another twelvemonth has passed over their heads. The two pretty peasant maidens of Cantire, whom we in imagination picture, are too young for any such flights of fancy; and walk, as yet "in maiden meditation fancy free" of any Bridal of Saddell that may hereafter be their lot, having merely come to the Holy Well for the prosaic duty (made poetical by place or circumstances) of filling their pitchers with the clear spring water. How would their excellent Cantire poet have described them? perchance with such words as these:—

> "Adown her shoulders fell rich flow
> Of clusters auburn with the glow
> Of the warm Highland summers in them."

"And her young cheek glows like the wild June rose,
Or the sheen from the hillside shed,
When the morning light some heathery height
Kindleth to purple red."

The Holy Well, indeed, he has described in a touching retrospective poem, from which I quote the following verses:—

"Still after thirty summers loom
On dreaming hours the lichened trees,
The ivied walls, the warrior's tomb,
'Mid those old mountain sanctities.

How awed I stood! where once had kneeled
The pilgrims by the Holy Well,
O'er which through centuries unrepealed
Rome's consecration still doth dwell.

How crept among the broken piles!
And clansmen's grave-stones moss o'er-grown,
Where rests the Lord of all the Isles,
With plaid and claymore graven in stone.

In deep of noon, mysterious dread
Fell on me in that glimmering glen,
Till, as from haunted ground, I fled
Back to the kindly homes of men.

Thanks to that glen! its scenery blends
With childhood's most ideal hour,
When Highland hills I made my friends,
First owned their beauty, felt their power.

Still, doubtless, o'er Kilbrannan Sound,
As lovely lights from Arran gleam
'Mid hills that gird Glen Saddell round,
As happy children dream their dream.

The western sea, as deep of tone,
Is murmuring 'gainst that caverned shore;
But, one whole generation gone,
No more those haunts are ours, no more.

CHAPTER IX.

MINISTERIAL MATTERS.

The Rev. James Boes—The Rev. John Smith, D.D.—An Ancient Chalice—Argyll's Chaplain.

THE Presbytery Registers of Cantire are necessarily very voluminous from the minutiæ of information into which it is their province to enter. A gentleman who has taken the trouble to wade through them, boil down their heterogeneous mass of statistics, strain of all that is superfluous and diluted, and put together the residuum in the shape of a digestible analysis, has kindly placed his *plat* at my disposal. I have taken advantage of this to analyse his analysis and further abbreviate his digest; and here present such condensed particulars as may seem curious or interesting to the "general reader" who happens to share the Highlanders' partiality for everything that relates to his church and minister. These Presbytery Registers have also much to do with members of the "Cailein Mòr" family.

It appears from Morrieson's decision in the case of John, Duke of Argyll, *versus* Rowat and others (p. 7922), that the Lowland Church, Campbelton, was built by the voluntary contributions of well-disposed people, with the approbation of the Duchess of Argyll, who was manager for the then Duke, her son. It was subsequently found by the Lords that the Lowland was a parochial church. This only took place in the year 1775. The earliest date in the Presbytery records is August 15th, 1655, where the members of the Presbytery are termed the "Lowland Congregation." They invite Mr. Edward Keith from Kirkaldie, who is approved upon trial, and appears to have been the first parish minister of the Lowland charge. On the 23rd July, 1658, the Presbytery for the first time appointed the exercises, which had been hitherto delayed from paucity of members. From an entry in the records, dated October 6th, 1657, that Mr. Keith was to preach in English at the Synod meeting, it would appear that the Gaelic language was not used. Mr. Keith was

succeeded by Mr. Robert Duncanson; who, in his turn, in 1692, gave place to

THE REV. JAMES BOES

(or Bowes), who, as appears from the inscription on his tombstone in Kilkerran churchyard, "was born in 1667, and died 4th February, 1749; was an extraordinary pious man, much beloved by his flock, whom he loved as a faithful pastor for fifty-seven years." Of Mr.

CAMPBELTON LOCH AND KILKERRAN CHURCHYARD.

Boes' peculiarities and claim to the national gift of second sight, many anecdotes are told in the ninth chapter of "Glencreggan." The Presbytery records contain numerous notices of Mr. Boes, the chief of which may be here condensed:—On August 5th, 1694, it was decided that, if a sufficient stipend were not provided within a year after Mr. Boes' ordination, he might be removed. His trials were sustained on the 5th of October; and, three days after, he was

admitted and ordained minister of the Lowland congregation.* On the 2nd of May in the following year, the Lowland congregation requested to have the stipend of their minister made effectual; and, in a twelve-month after, May 11th, 1696, Mr. Boes gave in an address that, seeing he had not a sufficient sustenance, he might be deemed "transportable." An arrangement was then made that Mr. Boes should officiate in the Southend meeting-house, every alternate six weeks, with Mr. Campbell of Southend, who should perform the service in Campbelton; and, on November 16th, 1697, it was allowed by the Presbytery that when Mr. Boes found any of the brethren from the Isles connected with the Presbytery, he might call on them for a visitation in Campbelton.

In the following year, Mr. Boes' stipend again occupies the attention of the Presbytery, and it would seem that by this time there was an endowment for the Lowland charge. From 1699 to 1701, Mr. Boes appears to have suffered in health, and to have been frequently absent. On October 18th, 1701, the Presbytery make enquiry regarding the 500 merks granted by the Synod for building a Lowland church; and, on the 21st, a bond from Mr. John Campbell (cousin to the Duke) for those 500 merks is lodged with Mr. Boes. On the 18th February, 1702, the Presbytery, considering the desolate condition of both parishes of Campbelton by reason of Mr. Boes long-continued sickness, appoint Mr. William Campbell, probationer, to supply both congregations for two Sabbaths.

The Highland and the Irish congregations are mentioned in the records at intervals from the year 1687, but with nothing that calls for remark until 1702, when a letter was presented from the Irish congregation craving that Irish students might be entered within their bounds, in order that they might have a hearing. The Presbytery agreed to this, and wrote to Mr. Lauchlane Campbell recommending him to enter on his trials; and, on September 20th, 1703, he was ordained their minister, the congregation having given security for the augmentation of the stipend. Sir Robert Boyle had presented a copy of his Irish bible to the parish of Southend; and it has already been shown in the tenth chapter of "Glencreggan"

* The date of the ordination as here given is two years subsequent to the date on the tombstone.

that these records of the Presbytery of Cantire contain several long and interesting notices of Boyle's bible, and the value set upon it; how, during a vacancy in the parish of Southend, it was placed in the custody of Mr. Robert Duncanson, the minister of Campbelton and Mr. Boes' predecessor; and how it was borrowed by Mr. MacNeill of Tirfergus, but not until a lengthy agreement and weighty bond had been agreed to, and had been duly entered in the Records. This Mr. Duncanson had been transferred from the Irish charge to the Lowland congregation on December 14th, 1687.

On December, 30th, 1702, the Presbytery summoned the heritors, tacksmen, and elders of the Lowland congregation of Campbelton, and informed them that the Synod had granted 1200 merks Scots to build a church for them, and desired to know what measures they purposed taking for carrying on the work. The heritors replied that they had chosen certain parties (whom they named) as the fittest for managing the work; and they requested the Presbytery to select from their list a certain number, to whom should be intrusted the disposal of the work and the monies. The Presbytery accordingly did so; and the town and country alike contributed to the undertaking, on condition that the church should be erected on a convenient site. But on February 22nd, 1703, Mr. Donald Campbell reported that the parties appointed to manage the fund could not come to any resolution until they knew the Duke of Argyll's pleasure as to the place where the church should be built. Mr. Alexander Rowat was therefore appointed to confer with the Duke's chamberlain on the subject. This would appear to have been a lengthy business; for it was not until November 22nd, 1704, that the chamberlain appeared before the Presbytery and read a letter from the Dowager Duchess regarding the church and the money subscribed. This was the old Duchess (the mother of the great Duke John), who had Cantire for her portion, and lived for more than twenty years at Limecraigs House, near Campbelton.

Of course, arrangements were made in accordance with the instructions issued by the Duchess; and on January 2nd, 1705, the heritors, elders, and managers of the Lowland congregation having appeared before the Presbytery, £800, granted by the Synod, was handed over to them, on certain conditions, for the building of the

church. The business then proceeded expeditiously; and, on January 30th, 1706, Mr. George Maxwell, in the name of the Lowland congregation, reported that the church was built, and demanded the discharge of the bond. Whereupon the Presbytery, having inspected the building and declared themselves satisfied therewith, discharged the bond.

In the meantime, we hear but little of Mr. Boes—except his absence, his call from Newbattle, and the objections and appeal to which it gave rise—until the 22nd of November, 1704, when he complained: firstly, that he wanted a manse and glebe, and secondly, that he wanted a church to preach in. The people replied to this that they at present rented a piece of ground as a manse and glebe, and were willing to continue to do so until legal provision should be made; and they agreed to purchase the present house, and to petition the Duke. The reading of the letter from the Dowager Duchess followed close upon this decision, and Mr. Boes received his church to preach in. Before he had occupied it eighteen months he applied to the Presbytery (June 4th, 1707) for permission to go abroad; and the Records contain but few notices of him for several years. It is not until November 17th, 1719, that we find him possessed of his glebe—a gift from the Dowager Duchess. Thereupon, the Lowland congregation were called upon to build him a manse. On the 10th August, 1733, Mr. Alexander Dick was appointed assistant to Mr. Boes; and on the 1st March, 1749, the death of Mr. Boes (on February 14th) is duly chronicled.*

The minister of the Highland congregation, Mr. Lauchlane Campbell, presented a petition on March 20th, 1706, requesting to be declared transportable. The matter was delayed from time to time, until June 4th, 1707, when the Duke of Argyll and the Dowager Duchess having been consulted, the Presbytery granted Mr. Campbell's testimonials. Soon after, means were taken to procure a manse and glebe for the Highland charge, and to augment the minister's stipend. On May 5th, 1709, Mr. Charles Stewart was ordained minister of the Highland congregation, and so continued

* Some letters from Mr. Boes to Mr. Robert Woodrow on the subject of the Turner MSS. are printed in the preface to *Memoirs of his own Life and Times*, by Sir James Turner, 1632-1670. (Edinburgh, 1829.)

till the middle of the century. Memorialising the Presbytery on July 28th, 1750, that, on account of his age and infirmities, as well as for other reasons, his colleague and he should take equal supervision of all the parishioners, both Highland and Lowland, this was granted. Soon after this the Lowlanders made a complaint against their minister, Mr. MacAlpin, who retaliated by charging his elders —with one exception—with refusing either to officiate or to communicate at the last Sacrament; stating, furthermore, that the great bulk of the congregation had followed their elders' example. On account of the divisions and animosities of the parishioners, the Presbytery proposed (September 7th, 1757), to collegiate. To this the Duke of Argyll (by letter) agreed, and the heritors and magistrates consented; and, although the elders of the Lowland congregation objected, the Presbytery agreed to collegiate. The act of collegiation bears date November 24th, 1757.

At this point there is a blank in the record for several years. Under date of November 27th, 1771, we find the Presbytery engaged in considering the state of the churches in Campbelton, and all the heritors (except Ugadale and the elder of Belloch) agreeing to repair the Highland church, and entering a process to overturn the decision of the Sheriff as to the Lowland church.* By the year 1779 the necessity for a new church was agreed upon, and plans and estimates for the Castlehill church were laid before the heritors, the magistrates craving a share on condition of the payment of a proportionate sum.

On December 1st, 1790, the minister of Campbelton represented to the Presbytery that the Highland church had been a ruin for several years. A visitation was thereupon appointed, but the heritors

* The two great bodies of Scotch Dissenters, formerly known as "The Secession" and "The Relief," are now incorporated under the name of the United Presbyterian Church. In Campbelton their congregation occupy the church with the tall tower, which is so conspicuous an object in the views of the town. It is, however, rivalled by the spire of the new Free Churches (two churches under one roof, in the Gothic style), which attains a height of 220 feet. For much information relative to the United Presbyterian Church, I am indebted to the Rev. Dr. Boyd, the pastor of this church at Campbelton; to the Rev. A. B. Grosart, the well-known writer and editor of *The Puritan Divines;* and to Colonel Eddington, of Glencreggan, to whom I am also under many obligations for information on many other points.

protested against building a Highland church for several reasons, one of which is noteworthy, viz., that the Gaelic language was dying out, and that the whole or greater part of the Highlanders now understood the English tongue. The Presbytery having decreed for the church, the heritors applied to court for a suspension of the decree, and the matter was eventually referred to the General Assembly. On 20th March, 1799, it was proposed by the Magistrates that a small church should be built for the Lowlanders, and that the Castlehill church should be taken for the Highlanders, whereupon judgment was delayed for information, but the Presbytery saw no reason for any such arrangement. On August 8th, 1800, an estimate was given for a Highland church to hold 1,866 persons, and to cost £2,130, and the Presbytery decreed accordingly. The estimate was finally settled at £2,356 10s. 2d., on the 24th March, 1802. In the following year (February 16, 1803),

THE REV. JOHN SMITH, D.D.,

complained to the Presbytery that the building of his manse had been long delayed; they decreed £780 for its erection. Twenty years previously, Dr. Smith had obtained leave to exchange the Kilmichael glebe for an equivalent adjoining Kilcouslan (or Kilchousland) glebe, of which a lease was granted to him on January 21st, 1791. His manse was therefore erected on the Kilcouslan glebe, and there he died, early in the year 1808, after a ministry of twenty-seven years in Campbelton. The attainments of Dr. Smith were both great and varied. He took a leading part in the Ossian controversy, and was well known (says Hugh Miller*), "for his Celtic researches, and his exquisite translations of ancient Celtic poetry." Many of his manuscript poems are in the possession of the Highland Society, and fourteen of his Western Highland legends, "translated from the Gaelic of Ullin, Ossian, Orran, &c.," together with a history of the Druids, were published in 1780, in a quarto volume, under the title of "Gaelic Antiquities." Dr. Smith collected his Western Highland legends from "oral recitation," and through the medium of several correspondents in the Northern and Western Highlands and Isles, a plan so effectively carried out within these last few years by Mr. J. F. Campbell. Dr. Smith's long resi-

* *Cruise of the Betsy*, p. 114.

dence in Campbelton bore excellent fruit in many ways; and, among others, by the production of his "Historical Account of Campbelton," which has formed the basis for all subsequent works on the subject.* He also published a life of St. Columba, and translated the Psalms into Gaelic, his version being still in use. He was also the translator of the fourth portion of the Gaelic Old Testament, the first edition of which was 5,000 copies, the second 20,000, and numerous editions have since appeared. He collected statistics of Cantire, and took a census of the Gaelic-speaking people; this he did that he might better withstand the heritors when they sought to prove that his new Highland church was not wanted, because the people understood and spoke the English tongue. There was much ill-feeling on this account displayed by the heritors towards him, and more than one anecdote is told of him in reference to this transaction.

AN ANCIENT CHALICE.

A chalice was presented to the Episcopal Church, Campbelton, about the year 1849, by Mr. M'Alister, of Torrisdale, who had purchased it in London. It was said to have been brought from Spain, but is of Italian art, probably Florentine or Siennese work. The Rev. T. M. Gresley thus described it:—"The base is large, and divided into six compartments, each of them adorned with a rich palmette ornament, *en repoussé*. The stem is hexagonal, with a large knop. The space between the knop and the ornamented part at the top of the stem, into which the lower part of the cup fits, is inscribed in Roman letters in niello:—TEMPO R' DOM INIIOH ANNIS DEINIOS ABBATIS; and, on the stem below the knop, PETRAT VS SVM & D'EIVS ETPOPV LI. SVMP. TIBVS. P'; which I translate—"In the time of Lord John Deinios (or De Inios) I was made and given at his and the people's expense." The knop is large, ornamented with conventional foliage *en repousse*, and set with six round lettes of silver. On two of these are shields of arms, the charges of which I am unable to describe heraldically; they look something like six bee-hives imposed upon one another—three, two, and one—and are probably the arms of the abbey over

*See *Glencreggan*, I. 82, 203, II. 13.

which John Deinios presided. The remaining four roundlettes have half figures of saints—St. John the Baptist, with his camel's hair dress and cross; St. Paul, with his sword and book; St. Barbara, with her palm branch; and another female saint, who appears to hold a plate with two eyes upon it. (Query—St. Veronica, with the napkin?) These roundlettes were no doubt originally covered with translucent enamel of various tints, which must have greatly enhanced the richness of the work. Underneath the base is recorded a "restoration" of the abbey by a later abbot—IOANNES. TANALIVS. AB. REFICIENDVM. CVRAVIT. 1584. The base, stem, and knop are of copper, or latten, gilt; and the cup, which is entirely without ornament, of silver gilt. The paten, which accompanied it, no doubt, fitted as a cover to the cup, and had a very broad flat rim, extending outward, of silver gilt, probably quite plain and very light.

ARGYLL'S CHAPLAIN.

The chaplain to the celebrated Marquis of Argyll, whose devotion to the cause of the Reformation led to his execution in June, 1661, was the Rev. James Gardiner, who was minister at Saddell from 1655 to 1662. His learning and piety had recommended him to the notice of the Marquis, who had appointed him to the post of chaplain; and this mark of his favour led to the minister's downfall. After the execution of the Marquis, Mr. Gardiner was summoned to appear before the Privy Council at Edinburgh, December 9th, 1662, to be interrogated. He answered the citation in person, and refused to satisfy the Council, who pronounced against him sentence of perpetual banishment.

His "Act" in the register of the Privy Council runs thus:—"I, James Gardiner, late minister of Kintyre, oblige me to remove myself out of the King's dominions within the space of a month from the date hereof, and not to be seen within the same, under pain of death; and that, in the meantime, I shall not repair to any place within the bounds of the diocese of Glasgow, Galloway, or Argyll. Subscribed at Edinburgh the 11th of December, 1662.—James Gardiner."

He spent his Christmas in taking leave of his flock at Saddell, and then left the country for Holland. There he remained until the Restoration, when he returned to Scotland, and died in Glasgow in the year 1705. Mr. Boes, the minister of Campbelton, who mentions this in a letter to Wodrow, the historian, adds that Mr. Gardiner was "very useful to exercised Christians, both in preaching and conference."

CHAPTER X.

The Coge-Maker's Trial—The Old Schoolmaster—The Laird and his Boots—The Laird and the Factor—Daniel the Cricket—General Hugh—The Bishop and the Philosopher—Blind Dougald of Barr—The Cantire Prophet—The Witch of Keil—The Witch of Aultagalvis.

THE COGE-MAKER'S TRIAL.

I will here note down the accounts that have been given to me concerning some eccentric characters in Southern Argyllshire.

James *nan gogan*, the coge-maker, or as as he was commonly called, James Cogie, was a native of Campbelton, and by trade a cooper. He made a tolerable livelihood by making *gogain*, or coges, which were small wooden dishes made up of staves, and without handles. Clay-ware was not much used in those days, the dishes adorning the dresser and table were usually a few pewter plates, surrounded by a great many coges. Indeed, every child had its own coge to suit its own size, to hold its porridge, milk, sowens, and every kind of soft food; so that there was always a great demand for *gogain*, and the coge-maker's was a good trade. It was a proverb in Cantire, when one was angry with another, that he would take a stave out of his coge for that; meaning thereby that such an one would be lessened of his enjoyments.

James Cogie wrought at his trade with diligence, and would also occasionally go to the North Highlands with a herring-fishery vessel where he would act as cooper, and receive very good wages for making the herring-tubs. James Cogie was not very scrupulous in observing the eighth commandment; for whenever he saw a piece of wood that was suitable for his own purposes he would secure it. One day, being ashore in one of the fishing lochs, he saw a beautiful tree growing near to a gentleman's mansion. He used the freedom of cutting it into junks and concealing them, in order that he might take the fine wood home to Campbelton and convert it into coges.

The gentleman missed his tree, and made a search to find out the depredator to have him punished by law. The law at that time was, that any person found guilty of cutting a tree without the liberty and consent of the proprietor, should lose his right hand by having it cut off at the wrist. The gentleman summoned one by one the crews of the fishing-vessels in the loch. James Cogie was conscious that he was the cutter of the tree, and he had scruples of conscience about giving a false oath; but he was very ingenious, and pretended that he was perfectly ignorant of an oath. When his turn came, he appeared very awkward. The judge told him to swear.

"I never swore in my life," said James.

"Say you as I say, and do as I do," said the judge. "Hold up your hand."

"Hold up your hand," said James, quite seriously.

Said the judge—"Tut, man! say what I say!"

Said James Cogie—"Tut, man! say what I say!"

"Put out that stupid man!" shouted the judge, pointing at James.

"Put out that stupid man!" shouted James, pointing at the judge.

In this way James Cogie was dismissed, for which he was very glad; and, when people asked him how he got on with the judge, James would answer—

"I sware at the judge, and the judge sware at me!"

James Cogie had a beautiful daughter who had many suitors, and he proposed to give her to the best of them who would put a hoop on a coge. So they assembled and did their best, but broke the hoop in driving it on. One of the suitors was a greater favourite with the girl than all the others, and, before his trial, she whispered to him—

"*'Nuair a sguireadh an cearcal ri dol,*
Sguireadh m' athair fein g'a chur.'

("When the hoop did cease to go,
My father ceased to drive, I know.")

Taking the hint, the young man gained the daughter, and her words continue to this day to be repeated as a proverb by the coopers in Cantire.

Before introducing the next character of "The Old Schoolmaster" of Campbelton, I may remind my readers of a Campbelton schoolmaster whose case engaged the sympathies of no less a person than Dr. Johnson. This was a Mr. Hastie, who for some years previous to 1770, was schoolmaster of Campbelton at the salary of £20 a year. He was a good teacher and a strict disciplinarian, and, for some over-strictness, a complaint was laid against him before the Presbytery of Cantire, who deposed him. Mr. Hastie applied to the Court of Session, and was reinstated in his office. The Presbytery then appealed in the House of Lords against the decision, and Mr. Hastie's counsel was James Boswell, Dr. Johnson's biographer. Boswell requested his friend to aid him in Mr. Hastie's defence, and the Doctor, declining to write down his ideas, dictated them to Boswell, who has given them at length, with all particulars of the case, in the fifth chapter of his "Life," under the date of 1772, to which I would refer my readers. The decree of the Court of Session was reversed.

THE OLD SALT SCHOOLMASTER.

The last century was fast closing in when I was sent to my first school, and the pedagogue whom my parents selected as my tutor was a Mr. MacK——, who at that time kept a boy's school at Dalaruan, Campbelton. He was somewhat eccentric in his habits, and had not been educated for a schoolmaster, but had taken to the profession quite promiscuously when he could do nothing else. The whole of his youth and middle age had been spent in braving the battle and the breeze, for he had been brought up as a sailor. When he was getting into years, and had become unfit for active sea service, by reason of wounds and rheumatic pains, he took up with a small school, and, having only himself and his wife to support, the old salt made a shift to keep himself in tolerably smooth water in a comfortable haven.

He was greatly gifted with a fluency of words, which, perhaps, had been the main cause that made him change the ship's deck for his school desk. Like his brother schoolmasters,

> "In arguing he show'd his skill,
> Though often vanquish'd, he could argue still."

His constituents considered him to be a most learned man, although all that he could teach them were the first rules of arithmetic, and to read a little English. He spent much time in school correcting his pupils with regard to what he called vulgar pronunciation, which, he said, was taught by other teachers in the town; but he considered himself to be far superior in that branch of education, although he had no knowledge of "the rules given by the learned Mr. Walker on ultimas, penultimas, and antepenultimas." These words and rules were quite as a dead language to him, and as his constituents were equally ignorant, he got his own way of it, and made use of the privilege, assuming "a superior degree of despoticism" in the school, as if he were the greatest and most learned man in the kingdom. He found this to be a very necessary policy for a teacher.

Mr. MacK—— was a great disciplinarian in the management of his school. He wore two tawses—one of them a heavy thong of ben-leather hooped tightly to the end of a heavy shaft, like the apparatus of the executioner, making the innocent tremble; the other, a thick strap of leather slit up in four branches, with the points well hardened by the element of fire, which, with a small effort on the wielder's part, reached the sensitive nerves of the hands and legs, and produced the desired sensation of pain. My old schoolmaster made constant use of this instrument in keeping the pupils at work. With a keen eye, he would glance around to see if the machinery that he had set in motion was performing its proper work. Perhaps he would see a lad pretending to read and moving his lips, but directing his wandering eyes to another part of the school; another, perhaps, would be holding his lesson book close to his face, and would be peeping over it to see what was going on, instead of getting his task by heart; while a third would be disturbing his neighbour, and making him as idle as himself. The master would see all these evils at a glance, and would send his tawse whirring through the air, striking them in the very act. Then they must answer the summons, and take the tawse to the master, who would at once make great use of it on their persons. The master had some good qualities, but his mind was as changeable as the weather-cock on Campbelton steeple, baffling the young philosopher to explain the real cause. He had two coats, which he

wore alternately, according to the temperature of his mind. The one was of a brownish colour, made in the oldest fashion, and very carefully preserved. Either its wearer had greatly shrunk in his proportions, or the coat had been made for another and larger person, for it hung about the master's shoulders like an ill-fitting sack. All his pupils were very glad to see it, for when this brown coat was worn, it was an index of fine weather in the wearer's temper, and a pleasant day to his scholars. The other coat was a tight-fitting garment of rusty black, that had seen years of wear, and shone like metal, except on the left sleeve and tail, the places on which the master wiped his pen. This coat was the signal of storms and tempest from the schoolmaster, and great squalls from the scholars. When we went to school in the morning, we always looked first to see what coat the master was wearing; and when we saw that he had on the dreaded black coat, we shaped our conduct accordingly, and knew that we should get the tawse for every word we wanted in our lessons. We were generally safe on a Monday, which was a brown-coat day; for, Monday was our pay-day, when the weekly fees were paid. They only came to three halfpence a head; and, if the master had not an average attendance in the forenoon, we might expect the brown coat to be changed for the black one in the afternoon. Poor man! his charge was very small, and frequently ill-paid.

The time-piece used in the school was a sand-glass, placed on the table; and it gave ample allowance for the equation of time. The bad boys always watched their opportunity to shake the glass and make the sand run down with more speed, in order to shorten the time of school—a dangerous adventure; for, if it were found out, the large tawse would get full work in punishing the culprits. The master kept a tester, or carved bit of wood, hung up by a string to a nail in a prominent part of the room, so that pupils who were desirous to enjoy a mouthful of fresh air on the outside would take the tester in their hands, and would receive a significant bow from the master in token of his consent, which was duly imitated by the pupil who was making his way to the open air. Upon his return, another boy would lay hold of the tester; so that two were not allowed to be out together.

When the master was angry, he would frighten the bad boys by taking out a knife to bleed them, or a rope to hang them; and he would cry "Dog and cat on you!" but when he was not greatly irritated, he would only say "Dog on you!" When the whole sentence was uttered, and the cat came forth, we were always certain that the big tawse would soon follow. I ought to tell you that this expression, "Dog and cat on you!" is a bad wish; and that, in my youth, a number of these bad wishes were in use in Cantire, though seldom heard now. In Gaelic it was *Cointer achd ort*—"the dog on you!"—and it referred to the destruction of the Clan Gregor. I have ofter heard it said that the enemies of Rob Roy Macgregor and his Clan procured blood-hounds from Spain, and that these hounds would scent out the Macgregors by their blood, and would destroy both the young and the old, and would suck their blood. I was often told this in my youth; and when the master used to cry "Dog on you!" I always thought of those Spanish hounds scenting out the Macgregors and sucking their blood.

Although my old master had his peculiarities—as, indeed, who has not?—and although some of these would not be tolerated in the present day, yet, in his own way and after his own fashion, he was very useful in his generation, and laid a foundation of obedience in the minds of his pupils, and kindled in them a desire for a more enlarged sphere of knowledge. I could mention the names of more than one minister who has risen to his present eminence from having been a pupil of Mr. MacK——. He finished his work and went to his rest many a long year ago; and he was buried at Kilkerran, without any stone or mark to distinguish his last dormitory from the graves of others who had been less useful in their lives.

THE LAIRD AND HIS BOOTS.

The —— family contained many brave and strong men, robust and of lofty stature, and scarcely to be equalled throughout Cantire. Above a century ago one of these brave men was in Edinburgh, and taking a walk round the castle, observed a crowd of men amusing themselves with putting the stone. One of the men boasted that

he could not be matched, whereupon the Cantire laird stepped forward and took up the stone, and hurled it with prodigious force against the rock, making a mark that has not been surpassed till this day. Indeed, the laird was a brave man, and could scarcely be beaten. Although he possessed an extraordinary strength of body, yet few could spring lighter, or were more nimble to win the dance; and none could beat him at sports requiring swiftness and strength. There was a Dr. Campbell, a very smart gentleman, and scarcely half the laird's weight, who laid a bet with him for a game of golf, but the laird gained the day, for he was always great with the "shinty" caman. He was also a very expert player on the violin, and could blow up the pipes with any piper in the West Highlands. The laird was a very free-handed man, and before he came into all his estates he had been going above his income, and become so straitened in his purse that he had no money to purchase even a pair of boots. He tried many shoemakers if they would trust him, but they all refused. At last he came to Mackinven, and asked him to make him a pair of boots, telling him that he would not be able to pay him for a long time. Mackinven said—"I will make you as good a pair of boots as ever you put on your feet, though you never paid me at all." The laird got the boots, and not long afterwards got his estates. The first time he came to Campbelton he called on Mackinven and paid him the boots: the second time he came to Campbelton he called on Mackinven and paid him the boots; the third time the same, and the fourth and the fifth; and, up to the day of Mackinven's death, the laird never came that way but what he called and paid the boots, so that Mackinven made a good job of it.

THE LAIRD AND THE FACTOR.

When the laird came to his estate, at twenty-one years of age, he lived in splendid style, with his many servants, swift horses, coaches, yacht and able sailors, pleasuring along the coasts of Scotland, England, Ireland, and France, until his money was taking wing and flying from him. He was a great rider on his swift steeds, and would leap over dykes and ravines. One day he was leaping an abyss on a valuable steed, when the animal reached the

other side, but there stumbled and fell, rolling into the depths below, where it was killed. It was said to have been worth a hundred guineas. The laird got hold of the edge of the hollow, and was preserved. But he was very rash. He would run horse races, sometimes falling in them and getting himself hurt. He was even reckless enough to sail in an air-balloon all the way in the air from Edinburgh to Fifeshire, over the Frith of Forth. Such was his boldness, or rather madness, and everyone thought that he would soon finish his life. He was unmarried, and could not settle; but, at the same time, he was polite and temperate, was never seen intoxicated, or keeping company with the vile. He was a gentleman in the strict sense of the word, but fond of sport.

The factor gave the laird an offer of a large yearly sum over the rents of his estate, thinking that he would close his existence with his reckless life, provided that he would will over his estate to him after his death. The young laird accepted of the proposal, and the factor got the title to the valuable estate. The laird knew the factor's plan quite well, for, whenever he sent for his money, he always mentioned that he was still alive. Indeed, he lived so long as to leave the factor without money or credit, or a foot of land in Cantire. The laird got himself married to an amiable, pious lady, and contented himself in his domestic life with his family, becoming very thoughtful, pious, and charitable to the poor. His estate has now been divided among a number of proprietors, and he has been withdrawn from the fleeting scenes of this life, and rests in that narrow, dark house appointed for us all.

DANIEL THE CRICKET.

Daniel ——, who had gained this nickname, was a character who is still remembered by the inhabitants of Campbelton. By trade he was a wright and glazier, and had at one time a very good business, but, unfortunately, he was too fond of stealing round the corner to the dram shop, from whence he would at length emerge filled with the fumes of alcohol, and driven by its influence to a perambulation of the streets. He was an oddity even when he was sober, and whisky seemed to draw out his oddities to their fullest

extent; so that when he staggered forth from the dram shop into the street with that peculiar pause and bound that had gained for him his *sobriquet* of "the Cricket," the boys always looked for sport. Like mischievous callants, they would take every advantage of his condition, in order that they might torment him; and, as he could no more shake himself free of them than the bear in the fable could get rid of the wolfs, the boys invariably succeeded in what may be termed their game of cricket. Sometimes they pursued him with taunts and jeers; and when he turned upon them, they would feign to retreat before him, in order that they might draw their adversary after them, so that they might have the fun of retaliating, and charging again upon him, and thus prolong their game. All this time the Cricket would jump and bound after them, and threaten them with what he would do with them if he could but once get them into his clutches; but they were too active and nimble, even for a Cricket, and always contrived to keep close to Daniel without falling into his hands. There were no policeman on the Campbelton streets in that day, so the boys had it all their own way, and Daniel had often to beat a retreat under a fierce discharge of bomb shells of mud, which, although they did not maim or draw blood when they burst about his head and shoulders, yet considerably changed the colour of the Cricket's coat. Daniel was a very good workman in the way of his trade, and he set so great a value on his workmanship, that his employers very frequently demurred to pay what he demanded; for it was Daniel's system to add to the price of his work as much as it cost him in whisky while he was engaged upon it. This often led to disagreements between himself and his employers; and when they would not at once settle the dispute in the way that Daniel wished, he would go to law with them. If they were present when the case came on for trial, the Cricket generally lost the plea; but, when they forgot, or neglected, to attend the Court, then Daniel would get a *dureet* against them, and would make them pay to the last farthing. He was so fond of law, that he would summons people for the value of a pane of glass or the smallest piece of work; so that scarcely a Court could sit without the Cricket and his man of business being present; and, as this man of business was as thirsty a soul as his employer, he too usually adjourned to the dram

shop to drink success to their case. When the Cricket had the spring of whisky in his heels he felt no delicacy in speaking to all whom he met; whether high or low, rich or poor, he passed his observations on all; and his tongue was in motion like any steam-engine. Dr. Norman MacLeod was then the minister of the first charge at Campbelton, and the Cricket went to him one day when the doctor was in his garden amusing himself with dressing his beds of flowers, and began to annoy him with his provoking and noisy clatter. The doctor ordered him out of his garden; but the Cricket kept up his jeering chirp until the doctor could bear with it no longer, and began to lay about him with the rake, and, with its help forcibly ejected him from his garden. The next Sabbath Daniel was at church, and heard the doctor preach a very stirring sermon. After the congregation had been dismissed, Daniel saluted the doctor as he stood among his people, and said, "you have preached an excellent sermon to-day, but words will not do; you must take the rake to them." This made the doctor smile, and reminded him of the old minister who had spent his days in preaching to his people without seeing any good resulting from his labours, and who, therefore, on a certain Sabbath, took with him into the pulpit a bag of stones, and after he had preached, said, "I see that words will not do, so I will give you stones!" and, taking up the bag, he pelted his congregation with great dexterity, crying to them, "will that do? will that do? will ye mind that? will ye mind that?"

GENERAL HUGH.

Sixty years ago, Hugh —— was a respectable citizen of Campbelton, not only keeping a shoe shop and employing a number of workmen, but also being a part owner in some fishing sloops. He had a handsome person, and was greatly esteemed throughout the burgh; until in an evil hour, he became a victim to intemperance. Beginning with taking his morning glass, and next his meridian, and then his evening tumbler, he soon increased the number of his potations, until, at last, he became a confirmed tippler. His shoe shop was neglected for the dram shop; his business was left to take care of itself; first, he lost his customers, and then his credit, and, finally, he was compelled to sell the remainder of his stock by

public roup, and to give up his shop altogether. When he was not in the dram shop, he was traversing the streets with a light step; for, he never staggered nor tumbled down, as many drunkards do, nor did he lose his faculty of speech, but he tripped along as light-footed as a dancing-master, making critical remarks on any person who was passing. He always kept himself clean and well dressed; and, knowing the history of almost every inhabitant of the town, he would give them a sharp word in passing, and walk on so smartly as though he was a man of business. And, indeed, he had business enough on hand; for he had made himself that daft with drink, that he had got it into his head that he was a general of the army; and, accordingly, he went by the name of "General Hugh," although, he sometimes fancied himself a colonel, and called himself "Colonel Gardiner." He generally made choice of Main Street, between the Cross and the Quay, for his military inspections; and there he used to march up and down, addressing his imaginary soldiers, and giving them the word of command, with such a strong sharp voice that you might almost hear him at Dalintober. Then, he would march up and down the street with a quick step to see whether his soldiers stood in a straight line; and then he would shout out the words of command "shoulder arms! fix bayonets! load! fire! charge" and then he would run up and down the street as hard as he could, calling on his soldiers to fight bravely and to follow him to victory. And when he was tired with this, he would call out that he had won the victory, and that he would confer with the enemy's general as to terms. Then he would go back to his dram shop to talk it over with the imaginary general, while the boys shouted after him, "come and fight another battle, General Hugh."

Poor Hugh continued in his folly so long as he could get a glass; and when all his means were exhausted, and no one was willing to treat him or trust him any more, he made his way to Killean, which was the parish of his birth, and there he shortly after died and was buried.

THE BISHOP AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

About three miles to the south of Campbelton is Cnocknahaw Water, which divides, under the road at *Cnoc-na-h-ath*, or "Hill of

the Kiln," into two streams surrounding a penticle of ground called Langisle, in which was the dwelling house of two brothers. They were weavers by trade, and, from their peculiarities, went by the names of "the Bishop," and "the Philosopher."

The bishop was a man of bulk and stature, with a ready wit and extensive knowledge. The philosopher, on the other hand, was exceedingly diminutive and dwarfish, but had an extraordinarily large head. The garden around the house was a fine picture, with roses and vegetables, and hives of bees, and many rare plants. The gentry of Campbelton were accustomed to take a walk out to view this garden and to have their crack with the philosopher, who was sensible and good at conversation. He was an extensive reader and well understood what he perused, so that he could describe cities, rivers, islands, oceans, manners and customs of nations, astronomy, botany, and many other things not known to the generality of people. He was fond of a glass of good whisky, but would not at any time take too much of it, and the people who visited him were instructed and delighted by his conversation.

His brother, the bishop, was a great theologian, with a turn for religious disputations. Dr. Smith, who was then the Parish minister, was in the habit of examining his parishioners at stated times; and, on a certain occasion, when this time came, the bishop's name was called. The minister proposed to him a question out of the Shorter Catechism, but the bishop said it was a question for children; the minister then put some deep questions to him, which the bishop answered with so much ability and readiness, that the learned doctor was astonished. He had not thought that he had so clever a man in his parish; and, from that time, became a great friend both to him and to the philosopher, and lent them many books out of his valuable library, and made them a present of others; and he kept up this friendship with them until he was called upon to pay the last offices for them.

BLIND DOUGALD OF BARR.

It was sixty years ago when there lived in the village of Barr a man who was known by the name of *Dùghall dall*, or "Blind

Dougald." He had been stone-blind from his birth, and yet, the loss of his eye-sight was not so great a deprivation to him as might have been anticipated, for he was an exception to the proverb, "a blind man is no judge of colours." Although Dougald was so blind, he could distinguish one colour from another by the extraordinary sensitiveness of feeling in touching with his hands. He was in the habit of attending the Campbelton fairs as a horse dealer, not only to sell, but also to buy horses. When he wanted to buy a horse, he would handle him all over, and he could tell his colour, and find out all his defects as readily as any horse-jokey in the fair. He always knew the market price very well, and could no more be cheated with the money than he could be with the horse. There was a good deal of base money in circulation at that time; but, although many, from mere curiosity to see what he would do, would try to palm upon him a bad piece of money, Blind Dougald would always detect the cheat by touch alone; he could tell every kind of metal, copper and brass, silver and gold. Stranger still, he could also distinguish the various rates of value in paper money, to the great astonishment of all who had dealings with him, so that they were accustomed to charge him with having some unknown way of seeing, but this was not the case, for he had been blind from his birth. It was entirely owing to his extraordinary delicacy of touch which enabled him to distinguish between the slight differences in size and thickness of paper that existed in the various kinds of bank-notes. Blind Dougald could do almost all kinds of work. He was an excellent distiller of Cantire whisky, and could smuggle and hide from the exciseman his malt and whisky and all the apparatus of the manufacture in quite as scientific and crafty a way as his neighbours who were blessed with sight; and he neither thought it a sin to make his whisky nor to cheat the exciseman. Indeed, it would not easily be credited the many things blind Dougald could do, yet those who can just remember him, or who have heard their father talk of him, have not only told these things of him, but even more extraordinary things. Perhaps the flavour of the anecdote has become a little heightened with age, and the love for the wonderful and marvellous has led people, insensibly, to exaggerated descriptions of his doings, but anyway, there is a sufficient residium of truth

left at the bottom of these narratives, to assure us of the remarkable powers displayed by *Dùghall dall*, blind Dougald of Barr.

THE CANTIRE PROPHET.

There was a Mr. Porter, former at Crosibeg, Cantire, who was son (or grandson), to Mr. Porter, a covenanter who had taken refuge from persecution in Cantire during the reign of Charles the Second. The son (or grandson), had a great knowledge of scripture, and could quote long passages with great ease. In his old age he became blind and imbecile, in which condition he was confined to his bed for two or three years. During this time he dictated to a neighbour an account of various visions that were vouchsafed to him, and whose meaning was explained to him by an heavenly messenger. He also believed himself to be gifted with the spirit of prophecy, and prophecied among other things which have not yet been fulfilled, that ships of war would sail into Campbelton harbour and would destroy the town; he also foretold battles and other evils that should befall Cantire. These prophecies, and the accounts of his heavenly visions, were exceedingly popular, for his friend to whom he dictated them, had them printed, and the book was called, "Porter's Prophecies." It is now exceedingly scarce (said my informant), so that you would probably be unable to secure a copy, but I have read the book often, for I was acquainted with Mr. Porter's great-grandchildren, who had a copy of the work. The visions were all presented in the language of scripture, and many persons believed in them. My informant judged correctly as to my inability to procure a sight of *Porter's Prophecies*. I got upon the track of a copy in the island of Gigha, but was prevented from getting a sight of it, and this was the only copy I could hear of.

THE WITCH OF KEIL.

This old lady is introduced to us by Mr. F. A. Mackay, in his poem of "The Heir of Lorn." Moila was her name, and she lived at the beginning of the thirteenth century, though she was popularly supposed to have seen Fingal in his prime, and her wrinkled and tremendously aged face seemed, literally, to give utterance to such

an idea. She claimed kindred with the Clan Donald, to one of whom she had been a sort of foster-mother, and she lived near to St. Columba's church, in one of those mysterious caverns of which there are so many in the district of Keil. When the visitor was admitted to her presence, this was the species of old lady on which his gaze fell :—

> . . . . "a hideous form
> Like to the monster of the midnight storm;
> Skins of the beasts of prey are loosely thrown
> Across a shape whose shrivell'd limbs are shown;
> Fierce, wild, and ruthless; long her matted hair,
> Which ill protects a bosom dark and bare.
> A rod of iron fills her skinny hand,
> With which anon she stirs the blazing brand;
> A crown of bramble decks her wrinkled brow;
> Coarse is the fringe which shades her eye below;
> Out from its hairy covered cell it stares,
> As lightning through the gathered rain-cloud glares.
> A smoking cauldron hangs above the fire,
> Whose fitful blazes flare and then expire;
> A wild succession of unearthly shapes,
> Glides down the throat where gloomy darkness gapes;
> Before the fire, on back of hard tortoise,
> An old sly cat his one-eyed sleep enjoys;
> Heaped in a corner lie, not far apart,
> The mystic books of her divining art;—
> Toads, asps, and adders crawl along the ground,
> Whilst slimy snails coat all the rocks around."

She is further described as having "Her hands like toads, each finger like an asp;" but her repulsiveness is atoned for by her magic powers. She weaves her spell, and summons her kindred spirits, which come trooping to her cave to do her bidding.

> "See how she stirs the cauldron, smoking white!
> Around her dance fantastic spirits bright;
> Some green, some red, some yellow, others blue—
> A fiend-like mocking of the rainbow's hue;
> With maddening swiftness round and round they wheel,
> Like fiery belt which makes the vision reel.
> Slow through the smoke appears a lurid hand,
> Which drops some charm at Moila's stern command;
> The hissing pot gives forth a lurid gleam,
> The witch chants out, the spirits dance and scream.

'Tis seven times done! loud bursts a joyous shout,
Away! away! dread darkness ends the rout."

Such were the incantations of Moila, the witch of Keil.

We have yet another Cantire witch described in verse,

THE WITCH OF AULTAGALVIS.

The Cantire author of the poem, *Mac-Calein's Raid*, introduces to us "Old Elspic, a withered, shrivell'd hag, who dealt in spells," and who lived in a lonely cot in Aultagalvis Glen, in Cantire.

"See where yon stream in Aultagalvis glen,
Its brackish waves wends through Glenskibbel fen.
Trinkles its mimic might o'er yellow stones,
And pours on list'ning ears its purring moans.
Its grey banks, chew'd by never ceasing flow
Of torrent passing through the gulf below,
Are surface clad with blasted withered ferns,
Or decked at times with mossy rugged cairns."

Old Elspic, like Moila, evidently belonged to the ugly and repulsive order of old warlocks and witches, and is thus introduced to us by our Cantire poet:—

. . . . "The withered quean
Full on her hams was placed, and strove to screen
With outspread palms, the scorching burning heat
Of blazing turf, which on her wrinkles beat.
Grey hairs were sprouting from beneath her dowd,
Which help'd her foulness from their view to shroud,
Her eyes like glitt'ring glass, or beads of jet,
Sparkling with inward fire were firmly set.
A deep internal rumble like a growl,
Implied the dame's concurrence, and a scowl
Commanded absence. They, at once obey,
And, from her hovel, dart in haste away.
No sooner gone, than from her lair she rose,
And to her herbs with hobbling action goes.
Thence root of daisies, poppy seed, and lint,
And prophet's posies, thyme, and fragrant mint,
And leaf of briar, and schelister well dried,
Are, by the beldame, with much care untied."

In a more advanced stage of the poem, she is again brought forward,

and the nature of her charms (not of person, but incantation), are particularly referred to.

"But down this deep dell old Elspic dwells,
The hateful hag of Mull, who fate foretells.
Here she from kindred's wrath—the fierce Clan Lean's—
A rugged, cheerless refuge safely gains,
And holds with worlds below unholy craft.
'Tis whispered she can guide the pointed shaft,
Or blunt opposing steel, besmear the frame
With blow-repelling salves, and hence her fame."

CHAPTER XI.

The Rock of Blood—Macdonald's Cave—The Piper's Cave—The Largieban Caves—The Daunting of the Isles.

THE ROCK OF BLOOD.

The southernmost portion of the long peninsula of Cantire, in the Western Highlands of Scotland, bears the very appropriate name of Southend. This parish of Southend comprehends the wild mountainous district that terminates in the Mull of Cantire; and one of its many bold headlands is the famous rock of Dunaverty. From this promontory the land recedes in a rocky semi-circle to Kilcolmkill, where the ruins of St. Columba's Church still remind us that here St. Columba first trod upon Scottish ground ere he sought his final resting-place at Iona.

On the highest point of Dunaverty Rock formerly stood a castle that was one of the most famous strongholds of the powerful Lords of the Isles, the Macdonalds of Cantire. Robert Bruce found an asylum here during those troublous times when he was flying from his enemies; and was safely taken from here to Rathlin Isle, off the northern coast of Ireland, and about twenty miles distant from Dunaverty. So much fighting and bloodshed ever attended those warrior Lords of the Isles that, although some Gaelic scholars would derive the word Dunaverty from *Dunamhortaemh*, "the Rock of the Bay of the great Swell," yet we may readily credit those other Gaelic scholars who would have the word to mean *Dunamortaich*, "the Rock of Blood." And its best remembered and most famous (or infamous) baptism of blood was its last in the year 1647, when the castle, after a terrible massacre of its garrison, was razed to the ground, and the Rock was left in its naked boldness as we still see it to this day.

In the neighbourhood of Dunaverty are numerous caverns, some of which have a special celebrity and their own peculiar legends. They are of various sizes, and have been used for several purposes. Sometimes the larger caves were turned into cattle-folds;

and they have often been the resort of smugglers and gipsies. In former times, too, they have been hiding places for fugitives; and as such one of the caves has become historically famous. This is

MACDONALD'S CAVE,

which is situated in one of the wildest and most inaccessible rocks in the rugged shore of the Moil or Mull. This cave is connected with that celebrated capture of Dunaverty Castle in 1647, of which we have just spoken. General Leslie, with an army of 3000 men,

DUNAVERTY CASTLE, CANTIRE.

had besieged Alexander Og Macdonald, who was shut up in Dunaverty with 300 men, and eventually compelled them to surrender by cutting off their supply of water in a July season of drought. Many interesting stories have been handed down concerning this memorable massacre at "the Rock of Blood;" but, among these stories, there is none more interesting than that of the escape from the massacre of the garrison of the faithful nurse, Flora MacCambridge, with the infant son of Archibald Macdonald. As she fled she met Captain Campbell of Craigneish, who not only spared the child, saying (when she alleged that it was her own) "It has the eye

of the Macdonald; but, no matter! it wants clothing;" but cut off the tail of his belted plaid and gave it to her for a covering for the naked infant. So she fled with it in safety, and concealed herself in a cave in the Mull of Cantire, until the Covenanters' army had left the country. The child, who was then so wonderfully preserved from the massacre, grew up to be Ronald Macdonald, the husband of Anne Stewart, sister of the first Earl of Bute. All this is historical, although popular tradition has filled in the details. I have lately received two Cantire versions of the story, in which a few fresh points may be noted. For example, Captain Campbell is said to have warned the nurse not to continue her path along the beach towards Kilcolmkill, or she would meet with General Leslie himself, who probably would not treat her and her little charge with the same forbearance. He, therefore, directed her to a place higher up the glen. She took the path, and eventually reached the cave, now known as "Macdonald's Cave," where the adherents of the clan attended to her, and kept her supplied with food, until it was safe for her to venture forth. In Sir James Turner's account of the siege, he says, that "the prisoners were put to the sword, every mother's son," except one; but one of my Cantire versions of the story says that the Macdonalds were put to death with great cruelty, after that their chief had been induced to come out and hold a parley, when he was treacherously assassinated by the Campbells, who rushed into the fortress, and, after the unavailing struggle of its brave little garrison, made them prisoners, and put an end to the greater part of them by tying them back to back and flinging them from the precipitous rock into the sea. The one prisoner who has been mentioned as having been spared, is said to have been James Stewart, of the Blackhall family, Renfrewshire, who, when led out to be put to death, requested leave to first read his Bible. Stewart of Ardvoirlich was an officer under Leslie, and interceded for his namesake's life, which was granted; and he lived to be the ancestor of many respectable families in Cantire and Argyllshire. It is further said that, as Argyll, Leslie, and Nave, walked through the scene after the massacre, they were up to their ankles in blood; and that the General turned to the chaplain and said, "Now, Mr. John, have you not for once got your full of blood?" It is also said that

the garrison were kept prisoners for five days in the fortifications at the foot of the rock before they were put to death.

Another Cantire story shows the animosity that existed between the two rival clans of Campbell and Macdonald, and which the events of

"THE ROCK OF BLOOD"

did not tend to assuage. The MacNeills of Carskey sided with the Campbells; and Neil MacNeill of Carskey fought on their side at Dunaverty. After the battle he would not allow the Macdonalds to be buried in the *Kil*, but had them interred in a field on the sea shore, which spot is now enclosed by a stone wall. However, these feuds nearly ceased on the marriage of a daughter of Ranald and Lady Anna Macdonald with Archibald MacNeill of Carskey. This Ranald, it will be remembered, is the infant hero whose life was preserved in "Macdonald's Cave." The place where his father and grandfather are buried is in a field on the farm of Machribeg, not far from the shore. Two flag-stones, and a third to another Macdonald (of Largie, it is said) marked the exact spot, which remain undisturbed till the present day, although the field was regularly ploughed and worked. The stone wall was put up (by permission of the Duke of Argyll) by the late representative of the slain chieftains, the Rev. Douglas Macdonald, who inherited the Sanda property (the estates on the main-land having passed from the family) from his uncle, Sir John Macdonald, K.C.B., Ambassador at the Court of Persia. In his poem of *Kilmahoe*, Professor Shairp has mentioned the massacre of Dunaverty, and the incident that led to the naming of "Macdonald's Cave." Old Ranald Macdonald is telling to the laird's daughters the history of their loved Cantire. He has been tracing back events to their cause and showing how the Campbells and Macdonalds struggled for the supremacy, until Argyll succeeded.

"But when King Charles' prelatic yoke
Would thrust on Scotland—blindly wrong—
Mac-Cailein-mor and his people broke
With the Stuarts they had served so long.

A chief was he, most wise to yield
State counsels 'mid a nation's throes,
But could not stand in battle-field
Before the great Montrose."

And then the Campbells were stricken; and, after that,

"'Twas then, from Inverlochy's fray,
The remnant of Clan-Ian-vor,
Athirst for vengeance, burst away
To the land they held of yore.

They swept Argyll, and slew, and slew,
Hurrying home and bearing spoil,
And forward, unresisted, flew
Down to the utmost Moil.

Every soul of Campbell name
They gave to sword, their roofs to flame,
There was no hearth unsoaked in blood,
This land was one waste solitude."

It was no wonder that the feud between the Campbells and Macdonalds should rage so hotly and culminate at the "Rock of Blood" at Dunaverty.

Argyll and Lesley were not slack
Sternly to pay the outrage back;
When leaguered by that western sea,
In the strong-walled Dunaverty,
Those clansmen famishingly implored
Mercy, and found the merciless sword.
Even where they fell, their bleached bones lie
Under the castle, strewn in cave,
Or on the sea-sand, washed by waves,
Bare to the heaven's broad eye.

The night when that wild work was done,
Of all the clan survived but one,
A child, his nurse faithful and brave,
Bore naked through the frenzied host
And refuged in a sea-cliff cave
High on the sheer Mull coast—
Child that in after years became
Rebuilder of the family name."

The "strong-walled Dunaverty" never had further experience of siege or massacre. Argyll burnt it, and razed it to the ground; and only a few stones on the bluff headland now mark the place

where it once had been. Nevertheless, it still remains one of the most interesting of the many historical spots in the Western Highland peninsula of Cantire.*

THE PIPER'S CAVE.

The Piper's Cave, at Keil on the Mull of Cantire, is but a small one, to all appearance, as compared with some of its neighbours, more especially with the cavern that is but a few yards removed from it, the entrance to which is more than thirty feet high, and its width and depth of a corresponding size, so that it was formerly used as a natural fold for cattle, and occasionally as a home for gipsies and wanderers. The entrance to the Piper's Cave is far from imposing, its ragged aperture barely giving admittance to a fully-costumed Highland piper, who wished to walk into it stalwart and erect, and with his pipes in full skirl. But what the cave lacks in outward signs of vastness is fully made up for (according to popular belief) by its interior depth and distance; for its ramifications are said to be so vast, that although its one outlet is at Keil, the other is at Kilellan, six miles away, while a branch passage communicates with another cave in the hill of Bengullion, a distance of ten miles. Elsewhere,† I have mentioned the legend that belongs to the Piper's Cave—how it was said to be haunted, but that a bold piper determined to explore it—how he marched into it, accompanied by a little terrier dog, while his friends watched at its mouth—how they heard the sound of his pipes get fainter and fainter till there came a wild skirl and a yeldritch laugh, and all was still; how the little dog came running out of the cavern, but without his skin; how, in process of time, he obtained a fresh skin, but was never heard to bark again; how the piper was never again seen, though he is often heard under the hearthstone of a farm-house at Kilellan, playing his favourite tune, and stopping occasionally to exclaim, "I doubt, I doubt! I'll ne'er win out!" I

*King James IV. placed a garrison in Dunaverty, whose governor was hung by Macdonald, in sight of the royal vessel, 1494. In 1504 the ruined castle of Dunaverty occupied the attention of Parliament. In 1540 it was again held by a royal garrison.

†*Glencreggan* I., 113.

have received two other versions of this same legend. One is given by Mr. F. A. Mackay in his notes to the Cantire poem of *The Heir of Lorn*. "There is a superstition existing among the country people that, if anyone ventures beyond a certain length in this cave, it will close upon the over-inquisitive explorer. A piper of the Macdonalds is said to have entered boldly, playing *Cha till, cha till, cha till mi tuille* on his bagpipes, and was heard under ground for many miles. He never returned, however, as the cave is said to have closed, and held him fast within its flinty walls." The other version of the story is that two pipers, named Macleod and MacCrimmon, made a wager that they would enter the cave at Keil, and would not cease playing until they reappeared "at Kilkerran." The tune they played when entering the cave was a beautiful Gaelic pibroch called "MacCrimmon's Lament," the translation of the Gaelic words being, that "Macleod won't return, and MacCrimmon is dead." Macleod was heard playing this about half way through the cave, in Coniglen, where he is supposed to have shared the fate of his companion, for he was never seen or heard again. Their little dog, however, appeared at Kilkerran, much emaciated, and without any hair. Such are the legends of the Piper's Cave; and their popularity and peculiar form is not to be wondered at when we remember the wide-spread nature of the tradition. In the "List of Stories" that he had collected, but had not included in the four volumes of his *Popular Tales of the West Highlands*, Mr. J. F. Campbell mentions one, called "Great Cave at Bolsa," and says, "A piper goes with a dog to explore a large cave. The dog comes out at a great distance, with the hair rubbed or singed off his body. The piper is heard playing, but never reappears. Commonly told of caves and underground passages in Scilly Isles, South of Ireland, Cantyre, Islay, East Lothian, &c. In short, wherever there is a cave and a Celtic population. Æneas and the Sibyl, and Cerberus, Cupid and Psyche, &c., &c." But the caves at Keil are surpassed not only in natural beauty but also in geological interest by

THE LARGIEBAN CAVES,

which are to the west of the lighthouse, on the south-western slope of Cnoc-maigh, where the mountain's wide base rises in a series of rugged precipices, from the rough waves of the Atlantic. They are

composed of marble, spar, chrystals, stalactites, and stalagmites. A visitor to these caves, in the spring of 1863, has thus described them:—"Having procured a guide at Largieban, we proceeded to the caves. Our course led us to the top of a precipice, at whose foot they were situated. Wild and rugged was the scenery around; almost perpendicularly steep were the precipices below. The guide led us a little to the one side of the precipices, where there was an incline covered with grass, and rather more divergent from the perpendicular. Down this we proceeded without any great difficulty, and then advanced to inspect the caves. These are, in number, three. The entrances are large and spacious. Hanging from the roofs of the caves, like inverted pinnacles, are some beautiful stalactites formed by the filtering of water through limestone beds. Here the sparry concretions hang like a sheet of water that had been frozen in the act of falling—there they assume the form of a small but beautiful stalactite pillar; while, yonder, stalactite and stalagmite combine to form the most grotesque figures. The height of the caves is very variable. At one time we were compelled to crawl on hands and feet; at another we were in a large vaulted chamber. The Duke of Argyll visited these caves last summer, and, with the extensive knowledge of geology which his Grace is well known to possess, he must have taken from these many a geological specimen. After some time spent in wandering through their dim recesses, the time drew near for us to leave. Outside the caves, the prospect was one of wild and rugged grandeur. We were standing at the foot of a frightful precipice of tremendous height. To our left were rocky eminences and craggy steeps. High up on the front of a cliff there were written, as with nature's pen, the two letters N. and S. These were caused by protruding seams of quartz, and formed a very close resemblance to the letters. Now commenced the most toilsome and dangerous part of our journey. Our route led us up the front of the cliff opposite to that which we had descended. At one time we were climbing cliffs, holding only by some small ragged points or boulders; at another time we were crossing narrow ledges of rocks on the very edge of a precipice; at every time we had to be very careful where we placed our feet, as a stone dislodged or one false step would have hurled us

over jagged rocks far down into the sea. In this difficult manner we reached the precipice's top, whence we easily performed our homeward journey well pleased, as everyone would be, with the trip to the Largieban Caves."

THE DAUNTING OF THE ISLES.

From the modern Campbelton, with its present connection with the head of the Clan Campbell, we may turn to the ancient records

DALARUAN, CAMPBELTON.

of the town and see what it had to do with MacCallum More and the Lords of Lorne. We have not to go many yards from the peaceful quietude of Kilkerran churchyard, ere we come to the traces of what was once a threatening fortress. Kilkerran Castle, of which some ruins still remain, was built between the graveyard and the sea, and was intended not only to command the bay, but also as a standing threat to the Macdonalds, who had a stronghold close by at Dalruadhain or Ceann-Loch, which eventually passed into the possession of the Earls of Argyll, and from which, in 1685, the

unfortunate Marquis of Argyll issued his declaration of hostilities against James the Second. This stronghold of the Macdonalds was built on that spot, where, at the present day, one of the Parish Churches of Campbelton faces to the Main Street of the town, in which is the beautiful and well-preserved "Iona" Cross. This place of worship (where the service is in English) is called Castlehill Church, its name denoting that its area formed the site of the old fortress of the Lords of the Isles.* It is thought that the castle or fortalice of Kilkerran was built on the site of a previous fortress that had been captured and demolished by Haco of Norway, when in his "harrying of the Hebrides," in 1263, he invaded Cantire and compelled Angus, Lord of Cantire and the Isles to yield his possessions. But, be this as it may, a new castle was erected at Kilkerran by King James the Fourth shortly before the year 1498, at which date, on August 3rd and 5th, the king dated charters from this very place—"apud novum castrum in Kintyre." In this new castle of Kilkerran he then held his court, in furtherance of his design to preserve and extend his influence in the Isles by his personal presence among his subjects. Four years before this, in the year 1494, the king had paid two visits to Tarbert, which castle he repaired and garrisoned; and in the autumn of the same year had visited South Cantire, and seized and garrisoned the castle of Dunaverty, providing it with artillery and skilful gunners. This greatly angered the Lord of Dunaverty, Sir John of Islay, the grandson and representative of Sir Donald of the Isles, who had hoped to rule over the greater part of Cantire as his fathers had done, and who took secret measures to regain his own, and to drive the royal troops out of the peninsula. This (according to popular tradition) he was enabled to do sooner than he had expected; for the king, being unsuspicious, had sent away the larger portion of his followers, and was preparing to quit Cantire by sea, when Sir John stormed the castle, and hung the governor from its walls in the sight of the king and his fleet. This defiant act will probably

*A correspondent says:—"There is a tradition told of how the dispute between the Campbells and Macdonalds was settled for the possession of the castle of Campbelton. A Hector Macneill, of Carskey, who fought on the side of the Campbells, threw the sword of a Campbell into the castle, and so gained possession."

guide us to the time when the king gave the order for the erection of that "new castle" at Kilkerran, from whence he dated his charters in 1498. Sir John had paid dearly for this insult to the royal authority—supposing this narrative of the hanging of the governor to be correct—for, in August 1494, he was summoned to answer before the king "for treason in Kintyre;" and for this treason, whatever its precise act may have been, he paid forfeit of his life, and, together with four of his sons, was executed at the Burrowmuir, Edinburgh. But when the king again visited Cantire in 1498 he granted charters to the Macdonalds, and held a Parliament, of which the place and memory is preserved in the name of Parliament Close, Campbelton. Notwithstanding which, for reasons now involved in obscurity, he shortly after this revoked all the charters that he had granted to his vassals of the Isles during the preceding five years. This monarch did not pay another visit to the castle at Kilkerran, although he came to Tarbert in the following year, and appointed the Earl of Argyll as its governor, an appointment which led, under his successor, James the Fifth, to that measure of suppression by the new governor, Colin, Earl of Argyll, which he himself called "the daunting of the Ilis." The date when this measure of the Daunting of the Isles commenced was 1531, and had its origin in the feuds between the Macdonalds and Campbells—the Macleans siding with the former, whose grant of Crown lands had been annulled—an act of which Argyll was prepared to take advantage. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* Hence the commotion, insurrection, fighting, and spoliation; hence Argyll's appeal (through his brother) to the king's council for interference on the ground of peace; hence the mission of the royal pursuivant to confer with the Lord of Islay, and his total failure to arrange terms; hence the king's commands to Argyll to reduce the Isles to obedience without delay; hence a six months' struggle before any of the principal lairds would submit to the king and receive his protection against the Earl of Argyll, who gave to his Sovereign two of his kinsmen as hostages, one of whom was Archibald Campbell, of Skipness; hence the fresh endeavours (on delay consequent upon the death of his father, Colin), of Archibald, Earl of Argyll, to carry out the submission of the islanders; hence

Argyll's offer, as tenant of Cantire, to pay the royal dues both in peace and war, his request for a commission of lieutenandry over Cantire and the South Isles, and his promise that if any refused to pay their rents annually to the king's comptroller he would compel them to do so, or destroy them root and branch. Which in short was his scheme for the Daunting of the Isles. Argyll's proposition was accepted, though, at the king's request, he resigned his heritable office of Chamberlain of Cantire. In concert with the Earl of Murray, who had preferred nearly similar petitions regarding the North Isles, over which he had been appointed lieutenant, the Earl of Argyll then proceeded to carry out his "daunting" measures against the islanders, though, by their voluntary submission, they saved him from proceeding to extremities. The chief mover of the insurrection had been Alexander Macdonald of Islay, son of Sir John Cathanach, and Lord of Islay and Cantire; he now entirely placed himself in the hands of the king, and became bound to assist the royal chamberlains in collecting the rents and duties of the Crown lands in the South Isles and Cantire. For these and other promised services he received a new grant during the king's pleasure of certain lands in the South Isles and Cantire, formerly allowed to him under the regency of Alexander, Duke of Albany, and a remission to himself and his followers for the offences committed by them during the late rebellion.* The measures taken by the king conciliated the islanders, and, as a jealousy of Argyll's influence was entertained not only by the Privy Councillors but also by the young king himself, Macdonald began to rise in the royal favour. This was increased in 1531 through a complaint jealously made to the Sovereign by Archibald, fourth Earl of Argyll, of the misconduct of Macdonald, who appeared before the king and indignantly denied the charge, again offering to exert his influence to cause the royal rents in the South Isles and Cantire to be duly paid over to the person appointed to receive them. Argyll was summoned to appear before the king and give an account of his stewardship, which he did so unsatisfactorily that he was consigned to prison, and deprived of the offices that he had held in the isles. Some of these were conferred upon Alexander of Islay, whose

*Gregory, quoting from Acts of Lords of Council. xlii., fo. 186.

triumph over his rival was now complete, and who received a further mark of royal favour by being sent into Ireland at the head of seven or eight thousand of the king's troops to create a diversion in favour of the Scots against the English. Yet another mark of royal condescension was shown him (though not a little State-craft was mixed up in this) in his eldest son being specially cared for by the king, and educated by the Dean of Holyrood. This son was James Macdonald, who afterwards became the father of that Angus who had the feud with Maclean of Duart, and the grandfather of that Sir James Macdonald who was the hero of "the Clan Donald's Last Struggle," as has been related in previous chapters. Now it is to this young James Macdonald that popular tradition has ascribed that daring act of bravery and braggadocio which a second popular tradition had already conferred on a Macdonald in the reign of a previous James. This was the storming of a king's castle and the hanging of its governor from the walls in the sight of his Sovereign, a deed most probably peformed by Sir John Macdonald of Islay, at Dunaverty, in the reign of King James the Fourth in the year 1494. We do not, indeed, gather definitely from the pages of history that Sir John's act of defiant treason (so severely and instantly punished by the beheading of himself and four of his sons) was this impudent hanging of the governor of Dunaverty, though the popular tradition fits in here but nowhere else. Some writers, however, assert that the king was James the Fifth; that the castle was that at Kilkerran, and that the executioner of the governor was James Macdonald, who sallied out from his fortress at Ceann-loch, where Castlehill Church, Campbelton, now stands. The date assigned to this deed is 1536. But this cannot be correct. Young James was placed under the tuition of the Dean of Holyrood in the year 1532, and remained in royal favour up to the period of the king's untimely death in the year 1542, which he would scarcely have done had he acted so defiantly. Shortly before his Sovereign's death he had also (his own father being now dead) received a commission as Governor and Sheriff of Islay, and also maintained a royal garrison at Dunaverty. The king visited Argyllshire in 1532 and again in 1534, during which years, and up to 1539, when Donald Gorme, of Sleat, rose in rebellion, Cantire and the isles were

tranquil. The popular tradition, therefore, must refer to the affair at Dunaverty in the reign of James the Fourth, and not to anything at Kilkerran in the reign of James the Fifth. The Earl of Argyll was not long kept in prison after his rival, Alexander of Islay, had been taken into royal favour, but he did not regain his authority over the islanders until after the death of James the Fifth, and he does not appear to have accompanied the royal fleet, or, at anyrate, to have held any important command in it, when the king made his voyage to Cantire and the isles in the year 1540. So that in his "Daunting of the Isles" Argyll was hoisted with his own petard. The king's castle at Kilkerran was, indeed, seized in the year 1615 by that young James Macdonald's grandson, the Sir James of the Clan Donald's last struggle, who landed in Cantire at the head of four hundred men, closely following the 24 men who had been sent to capture the Kilkerran fortalice. The Cantire men for the most part received him with joy, and he sent out the fiery cross through the peninsula, summoning all Argyll's vassals to come and take new charters of their lands from him. Then he marched up the peninsula to Tarbert, there to be routed and to be compelled to submit to that Argyll who had at length effectually succeeded in "The Daunting of the Isles."

CHAPTER XII.

The Highland Quern and Whorl—Emigration and Depopulation in Argyllshire—Cantire Farming, Past and Present—The Lazy Farmer and the Charm—Fairs and Feeings in Cantire—Sandy Huie, the Ingenious Herdsman—West Highland Customs at Marriages, Births, and Funerals—The Still-Born Child—The Unbaptised Child—Duncan MacClasker's Wedding—The Amiable Young Girl and her Slips 'Tween Cup and Lip.

THE HIGHLAND QUERN AND WHORL.

There are two old-fashioned Western Highland instruments—the *bràth* or *quern*, and the *dealgan* or *whorl*—a few specimens of which may yet be met with, especially in Cantire. The *bràth* or quern of the Western Highlands was similar to the primitive handmill of Scripture, still in use in Palestine and among the Arabs, and used in Cantire within the memory of man. It was formed of two stones, from eighteen to thirty inches in diameter, the under stone being rather the larger. The upper stone had a central cavity, into which the grain was poured; and across this cavity was a piece of wood that fitted on to a pivot in the lower stone. An upright stick was placed in a hole on the margin of the upper stone, and was clasped by the hands of two girls, who, seated on the ground on either side (like the "two women grinding at the mill,") turned the stone rapidly round and round, while they poured in the grain at the central cavity. Sometimes the top of the stick was loosely fixed in a piece of wood that projected horizontally from any upright beam within the cottage, and thus was better kept in its place, and lightened the lassies' work the while they further cheered themselves with songs. A cloth was placed under the handmill, and as it was made to revolve with great velocity, the grain was speedily ground, and the meal fell out upon the cloth. The quern was the name by which this handmill was chiefly known to the Lowland Scots. In Cantire it was called the *bràth*, or, in Gaelic, *muileann-bràth*, which seems to bear an affinity to the French *moulin a bras*. The Irish Celts call it *bronn*. The use of these *bràths* was long ago discouraged by the lairds, who, by their use, were deprived of the

thirlage dues for their water and windmills—the miller also losing by them his lawful multure. So early as 1284, Alexander III. passed a stringent law concerning them, which only permitted their use in times of storm or in remote parts, where there was a dearth of mills. This caused many querns to be broken up and laid aside, and it will also account for their being found embedded in walls of buildings. Two specimens may be seen not far from Campbelton, the one built into a wall by the roadside near Glenbreckrey, the other in the pavement in front of a fisherman's cottage at Bealochintie. A third may be seen on the site of the ancient castle of Kilkerran, where, perhaps, it may have ground a batch for King James V. when he came there to subdue the Macdonalds. These stones are eighteen inches in diameter, and two in thickness. The upper stone is marked with a cross, having four holes for the stick at the ends of the four arms. Another *bràth*-stone does duty as a head-stone in Kilcouslan grave-yard. But although the use of the *bràth* is probably now a thing of the past, yet some old folks in Cantire say that they can remember the time when it was used, and that one or two of them were kept in every "farm town" for the shelling of barley. This shelling was sometimes effected by the action of fire, the ears of corn being rapidly burnt so as to destroy the straw without injuring the grain, which was beaten out with a stick. The meal thus manufactured was called *gradan* (from *grad*, "quick, or speedy,") and was generally preferred for bannocks, brose, brochan, lite or porridge, fuarag (a mixture of meal with cream or water), and other culinary preparations of Cantire housewives. The *dealgan* or whorl, also called the *fearsaid*, was the spindle suspended from the distaff, or *cuigeal*, whose whirling motion was so necessary for the due accomplishment of the spinner's art. The whorl was variously made of wood or bone; but in August, 1863, the Rev. J. M. Gresley had a whorl given to him by a farmer at Creaslock, Cantire, which was a disc or flattened circular piece of black stone, with a hole in the centre. The *fearsaid* was often of a cone-like form, and could easily be set in motion by a dexterous twirl of the forefinger and thumb. The spinning of the circular *dealgan* was like that of a top, and its gyrations twisted the fibres into thread as fast as they were drawn from the mass of material wrapped round

the distaff. This primitive method of spinning is now but rarely met with in Cantire, having given place to the less tedious process by the thread wheel where the spinner has to walk to and fro while the wool is supplied and the thread wound up. In the last generation, spinning was the winter evening's task not only by the ingle blaze of the cottage, but also by the fireside in the laird's parlour; and is thus described in the account of the Cantire household of the old laird of Kilmahoe, in Professor Shairp's poem:—

"In parlour ben the lady sits,
A birlin' at her spinnin' wheel,
And one sews, one the stocking knits,
And learns to turn the heel;

While but the house, as outside beats
The rainy night's loud roaring din,
And the hearthstone, happ'd with glowing peats,
Makes ruddy all within;

Comes on the blithesome spinning hour,
When, all the heavy day's darg done,
The maidens on the sanded floor
Their wheels range one by one;

And, this with big wheel, that with
The other with the twirling rock,
To the wool task assigned them fa'—
Wool shorn from last year's flock.

Their hums, blent with rock and reel,
Goes ben the house, a heartsome hum."

EMIGRATION AND DEPOPULATION IN ARGYLLSHIRE.

Large sheep farms and the modern system of agriculture have, among other changes, undoubtedly led to a great deal of emigration, and necessitated much temporary hardship to many families. That it has been to their eventual benefit has doubtless been the case in the large majority of instances; and where it has been otherwise, the disastrous result has probably been attributable to the emigrant's want of energy, or his misdirected aims. In illustration of this I quote some extracts from a letter written from West Canada, in the year 1804, by a Cantire emigrant. After saying that some of his fellow-emigrants from the peninsula had been made food for powder

in the Federal army, he refers to the fate of other emigrants. "Many a sore heart they had as they bundled and packed, trying to save enough to take them to Canada, where they arrived at length with scarcely means to provide board or lodgings for six days. Each a holder of a hundred acres of ground, or more according to the males in the family, you will find them now in their comfortable log-house, or their two-storey brick-houses, with silver-mounted coaches and other luxuries. I know families from Saddell, Carradale, Torrisdale, herring fishers, who, after providing a week's provision, had to buy their acres on credit. The most of them to-day are independent. Many families in Cantire have received not only very flattering accounts of the progress of their friends who have adventured to the backwoods of Canada, but also many more substantial and equally welcome souvenirs, in the shape of remittances from the prosperous exiles; while others tell you that they had several relations who emigrated to Canada, hoping to prosper as land was so cheap, but, sad to say, the country turned out to be a shocking place—an awful man-trap; and the poor fellows have all gone down hill. Some have been ruined in purse, others in health. The country alone is to blame, of course. A Canadian soon arrives at the true secret of their various accounts, none of which he finds have been intentionally over-coloured. The fault is not in the country, but in the choice made by parties of employments in which they were utterly useless."

"O! WHY LEFT I MY HAME?"

In a speech delivered at Inveraray by the Duke of Argyll, his Grace stated that, during the past thirty years, the population of Argyllshire had decreased by nearly twenty thousand souls, at the rate of very nearly 20 per cent. on the total amount of population; but, as the population of certain towns and sea-ports had largely increased during that time, the decrease in the purely rural and agricultural portion of Argyllshire must have certainly been not less than from 25 to 30 per cent. At the same time his Grace showed that, coincident with their decrease in the population, the increase in the value of the county must have been not less than 50 per cent.* From these curious facts the Duke drew these inferences:—"Undoubtedly, an increase in the valuation of a county did not mean merely an increase in the rents which were derived by the landlords; it meant increased profits to the tenants, increased knowledge, increased industry, increased skill: it meant, above all, an increased contribution towards that surplus of human food which went to support the remaining populations of the country." On this subject a correspondent writes to me thus:—"The whole of Cantire has been very much depopulated by the tide of emigration. More than one half of the Highlanders have gone either to America or Australia; and, from time to time, the fortunate men return to their birthplace to spend the remainder of their days. In the Moil itself, there are only six or seven families living (shepherds) where, formerly, about twenty or more farmed their small farms, many of them being gentlemen's sons or of good family."

The depopulation has been forcibly depicted by Professor Shairp, in many parts of his poem of *Kilmahoe*. See his "Clearance Song," at pp. 54, 55, where the old Highland feeling is very touchingly described—

> "It's plaintive in harvest, when lambs are a-spaining,
> To hear the hills loud with ewe-mothers complaining—
> Ah! sadder that cry comes from mainland and islands,
> The sons of the Gael have no home in the Highlands."

(See also pp. 56, 136, 145.) But the many and sterling advantages that have accrued from the introduction into the Western Highlands

*This has been the case with Islay, whose decrease of population amounts to 4,000 during the last twenty years. So also with Mull and Skye.

of that "London brewer" who, according to Professor Blackie's sneer, "shoots the grouse," and of that "lordling" who "stalks the deer," must be set against the violence done to Celtic feelings by the disruptions of local ties, and the wounding of those deeply-seated affections that have left a graceful and enduring record in the pages of *Kilmahoe*. After giving some excellent advice as to the class of persons who are most likely to succeed as emigrants, and describing their manner of settling and the gradual way in which an almost penniless emigrant can, by diligence and thrift, possess a comfortable home in the New World, the writer goes on to say:—"In the course of time he is able to spend more labour on his farm and less in the employment of others, until his land is so nearly paid for that he can spare enough from the proceeds of the annual crops to make the annual payments. The 'remittances' to friends in Cantire come from such as these; and not many years after the first 'settlement' he must be a person of no small command of means who could 'buy out' this thriving backwoods farmer. It is perhaps fifteen or twenty years since he left Cantire, and you have now no trouble in finding him in his township. He may be heard of as purchasing a farm for his sons, and bargaining for one to settle another; and he has become a director of a road company; and, as a member of the County Council, he is 'agitating' the construction of a branch of railroad. It need hardly be added that the name is perfectly familiar to the Parliamentary members of the county, who take the best possible care to 'keep in with' the pauper immigrant of a few years back. This is no imaginary sketch or isolated case. The career I have sketched is that of hundreds of men within my own knowledge. The failures, and they have been numerous, have ensued from causes such as would have produced misfortune anywhere. These have been idleness, dissipation, or inaptitude for the employment. The lazy would starve anywhere; the dissipated need not come to Canada to be ruined; and the man who could not stand hard work in Scotland must not expect to master the labour which falls to the lot of a backwoodsman. I have spoken of the man with no means save a strong arm and enterprising spirit. Cantirians belonging to the middle class of society, who are the sons of small farmers or small tradesmen, must remember well the narrow

economy, the parsimonious housekeeping, which was necessary to make both ends meet. Parents anxiously watched their families, feeling them an increasing burden, and wondering where the mass of society would open places which were to make their children self-dependent."

Mrs. Grant, in speaking of the Western Highland emigrants to Canada, and of their love for their old home, language, and customs, says:—"Last year (*i.e.* 1810) there was a person in Montreal, I know not whether a regular clergyman or a mere itinerant, who preached Gaelic and, I think I was told, administered the sacraments in the same language. Multitudes came from all the parts of Upper Canada to hear the glad tidings once more in their native language. I heard, indeed, of some that came five hundred miles for that purpose." She also speaks of wealthy West Highland emigrants in America who have not only brought up their children to speak no other language than Gaelic, but have also instructed their slaves in the same tongue; so that she says, "I myself have seen negroes, born in such families, who could not speak a word of English."*

CANTIRE FARMING, PAST AND PRESENT.

The exhibitions of the Cantire Agricultural Society—whether as regards the display of stock, grain, seeds, roots, implements, butter, or cheese, the ploughing matches, the harvest-homes, the erection of new farm-steads on modern principles, the drainage of land, and the introduction of all the novelties that are now considered a part and parcel of present agriculture—all these things are signs of the times, and show that a new era has dawned on "wild Cantire," and that its old bucolical characteristics are only lingering here and there in the peninsula, and will soon be condemned to give place to that better order of things which is now spreading throughout the length and breadth of this Land's End region of the Western Highlands. The system of farming in Cantire, taken as a whole, will bear comparison with any other Scotch district; and, in many instances, such as in the splendid farm of Samuel Mitchell, Esq., of Strath, two miles from Campbelton; and in that belonging to J. L.

*"Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlanders of Scotland," Vol. II., pp. 175, 177.

Stewart, Esq. (of Coll), the Chamberlain of Cantire, steam and all modern appliances of agriculture are in full use, and first-class farming may be seen. This is the more creditable to the tenant-farmers of Cantire, as the obstacles of place and distance have to be overcome before the various novelties in machinery for agricultural purposes can be brought to their destination and set in motion. Artificial manures, which are but a recent introduction into the peninsula, are now extensively used as fertilisers from Tarbert to the Mull. Draining on improved principles has also been largely carried out; so that, with the newest applications of science, both above and under ground, the tillage of the soil in Cantire will now bear comparison with other districts.

The Duke of Argyll, as the chief heritor or proprietor in Cantire, has already abundantly shown his desire to improve his peninsular possessions in all ways that may tend to confer happiness and prosperity upon the country and its people; his Grace's views of the relationship that should exist between the landlord and tenant are based upon the existence of that strong family feeling between the chieftain and the members of his clan which enters so strongly into the Highland nature. In opposition to those who have affirmed that the connection between a landlord and his tenants should be one merely of a pecuniary nature, the Duke very plainly stated, in his speech at the banquet given to him by his Argyllshire tenantry, at Inveraray, October 29, 1861, that "it was his firm belief that it was one of the great public advantages of this country that while there had been a continued advance from one generation to another, yet the ideas of to-day were always modified and took the form of the old feelings and associations which had descended from former times. And he believed that the feudal element, which undoubtedly still did remain in the ordinary relation between landlord and tenant, was one of the great strong-holds of the liberties of this country. It gave local attachment, and in the strength of local attachment and local feeling there was and there always had been the best security against the inroads of a centralising tyranny."

The old system of agriculture as compared to the new is

exemplified in the following Cantire story, which has never before been published, and which I here tell as it was told to me:—

THE LAZY FARMER AND THE CHARM.

There once lived a farmer in a snug little farm near Dunaverty. His land was bounded on the one side by a considerable stretch of sea-shore, on which a great quantity of sea-ware was driven; but instead of taking the trouble to gather it, he allowed it to rot upon the shore. From his idleness and inattention his farm at length got into such a bad condition that, when a friend came to see it, he found the corn-fields trampled by cattle, and looking as if they had been shorn; the fences broken and the stones in the "Galloway dykes" tumbled out of their positions; and the potato and turnip fields all neglected, and looking even worse than they were from the contrast that they presented to their well-dressed neighbours. As the friend draws near to the farm-houses he would find them rifled and bare of thatch, and the road leading to the door as difficult to be walked on as the Goinean on the Mull of Cantire—though not quite so dangerous; for a slip would only plunge him knee-deep in the soft mire; but it would be as hard for him to draw back his legs as if he had stepped into tar; and, when he got to the house, there would be no bass for him to wipe his dirty feet upon—though, for the matter of that, this would not be of much consequence, as the earth floor inside the house was not much cleaner than the filthy mire on the outside.

When the friend entered the house he would be well-nigh suffocated with the peat-smoke, and as soon as he had recovered his eye-sight he would see the farmer "lulling" himself on a bed. Then the farmer would get up and bid his friend welcome; the mistress would run to the meal-barrel, take out a basin full, add more fuel to the fire, get a broad slate, and begin to bake scones. Very soon the dense cloud of smoke would prevent the inmates from recognising each other, and make the eyes smart with pain; an oval wooden block would be placed round the fire to toast the scones, on which the dog would keep a greedy eye, keenly desiring to taste them, but well knowing that he had not the liberty to touch them while they were in that position. The clucking hen, however, would strut in with her brood, and, being less scrupulous, would peck at

the scones and scatter the crumbs for her chickens. Upon this the dog would claim to go shares in the spoil, and as the hen would resent his interference a fight would ensue between them, and the ashes would be scattered among the smoke, which, with the soot-drops falling from the roof, would not add to the friend's comfort.

Clustering to the fire, too, would be a group of children, until the mother would send them out to see how the cows were feeding. Then they would raise a cry—"Mither, mither; the kye's i' the corn!" and the mistress would run to turn them out, leaving the scones to burn. When she came back she would scold her husband for this, but he would answer, "It is not my work to be toasting bread;" and the mistress would be kept very "throng" attending out and in, and seeing to the tea being made. When it was made it would be brought to "the room," which would be all out of order, and filled up with bags of oats and barley. Then the following conversation would take place between the friend and the lazy farmer:—

Friend—I am sorry to see your corn-fields so trodden down.

Farmer—Aye; I have a bad herd for my cows.

Friend—Why have you not your fences secured?

Farmer—I have built them several times, but my cows break them down as soon as I put them up.

Friend—But why have you your causeway so rough, your floors so dirty, your houses so ill thatched, your windows and doors so bad? It is a wonder that you can live in such a house.

Farmer—Well, I do not mind much about them, and that's the truth. My lease is drawing near to a close, and I am not sure if I shall get another lease of the farm.

Friend—How are your cows getting on with regard to butter and cheese?

Farmer—I really think that my cows are bewitched. I have neither butter nor cheese like my neighbours, nor crops neither; so that some evil eye must have caught all that I have, and I must apply to some one or other for a charm.

Friend—I will give you a charm that shall work a perfect cure. Rise early in the morning—do not be "lulling" yourself in bed at mid-day; work well yourself, and keep servants that will work too,

although you have to give them higher wages than you are now paying; have your farm as well wrought as those of your neighbours; keep your houses dry and clean, and feed your cattle better. It is your laziness that is the cause of all your misfortunes, and that will ruin you in a very short time, unless you amend your ways, and act upon my advice. If you take my charm it will work a thorough cure, for my charm is—Industry.

FAIRS AND FEEINGS IN CANTIRE.

The chief fairs in Cantire are the May fair, the Lammas fair (held in August), the Halliday fair, and the Martinmas market, the two last being held in November. These are all held at Campbelton, and are largely attended, not only by the buyers and sellers of cattle, but by pleasure-seekers, strangers from "the low country," and servants waiting to be feed or hired. This last most objectionable system, which still flourishes at so many mops and statutes throughout England, notwithstanding the great exertions being made for their abolition by registration societies and the united efforts of the clergy and the press—this evil system still obtains in Cantire, although there, as elsewhere, public opinion has pronounced against its retention, and efforts have been made to put it down. In the Campbelton feeings, as in the mops and statutes of English villages, the public hiring annihilates either the asking for or the giving of "a character from the last place." Thews or sinews, and the requisite capability for the task required, so far as it may be discerned from an outward bodily aspect, this, and not moral qualities, is what must solely be looked to. The public hiring gives a farm-servant the chance of receiving a larger fee, and he seeks it on this chance, and becomes unsettled and shifting, if nothing worse comes of it.

As in England, so here at the Land's End of Scotland, the aspect of the American slave-market is obtained at the feeings or hirings. The men and women, young lads and lassies, are ranged in the street for "the feeing," and the trade in this species of farming live stock is carried on in due form. The hiring market is quoted as "brisk" or "dull," or with "a downward tendency," in

similar terms to the fluctuations in the cattle market. Fuller particulars are afterwards given in the newspaper, and here is a specimen from many similar ones now lying before me, taken from the Cantire paper:—"At the hiring market at the Cross there was a good attendance of ploughmen, and the demand was proportionally dull, several able hands being offered, and in some instances accepted at £9, others obtaining from £10 to £11. Young lads were not much inquired after, and those who were engaged were at rates according to age and qualifications. The number of young girls who came forward for hire was considerable, a goodly number of whom were engaged from £2 15s. to £4 5s., whilst experienced girls in some instances got engagements at £4 10s." There are many departments of farm work in which the women can actually get through more work than even the men. What are called "first class" dairymaids will get £6, and at harvest-time women will get as much as 15s. per week, with their rations.

One Cantire correspondent says:—"Although I require a considerable number of servants, I have not engaged one in this manner for some years, and hope never to do so. I wish that this humiliating spectacle of a hiring market could be dispensed with altogether." Another correspondent, while deprecating the system and advocating that registration offices for servants should be established in Cantire, similar to those set on foot by Sir John Forbes in the northern districts, makes these very sensible and pertinent remarks:—"The initiatory in these steps doubtless belongs to the masters. Let them in all cases, as I trust is done in not a few, regard their servants not merely as labourers, whose sole connection with them is the yielding a certain amount of work in return for a certain amount of wage, but as fellowmen who have a right to be cared for, minds to be cultivated, souls to be saved. It is blind policy which leads master and servant to regard their interests as opposed, or even as separate. Let masters show that they have their servants' interest at heart, and servants will show in return increasing care for their masters' interests. Let the gulf of caste (if I may so term it) between master and servant, which every one must see has of late been widening, be filled up, or at least narrowed. Let servants be looked on more as a part of the family.

Let the homely but pleasing picture, which seems threatening at no distant date to be a relic of the past, be renewed, of all sitting down at the same board to partake of the same meal; or, if this may not be in all cases, let that sweeter picture be seen in every farmhouse of all kneeling together on the same level before their common Master in morning and evening worship." A third Cantire correspondent describes the excitement caused at the near approach of fair time:—"It is amusing to think how impatiently the good folk of the district await the yearly return of Lammas Fair. For weeks previous to this there was not a tailor or dressmaker within the bounds who was not engaged to make decent clothing for the youngsters. No donning of working-clothes on that day. Our rural friends would scorn the idea of being encased in shabby apparel, and must, forsooth, appear in gay attire. The lads and girls in particular vie with each other in dress, and before starting for the fair spare no pains to improve to the best advantage their personal appearance. The Fair Day finds them always in good spirits, if not in great glee. They rejoice beyond measure at its approach, that they may be disengaged from the trammels that bind them to their sorely-wrought fee, and have the pleasure of enjoying a holiday."

The Lammas Fair is the chief fair for shows and amusements, and its attractions consist in a medley of sweetie stances, shooting barrows, gambling boards, haberdashery and crockeryware stands, whisky tents, photographic booths, cheap Johns, ballad singers, wandering minstrels of all sorts, minor showmen of various kinds, and an occasional leviathan among spectacular minnows, such as a company of actors or "Swallow's Great Hippodrome Circus." And against all these attractions the interiors of the public-houses can hold their own; so much so that a correspondent, who evidently looks with a friendly eye to the hirings and what they lead to, says, in concluding his brief description of the Lammas Fair:—"Twilight approaching the people began to disperse, quite pleased with what they saw. Some lads and girls, however, withdrew to the inn, where they spend a few hours at the altar of Bacchus, thereafter repairing, arm-in-arm, to their homes, pleasantly talking over the

wonders they saw, more especially the gymnastic feats of the showmen."

The tradesmen of the town, of course, lay out their wares to the best advantage with the hope of securing a portion of the wages just paid to the servants who attend the fair. I copied the following from the announcement of one of these tradesmen, whose jewellery was gorgeous and "rich," if not "rare":—"At the end of a week, or rather in contemplation of a coming week, the gude wife lays up in store such necessaries as are needed. So let servants, young men and maidens, in considering that one term of service is ended, and having another year's campaign in view, let them consider what things they have need of, and procure them. Do they need anything in fancy goods, jewellery, cutlery, brushes?" If so they were to apply to Malcolm MacDash, of Such-and-such-a-street, Campbelton, who had a select stock of the above articles. The Lammas Fair was formerly held up to a late hour on Saturday night, but has lately been limited by the authorities to two days, during which time, most probably, the entire earnings of the previous twelve months are spent by the farm-servants who have attended the hirings.

SANDY HUIE, THE INGENIOUS HERDSMAN.

The following is a true account of an illiterate but exceedingly ingenious herdsman of Cantire, South Argyllshire, of whom no mention has ever been made in print, but who deserves to be remembered, and to have his name enrolled among the records of the self-taught and self-made. I tell his simply story in the words in which it was told to me by an aged native of Cantire, to whom Sandy Huie had been well known:—

"Four miles south of Campbelton is the little farm town of Achanchorbie—or, more significantly, *Achadh-na-carr-bheinn*, "The Field of the Rocky Mountain." Fifty years ago the possessor of the farm was a Mr. Armour, whose herdsman was named Sandy Huie. He lived at Achanchorbie, together with his mother, and led a very retired life. But he loved to be solitary, for he was so extremely diffident that he could scarcely look a stranger in the face without blushing, and when on business from home would walk as

if fearing to meet any one. His solitary life made him shun company instead of inclining him to seek for acquaintance. The heathery mountains surrounded his home; the deep glen near to the house was fringed with scrag, frequented by the blackbird, thrush, and cuckoo, singing their morning and evening songs, in which Sandy took great delight. He also gazed with interest on the kite and sparrow-hawk as they remained stationary far aloft in the air, and then sailed away above him without effort or fatigue. Sandy Huie watched them until he envied them, and wished that he also could fly aloft; so, with much ingenuity and perseverance, he prepared a flying machine that should bear him like a bird through the realms of space. He carried his engine up to a rock, and then leaped from it, applying the wings and setting them into motion; but he found, to his hurt, that the power of attraction was greater than that of his wings, for he fell down into the scrag, and broke his engine and got himself hurt. And this disaster caused him to give up his invention of the flying machine. But Sandy Huie could not remain idle, and he thought to make another machine that would keep perpetual motion. He drew lines and made circles, and demonstrated them mathematically until he thought that he had made the discovery. Indeed, his reasoning seemed plausible enough, and perhaps, if he could have found a first-rate artist to make his machinery it might probably have worked; but, unfortunately for Sandy, the success of his experiment was nipped in the bud by an unexpected event, for when he had constructed his machine it refused to work! Upon this Sandy Huie turned his attention to clock-making, and was more successful than he had been with his engines for flying and perpetual motion. He got a file and some penny-pieces, and made wheels out of them; he built a small furnace, made a bellows, and put a hard stone for an anvil. He then set to work, and with a great deal of labour made the machinery and set it going, and, to his great joy, found the clock perfect, striking the hours and keeping regular time. This piece of mechanism, the work of this ingenious herdsman, afterwards passed into my hands. I have now had it for thirty years, and it still remains (1862) at my house in Dalintober, and I have always found it to be a most excellent time-keeper. Sandy Huie was so

pleased with his success that he began to make clock-making his trade, and for several years supplied the district with excellent clocks. He made some of them to play fine music on bells, the tunes coming at regular intervals. Sandy never married; and, his mother having died, he had no one to depend upon him for support. He saved money fast, and gave up being a herdsman at Achanchorbie and came to reside at Dalintober. There he acquired more property, and built several houses with his own hands. He could do all the work himself, and was his own mason, wright, slater, plasterer, &c. He preferred to work quite alone, and would ask no assistance, unless it was to help him to carry a heavy burthen. But poor Sandy had shortly to leave all his business and ingenuity, for he was visited with sickness and died."

WEST HIGHLAND CUSTOMS AT MARRIAGES, BIRTHS, AND FUNERALS.

I am indebted to various Gaelic-speaking natives of Cantire for much information relative to the old customs of their West Highland district in relation to births, marriages, and funerals. The notes that I here give from the accounts of my informants may possibly assist to preserve the memory of customs which have in many West Highland districts already become obsolete. Early in the present century marriages were celebrated in Cantire with more ceremony and greater hilarity than is now commonly the case, except in the more retired glens. The marriage customs were these:—When a young pair had got through the *leurach*, or contract, and had agreed to get married with the consent of their relatives, a night was appointed for the *reite*, when the friends met and a feast was prepared, of which all were hearty partakers. All arrangements were then made; the names of the parties were recorded in the church session-book, and were proclaimed on Sabbath. Invitations were then given to friends and neighbours, who in return generally sent a present to the bride by way of contribution to the feast; and in this way hens, ducks, meal, butter, cheese, and even a fat sheep, would find their way to the bride's house. The bridegroom had to provide that important part of the feast, the jar of whisky; for tea

was but little used sixty years ago. Gunpowder was purchased by the young men in order to salute the marriage party by the discharge of firearms. On the morning of the wedding-day the washing of the bride took place, and after her bath she was dressed in her best clothes ready for the ceremony. The bride's party assembled in the house of her parents, where the wedding festivities were held, the bridegroom's party meeting them either at or near to the church or manse where the ceremony was celebrated. Pipers played before each party, and shots were fired as they passed along. The ceremony being over the two parties joined, and returned together to the wedding-house with great joy. A barn had been cleared for dancing, where, after partaking of refreshments, the pipers and fiddlers began to play, and the young people immediately commenced dancing, at which they were very expert, having been previously trained to such exercise. The dancing was continued until the dinner was set down, when all the company took their places on either side of a long table. Grace having been said, and a blessing asked by one of the aged men, they all fell-to at the good things provided for them, and the carvers made a round hand at the fowls, though some of them were not very expert at separating the joints. Indeed, I remember being at a wedding where there was a strong man who was called upon to carve; but, not coming upon the joints, he was somewhat puzzled how to divide the fowl into pieces, so he began to tell a story about a sailor who was set to carve, but who could not do it. "Upon which," said the strong man, "I will tell you what the sailor did. He took the fat hen in his hands, and grasping it firmly, tore it to pieces in an instant." With this the strong man did the same, after which they let him eat his dinner in peace, and gave him no more fowls to carve.

After dinner the wedding party would set to dance in earnest, before dinner it had only been a little bit of exercise to whet their appetites. As the dance was open to all who chose to come and join it, young men and girls would travel a long distance to be present at the marriage ball, to which they had admittance on condition of paying a small sum "for the floor." The ball and the whisky-drinking were kept up through the night until the next day's dawn, and it was always a late hour before the bride was put to bed.

After this had been done with great ceremony by the bride's friends, and the bridegroom's own party had laid him by her side, the company gathered round them in their bed, and drank to their healths, to which the bride and bridegroom replied in the same manner, and the company then left the room.

The next day the wedding company again assembled, and generally made a happy day of it with feasting, walking, dancing, and firing off guns and pistols until the evening, when they dispersed. Such was the fashion of marriages in Cantire early in the present century, but things are much altered now, although certain customs are still retained, especially those which relate to the dancing and the whisky. Now-a-days when the wedding party have assembled to dinner, they will withdraw to the nearest public-house, where "the best men" will go round the company with waiters, receiving an equal sum of money from each person—sometimes as much as three shillings or more from each guest. The whole of this sum is at once sunk in the purchase of whisky, and the natural consequence is that the diversions of the evening too often terminate in anything but harmony and goodwill.

The baptism of infants was considered a very important ceremony in Cantire; for, in addition to its scriptural import, it was to be a temporal charm. Some people imagined that a child would not grow unless it were baptised, and all were of opinion that it was bad luck to have an unbaptised child in the house: hence it happened that parents and guardians brought infants to be baptised, however illegitimate the children might be, and however ignorant the parents might be. In cases of illegitimacy the church enacted a fine from the delinquents; and if the fine was not paid, means were used (sixty years ago, and prior to that) to send the fathers to the army and navy, in which way many of the Highlanders became soldiers and seamen: hence arose the proverb, "An ill-got bairn often makes a good soldier."

The Rev. Dr. Robertson, minister of the parish of Campbelton, and "collegiate" with Dr. Smith and Dr. Macleod, was very severe on those who could not answer his questions on these occasions. A man named Macneil once came to the old doctor, bringing his child for baptism; but not being able to answer the minister's questions,

the doctor took a young man of the company aside and examined him, and made him to hold up the child to get it baptised. This shamed Macneil and made him more careful for the future.

The celebration of the baptismal ceremony was attended with a great display of hospitality on the part of the parents, who invited their friends and neighbours to the christening feast. A jar of whisky having been provided, sponsers were chosen, whom they called *goisdidh* and *bana-ghoisdidh*. The care of the whisky was entrusted to the *goisdidh* and the *bana-ghoisdidh* (or female gossip) had the charge of the eatables. The infant was then given up by the *boinionn* (Irish for female) to the company, and was carried away to church or to the minister's house; the company also took with them bread and cheese, and pins to be divided upon their return home among the young men and maids, that they might in dreams have a view of their future partners.

Sometimes the merry-making on these baptismal journeys was suffered to lead the company astray, and cause them to forget the cause and object of their undertaking. A baptismal company was once crossing the mountains between Largie and Saddell, and rested on the road to take a refreshment of bread and cheese and whisky; after which they proceeded on their way, and arrived at the manse. The minister had begun the ceremony, when he found that the infant was not present. "Where is the child?" was the question; and "Have you it?" "Have you it"? the females were asking one another, but no child could be found. At last, the one who had been carrying the child up to that place where they had stayed on their way for refreshment called to mind that she had laid it among the heather, and had supposed that some one else must have picked it up and brought it to the manse; but as this was not the case they had nothing for it but to retrace their steps to the place in question, which they did without delay, and found the child lying quite safely where it had been left in its bed of heather. Then they brought it back to the manse and had it baptised.

Up to sixty years ago it was the custom in Cantire when any one had departed this life, for the friends of the deceased to provide the necessaries for the accommodation and refreshment of visitors. The corpse was rolled in *olannach* (woollen), and waked day and

night until it was interred. A pan of salt was placed upon its breast, and it was stretched upon a platform, over which was erected a tent of white linen; within this tent candles were kept alight day and night until the time of burial. The neighbours gave up their work, and attended in the house. The Bible and other religious books were laid upon a table and perused by the *luchd-faire* (watchers). [illegible] prayers were performed each night and morning. Plenty of oaten cakes and cheese, with whisky, was served at intervals, and something was said in praise of the deceased. "At intervals," continued my informant, "the relatives dropped a gentle tear."

When the time of the funeral came the company was served with bread and cheese and whisky. The coffin was then carried forth and put on "spakes," the people carrying it by turns to the grave; but before the funeral procession was out of sight the straw in the bed on which the deceased had died was taken out and burnt. Very often the procession was headed by a piper, or by a person playing "The Land o' the Leal," or some other mournful air, on "the Lochaber trump" (*i. e.* the Jew's or rather jaw's, harp). After the interment, and when the grave was neatly covered in with green sods, the nearest relative thanked the company for their good attendance. Bread and cheese and whisky were then served round; after which the company departed to their own homes.

THE STILL-BORN CHILD.

There lived a man and his wife in Glenlussa, who had a dead child born to them; and, in order to save the funeral expenses, they buried it in their kail-yard. Their neighbours began to see something wonderful about the garden, and one man saw a little coffin sailing through the air over the dyke. Upon this, a council of the neighbours took place. They knew that the wife had been expecting her confinement, and they perceived that she had got about again, so they went and taxed her with making away with the child. Her husband thereupon acknowledged that he had buried it in the kail-yard. He was made to disinter it, and the neighbours placed it in a coffin, attended the funeral, and laid it in Kilcouslan.

THE UNBAPTISED CHILD.

It is believed by many of the unlearned in Cantire that, if a child dies before it has been baptised, it is neither taken to heaven nor cast into hell; and that its soul is neither lost nor saved, but is left upon the earth, and made *a Sgreachan réilig*, "a shrieker of a burying-place." It was also believed that the faint voices of children who had died unbaptised were heard in the woods and other lonely places, bemoaning their hard fate. The first Christian missionaries in Cantire were so sensible of the advantages to be derived from the Druidical superstitions, among men who were not yet ripe for bearing the clear light of the truth, that they did not so much attempt to stop their source as to turn them into a new channel. And so, they taught that whoever was not received into the Christian faith by baptism, should, after death, be condemned to wander like ghosts.

DUNCAN MACCLASKER'S WEDDING.

Duncan MacClasker was a very old man when he died, and that was more than fifty years ago—almost the same space of time that he and his wife had lived together. She was first called to her grave, and Duncan was left a widower in his old age. He had a fine family of sons and daughters, but his eldest son was his chief favourite. One day he said to his father that he should try and get him a second wife; and that he would go with him and look out for a suitable one. Duncan consented to this, dressed himself in his best clothes, and went with his son to Southend, which was the place of his birth. He had a sister living there, an aged woman; and to her they made known what they had in view. She directed them to a widow woman who had left two husbands in their graves; but Duncan was not "skarred" that he should make the third; so they went to the widow.

She received them quite pleasantly, and they found her much pleased with their business. A short conversation finished their courtship; and, a few days afterwards, they were married. The wedding took place at Campbelton, to the great joy of the mischievious

boys and young men, who provided themselves with gunpowder, pistols, and old guns, and placed themselves in rank and file, awaiting the marriage procession on its way to the minister's house. Then, when the procession passed, shot after shot was fired, accompanied by cheers from the crowd that had assembled in the streets to see old Duncan taken captive by a double widow.

Duncan took his wife to his own house at Dalintober, where they lived very happily for a few years, when they removed to a farm on the Mull of Cantire, called Gart-na-copaig, about ten miles south of Campbelton at the head of Glen Breckrie, and there Duncan finished his earthly pilgrimage, and left Mrs. MacClasker a widow for the third time.

THE AMIABLE YOUNG GIRL, AND HER SLIPS 'TWEEN CUP AND LIP.

It is remarkable (said another of my informants) that amusing incidents generally arise out of weddings. Forty years ago I was acquainted with a young man who thought of getting him a helpmate, and at a wedding dance he took a fancy to an amiable young girl who was far superior to him in appearance. He danced with her many times that night and saw her to her own home, and told her that he had come to that time of life when the single should be double, and the double happy. She did not say him nay, but allowed him to pay his addresses to her; and, after a few visits he became successful; so that the night was appointed when the friends should meet to get the young pair "registrated." But, when the night came, the young man did not appear. The girl was grieved and affronted, and sent a message to him asking him for his reasons; but he had no reason to give except that he had altered his mind. Then she sent to ask him if it was on account of her lack of fortune; but he replied that it was not that. Indeed, he might have told her that though there would not be any *tocher* with her, she was "guid eneuch tocher hersel'." Yet, she wished him to come before her and take his leave of her in a friendly manner. This he agreed to do, and although he lived at a distance of sixteen miles from her, he came and spoke to her, saying that he had another reason for withdrawing, but that he thought he might delay marriage for some

time, and they parted with a good grace. The young man came to see me that night and lodged with me; the next morning he appeared to be in great distress, sighing and groaning. "What's the matter with you?" I said. "Oh!" said he, "if the dear girl refuses to marry me now, I will be undone." "Have you altered your mind?" I said. "Alas! yes," he replied, "it is that which is now troubling me. I have altered my mind, and what will I do? the dear girl will not believe in me." It seemed likely that she would not, but I took upon me to mediate between them, and went to her and explained how matters stood with her young man. Thereupon she allowed him to see her, and yielded, and they were married and had a family. I never saw a more loving couple, he would do any drudgery to please her, and neither of them ever had cause to regret the first time they met at the wedding dance.

On a previous page I have spoken of the emigration from Argyllshire to America, and a marriage announcement that I saw in the Cantire newspaper for March 7, 1862, shews that the great Atlantic has borne across its waters to the western continent more than one native of Cantire to a new home, bearing the old familiar and well-loved Western Highland name. The announcement was as follows:—"Married, at the Kintyre Settlement, Illinois, U.S., in January last, by the Rev. T. G. Smith, Mr. Charles Armour, late of Machrihanish, to Susan Jane, youngest daughter of Mr. William Harvey, late tanner in Campbelton."

In this way, the West Highlander preserves his love of home and race, and the words of the poet are realized:—

> "But the names that this side the Atlantic have perished,
> 'Mid far western forests still dearly are cherished."

CHAPTER XIII.

Skipness Castle and the Campbells—A West Highlander's Fight with a Wild Cat The Legend of Macdonald of Dunaverty and the Virgin of the Soft Hair—Mac Calein's Raid, a Legend of Cantire—Crois-Tàra: The Fiery Cross—Crann-Tara, or the Beam of Gathering.

SKIPNESS CASTLE AND THE CAMPBELLS.

THE traveller who resembles the "chieftain to the Highlands bound" of Campbell's poem, and is on his way to southern Argyllshire or Loch Fyne, will, as the steamer bears him between the two lovely islands of Bute and Arran, have his first sight of Scotland's Land's-end at that part of Cantire where the square tower of Skipness Castle rises massively in the scene. It stands on that angle of rock known as Skipness Point, which on the one side guards the southern entrance to Loch Fyne, and on the other side the northern channel to Kilbrannan Sound; and it looks across the narrow belt of intervening water directly to Loch Ranza, in the Isle of Arran, with its wild waste of mountains, of which Goatfell is the monarch. In addition to the ancient castle there is a modern mansion house, and in the park, near to the shore, the interesting ruined church of St. Columba, standing in the midst of an enclosed graveyard, crowded with monumental memorials. A deed in the Paisley Chartulary mentions that Skipness Castle, situated near to St. Columba's Church, was in existence in the year 1261. It evidently dates to an earlier period, and the traditional belief that ascribes its erection to the Danes is probably, in the main, correct. Skipness Point is believed to have been a central station for the fleet of the Norsemen during their struggles for conquest upon this and the neighbouring coasts, and to have been named by them from this circumstance, for Skipness, in the Scandinavian language, means ship-point; and in Gaelic (says the late Dr. Macleod) it signifies the same—"the point of boats." To Saddell, also, a Danish origin and nomenclature have been ascribed; and the castles of

Saddell and Skipness are the only two ancient fortresses that remain in Cantire in anything like a good state of preservation. Whoever it may have been who built the castle at Skipness, it is certain that they did their work well, and built not for themselves only, but for posterity; for the mortar that has cemented its stones together is as hard as whin rock, and the entire structure is in an exceedingly good state. The area that is covered by its walls is very ample, the length of its outer wall being 450 feet. This wall is of great strength, its thickness being no less than seven feet, and its

SKIPNESS CASTLE.

height thirty-five feet. Its upper portion is somewhat ragged and delapidated, but, as a whole, it is very perfect. It is quadrangular in form, with two projecting towers, the one at the north-east end, the other at the south-east. The former was called *Tùr-an-t-sagairt* —"the Priest's Tower"—and was evidently the keep of the castle. The western side is flanked by a small tower above the entrance, another tower was pulled down about two centuries since to supply materials for the mansion house of the Campbells. The square tower in the north-east corner of the court is the habitable portion of the castle, but its chambers are now used for store-rooms and

granaries. A mud wall here forms an inner court. The gateway has a pointed arch, and bears traces of having been furnished with a portcullis. On the one side of the gateway the wall projects slightly towards the south, so as to form, by means of loop-holes at its junction with that side, a slight-flanking defence to the east and west. The mansion house of Skipness stands near to the castle, by the shore of a beautiful bay, and commands views that are not only lovely but lively, from the number of vessels and fishing boats that are continuously passing up and down Kilbrannan Sound and Loch

ANCIENT CHURCH AND GRAVEYARD, SKIPNESS.

Fyne. Besides the glorious panorama of Arran, the view includes the picturesque island of Bute. The glen in the rear of the castle, shut in by noble hills, presents a succession of sequestered scenes that in their peculiar beauty are not to be surpassed in Cantire. The ferns here are very fine, the *Osmunda regalis* being especially luxuriant. Fine old forest trees assist to diversify the natural charms of this glen, which is undoubtedly one of the scenic attractions of this most picturesque estate.

The mansion house is a very commodious and comfortable residence, fitted up in the present style by London workmen, and thus presenting strong contrast to its near neighbour, the castle of the old and modern homes of a West Highland laird. The gardens also, with the vinery and hot-house, display the taste of the day, and bear favourable testimony to the genial climate of Cantire. A visit to the gamekeeper's house, and the sight of its game safe, suggest that the Skipness estate has its interest for the sportsman as well as the artist. The shooting extends over 20,000 acres, and, in addition to grouse, black game, partridges, hares, rabbits, woodcock, snipe, and plover, includes pheasants, which are only to be met with in a few spots in Cantire, and roe-deer, which are still rarer. Besides the two salmon rivers, there is trout fishing to be had in the hill lochs, and excellent sea fishing almost within range of the lawn and drawing-room windows of the mansion house. The road from Skipness to Tarbert, twelve miles distant, is a very good one, and at a short distance from Skipness, commands that panoramic view of Arran, Bute, and the grand medley of fantastic land and sea, which is certainly not exceeded by any other panoramic view in Cantire.

The Skipness estate formerly belonged to Colonel Walter Campbell,* whose family possessed it for two generations, but were not (I am told) the hereditary descendants of those other Campbells, who, like the brave "Captain of Skipness"—the old Covenanter who fought under Gustavus Adolphus, fell at Dunaverty in his endeavours to oust the Macdonalds from that great Cantire stronghold, and found his grave in the old Gaelic Church at Campbelton —had owned Skipness a lengthened period.

As a matter of course, so important a stronghold as Skipness Castle not only possessed its brownie, but, as a further mark of respectability, its spectre also. It was known as the *Gruagach*, and was accepted as the spirit of a lady who, according to popular belief, had been murdered in a room within the castle. The apparition was costumed in a green dress, and when seen was

*Of the 7th Royal Fusiliers, the author of that popular work, "The Old Forest Ranger; or Wild Sports of India on the Neilgherry Hills, in the Jungles, and on the Plains."

engaged in the harmless occupation of combing out her long golden hair.

A WEST HIGHLANDER'S FIGHT WITH A WILD CAT.

That accomplished gentleman and famous sportsman, "The Old Forest Ranger," Colonel Walter Campbell, of Skipness, in his "Indian Journal," published in 1864, gives a most interesting account of his youthful life at Skipness, and of his tutor in woodcraft, Alan Macintyre, who was foxhunter, naturalist, poet, and everything else; and he tells us how, when he returned from India and re-visited Skipness, he found old Alan, upwards of seventy years of age, still creeping about with his old long-barrelled gun under his arm. "It was really affecting to see the poor old man, with tears of joy pouring over his furrowed cheeks, as I displayed to him my Indian trophies of the chase, and reminded him that but for his good training I should never have earned them. He patted me on the back, calling me 'the calf of his heart,' the pride of his old age, and would sit for hours gazing at the heads and skins which decorated the hall, as an old Indian chief might do upon the scalps taken in war by his only son, chanting the while a song of triumph which he had composed on my return from 'the far-off hunting-grounds near the rising sun,' where I had slain great wild cats larger and stronger than a Highland bull." Wild boars have long since ceased to be noted in the zoology of the district, and even some other animals that continue to exist would appear to be fast becoming mythical; for the country people will tell you that the Saddell badgers are of two kinds, one having the nose and claws of a dog, and the other having the snout and cloven feet of the hog. Wild cats were once very common here, but when the Rev. John Macfarlane, in 1843, wrote his "Statistical Account of the United Parishes of Saddell and Skipness," he said—"The wild cat *(Felix catus)* may still be met in the wooded glens, and among the rocky cairns upon the sea coast, but their numbers are fast decreasing, and in a few years this animal will probably be unknown in the district."

With regard to this district and its wild cat, I was told the following "ower true tale" by a septuagenarian native of Cantire:—

In the year 1689 (said my informant) my great grandfather, Macniven, joined the Scottish regiment at the age of eighteen, and was sent to Londonderry, which city was then lying under siege by King James the Second. The sufferings of the people inside the walls were terrible, and many of them perished from hunger. But although the old man (my great grandfather), who was upwards of eighty years old when he died, had many tales to tell of that dreadful siege, and of all the adventures and fightings that befell him at that period of his history, yet he always said that he had never felt half so much terror in the thickest of the fiercest battle as he had felt in combating with a wild cat that met him in a lonely glen. The name of the glen in Gaelic is *Allt-na-beiste*, or the Glen of the Wild Beast, and it is nine miles north-east of Campbelton, and near to Saddell. It was on Macniven's return from the wars, after King James had been defeated by the Prince of Orange at the Battle of the Boyne, and he had got as far as *Allt-na-beiste*, and had reached the stream, which at that time had not been bridged over, but there were large stepping-stones placed in the river for the use of people in crossing, and when he stepped upon the first stone a very large wild cat leapt out of a thicket on the opposite bank, and stood upon a stone at the other side of the stream, fully prepared to dispute the passage. The soldier also prepared for the combat by rolling his plaid round his neck and taking his dagger in his hand. The cat watched his movements with glaring eyes, and as the soldier could not safely retreat he determined to advance. This he did, cautiously stepping from one stone to another, in order to secure a firm foothold when the wild cat sprang upon him, and keeping his dagger ready for the blow. He had hoped to strike the creature through at its first leap, but, quick as he was, the cat was still quicker, and sprang upon him so suddenly, and with such force, that he lost his balance and fell into the stream, with the cat fastened on his neck. It was well for Macniven that he had taken the precaution to wrap his plaid there, or the creature's bite might have been fatal. It never loosed its hold as they toppled over into the stream, and as they rose to the surface made a dash with its sharp claws at the soldier's eyes. Macniven received it upon his left arm, and immediately thrust his dagger into the wild cat's body. The stream was rapid and reached

to his chest, and it was with much difficulty that he could stand firmly on the rocky channel. He tried to hold the cat under the water, but could not succeed, and although he wounded it more than once, yet it contrived to keep its hold about his neck and shoulders, fighting fiercely at him with its sharp teeth and talons, and uttering a most terrific cry. It appeared as though it could never take enough killing, and as Macniven had much to do to guard his face and eyes, his blows with the dagger were chiefly as though they were given in the dark. The fight was as fierce as it was prolonged, but at last it was over, and ended in favour of the soldier. He brought its body home and had its skin preserved. It was as large as a dog's, and I have often seen it, and often heard my father tell the tale how his grandfather's direst enemy in a battle had been a wild cat.

THE LEGEND OF MACDONALD OF DUNAVERTY AND THE VIRGIN OF THE SOFT HAIR.

In the days of old, Ireland was divided into many small kingdoms, and each king had supreme authority over his own division. At that era it happened that Mac-fionn, King of Antrim, was going with Caovala *(Caol-mhala*, "narrow eye-brow"), the jewel, or virgin, of the soft hair, and heiress of his kingdom, to a great feast which a renowned chief on the other side of Ireland was giving to the potentates and nobles of the land. Mac-fionn had with him but a small retinue, as he did not expect any annoyance on his journey As he was travelling through a wide solitary moor, who met him but a powerful savage man to whom he had formerly refused to give his daughter in marriage. This was O'Docherty, King of Innisowen, who had with him a strong force. Mac-fionn understood his intention, and drew up his own men in a circle, placing his daughter for protection in the midst. Mac-fionn was severely wounded, and the most of his people fell in the affray. O'Docherty lifted the soft-haired virgin before him on his steed, and notwithstanding her shrieks, bore her off, thinking that he had at last obtained what he had so long wished for. In those ages there was much mutual communication and close intimacy between the northern portion of Ireland and Argyll. It happened that a young

handsome Highlander, in the full garb of his country, and girt with his sword, was journeying through the same moor to the very entertainment to which the King of Antrim had been going. This courageous youth heard the piercing screams of Caovala, and made for a narrow mountain pass where he confronted O'Docherty, and bade him release the virgin of the soft hair. O'Docherty alighted from his horse, when he and the Highlander grappled with each other. After many wounds were given on both sides, the Highlander at length was victorious, and left O'Docherty extended on the mead. In the twinkling of an eye he and Caovala were mounted on the steed, and made for the house of her father, the castle of Bally-gali, three miles from the place where the town of Larne is now built, and where its crumbling ruins may still be seen.*

The valiant Highlander and the virgin of the soft hair were not long in the castle when Mac-fionn came, borne by his people, who, hearing what had occurred, went to his aid and brought him home. It is easy to understand that Mac-fionn rejoiced greatly when he found his daughter, free and uninjured, rescued from O'Docherty. He proffered thanks, and that frequently, to the young Highlander, entreating him to remain with him for the defence of his castle till he himself should be cured of his wounds, and able to pursue with vengeance O'Docherty, who had waylaid him with such despicable treachery. During the six weeks that the Highlander remained at Bally-gali in company with Caovala, the virgin of the soft hair, the Highlander's heart was with her from the first day that he saw her, and to all appearance she entertained the same feelings towards him. When Mac-fionn was restored to health, the Highlander asked leave to converse with him in his own chamber. That was granted. "I am," he said, "young Angus Macdonald, the Lord of Cantire. Much strife and warfare has been between those from whom we are descended. Bestow upon me now the hand of your daughter, and perpetual friendship shall be established between our families." The King of Antrim became highly incensed, and, whenever he could give utterance, he called in his attendants. "Seize this presumptuous man, and cast him down into the strongest place of confinement, and

*Ballygally Head, and Larne on L. Larne, are distant nearly forty miles, across the North Channel, from the Mull of Cantire.

shut its iron portals so that he shall not escape." It was useless for Macdonald to resist, he followed them down to the dark place, where he heard the bars and chains of iron firmly fastened. He threw himself on a truss of straw which they had left him, pondering how he might avenge this inhospitable outrage, which he deserved not. About midnight he heard the chains which were on the door unclosed, and the bolts withdrawn. He determined that they should not put him to death unavenged. He seized a great rod of iron that he found in the place, and stood in a corner, with his back to the wall, awaiting for those who, as he thought, were coming to destroy him. He was astonished to see that there came only an old man, with a faint light in his hand. "I am," he said, "the foster-father of Caovala, the lovely virgin of the soft hair. She has sent me to liberate you, and to give full assurance to the handsome Highlander that she will never forsake him. Follow me," he said, "here is your sword. There is a swift galley, and a crew whom the drifting surge of the sea will not daunt, waiting to convey you to your own country." Macdonald reached the shore, and found everything as promised to him. He embarked, and a short time after he saw light gleaming from the high tower of Dunaverty, and before daybreak he was in his own elegant abode in the magnificent Mauchre-more. When Mac-fionn understood that his daughter would marry none of her suitors, and that the affections of her heart were with young Macdonald, he built a strong square tower upon a rock in the sea, under a high promontory, close to his own house, and from which they could sink with stones any boat that would approach. In an upper chamber the lovely virgin of the soft hair was confined, under the care of men in whom her father had confidence, for he determined that no female should have access to her. The patience of young Angus was completely exhausted, and he determined to find out the place where his beloved Caovala of the soft hair was confined. He left Cantire when the evening was far advanced, and, in the darkness of the night, went ashore alone on the rock where stood the tower in which she was confined. He came below the window of her apartment. The night was calm, nothing was to be heard save the heavy swell of ocean and murmur of the waves as they rippled on the shore. The guards were apparently asleep, and

young Angus Macdonald commenced to lilt a beautiful sonnet which Caovala had been accustomed to hear from him. Ere he advanced far, the lovely virgin of the soft hair opened her window, and with her melodious voice joined in the chorus. They consulted together, and she consented to go with him. It was difficult for him to reach the window. At last he attained it, and with the strength of his arm broke the bars which detained her, and speedily had her in the gallant Cantire bark. The wail of the bagpipe was heard in Mac-fionn's residence as Macdonald bore away the heiress of the family, and next day they were married. In a short time her father came to her. They were reconciled, and through this marriage the Clan Donald obtained possession of the Antrim lands, which they hold to the present day.

MAC CALEIN'S RAID: A LEGEND OF KINTYRE.

The county that could boast an Ossian would seem to have exhausted its poetic soil in the production of this mythical bard of Cona, for, although Argyllshire—"meet nurse for a poetic child"—points to the names of Macdonald and Duncan Bàn as native songsters, and would also enrol the bard of Hope among her literary celebrities, yet it must be confessed that this singularly poetical and romantic district is not particularly rich in her poetry. It may, therefore, be here excused to me if, from the inability to bring forward a better specimen of a Land's-end laureate, I should adduce the only instance that has occurred in the present century of a poem written solely* on a Cantire subject, by a Cantire man, printed and published in due form. The poem was published in 1862, occupies 150 pages, and its anonymous author has called it "Mac Calein's Raid: a Legend of Kintyre." The "Mac Calein" is, of course, Mac Calein Mòr, Earl of Argyll, and his "raid" was that successful inroad which he made on the peninsula of Cantire, when he wrested it from Sir James Macdonald. As I have just given a condensed account of the historical narrative of this compaign, it would be useless to go through the thirteen books into which the poem has been divided, in order to see how the author has dealt with his

*Mr. J. Campbell Shairp's poem of *Kilmahoe*, published in 1864, and elsewhere quoted in these pages, is also bound up with "other poems" on English and general subjects.

subject, more especially as a portion of his verse bears a great resemblance to the couplets written for burlesques and the openings of pantomimes. For example, Sir James and his henchman thus converse:—

"I feel, my lord, as if he'd prove a spy."
"A spy! whew! nonsense! Now, I wonder much
Thou did'st not dirk him since thou thought'st him such."
"Great chief, you mock me; yes, I know you do,
But I shall dirk him if desired by you."

And the following lines would come trippingly from the lips of the smart young actresses who shine in burlesque:—

"Be still, dear Helen, stop that dreadful noise,
Your tone is piercing, you've a fearful voice."
"Helen, 'tis true, for nature moulded me
With full intent an Amazon to be;
Yet went beside herself in making Archy
So meek and gently mild, so willy-washy.
Certes, without a fib, she sadly strayed
In making him a lad and me a maid;
Bother the thing, were diff'rent stations ours,
Then would I stem that tide that o'er us pours,
And, come what would, and let what list transpire,
I'd have a tilt with that renowned Kintyre.
He would respect, no doubt, my weapon's power,
When that its blows upon his head I'd shower."

. . . . . .

"Unbosom all. Is gallant Martin taken?
Or Skipness fort unto its centre shaken?
My sire must win, you know, despite your lover,
I'm very griev'd, I own, for one so clever.
But, to the point, who brought that letter—pray?
Tell it, dear Helen——"
"Here, mamma. This way."

But, although this latest specimen of the Argyllshire muse betokens a sad deterioration from the poems of Ossian, yet there are flashes of better things in "Mac Calein's Raid," and here and there the author has penned lines that might have been embodied in a true poem. In the following verse, for example, he has well expressed

an idea that will come home to everyone who has listened to that "pibroch shrill," vulgarly called the bagpipes:—

> "Then, when Macdonald first essay'd to speak,
> The strangled warpipes groaned with dying shriek;
> Words were to whispers hush'd, and even these
> Were mute and silent as a dying breeze."

And again:—

> "The pipes, like furies, dreadful yells began,
> Shrieking their wishes."

Occasionally, in his descriptions of scenery, he is equally happy; but, taken as a whole, "Mac Calein's Raid" may be welcomed as a praiseworthy attempt by a Cantire writer to delineate one of the most stirring and noteworthy events in the history of his peninsula, and both here and elsewhere in this work I avail myself of its pages to quote from them a few descriptions of Cantire scenes and customs.

The author thus describes the sending forth of the

CROIS-TARA—THE FIERY CROSS.

"But louder notes ascend from Largie's hall,
The deep bass tones of fierce Macdonald's call,
"Croistar," he cried, "Croistar," his men replied;
"The fated cross—be fire and wood supplied."
In eager bands the warders leave the keep,
Rush from its door and form in column deep,
For wood and kid are in the court beneath,
And pale blue smoke in air uprears its wreath.
A cassock'd friar glooms beneath his cowl,
As eager clansmen, smother'd anger, growl.
Lo! where Kolkitto stood, Sir James advanced,
And at the father, thence, with meaning glanced.
The father doff'd his cowl—at once the strain
Of pipes, from shrieking hush'd, is mute again.
He doff'd his cowl, he bared his glittering head,
With both his arms to lofty heav'n outspread,
Prayed thus devoutly—'Thou Supreme, Most High,
Creator, Framer, both of earth and sky,
Who mighty mountains countest less than dust,
Oh! Thou great Monarch, whom we fear and trust,

Bless this beginning of our enterprise,
Let us find favour in Thine holy eyes.
Grant, God of battles, that our haughty foe,
May, as a judgment, sad afflictions know,
And dire disaster—help us now and bless
The holy symbol, which, in our distress,
We're now about to make. Bless all that haste
Its mandate to fulfil—Thy curse arrest
The trembling dastard, deaf to chieftain's call—
Unto perdition let the coward fall—
On all his race let Thy fierce vengeance rain,
Nor mercy show—for ever, Lord. Amen.'
Forth strode Sir James, impatient, 'mid his clan,
And pale and grave, the warlike rites began;
And first, two splits of tough and season'd yew
Together nail'd, in form of cross, then drew
His gleaming knife. With heart to pity shut,
The snow white kid, across the throat he cut.
The creature struggling, in brief anguish throed,
And, as it struggl'd, spurting purple flow'd,
In greater streams, into a bowl which one
Held underneath. And having thus begun
To char the cross with fire, when cinder tipp'd,
He in the frothy gore the symbol dipp'd."

He then addresses the sun, and prays that it may not witness the Macdonalds' downfall, but that their country may still be preserved to them. He concludes thus:—

"Now fated Croistar, haste, thy circuit go,
And may a chieftain's curse afflict with woe
And burning sorrow, him of Donald's name,
Who slights the warning of the cross of shame.
Death waits the dastard wight, a cairnless grave,
Nor will their piteous wail his offspring save.
His wife, his children, hearth, his crops and kine,
O fiend of vengeance! I devote as thine;
For, as this cross is charr'd with scorching flame,
So will his name be charr'd with scorching shame;
And, as this cross is daubed with purple gore,
So he and his shall be to death made o'er.
James, grasp the cross, nor look thee once behind,
Speed fleet as dart, as fast as wint'ry wind,
Alarm the glens, and send the symbol on,
Carnmore the tryst, around the Druid stone."

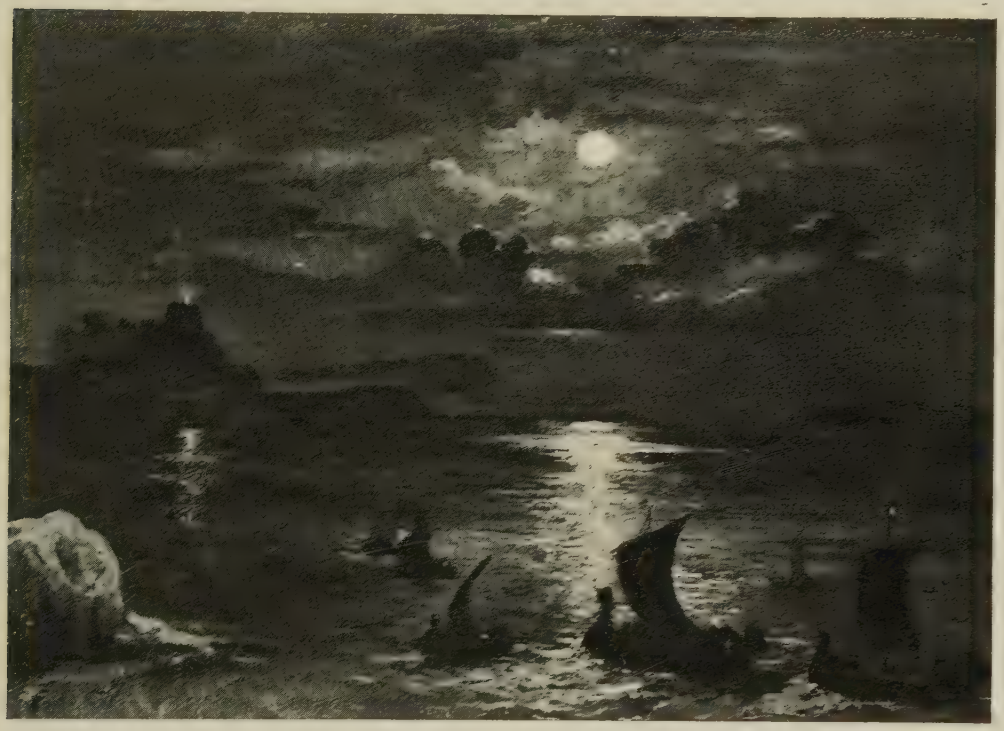
"Lo! the young clansman, when he heard his name,
Rush'd swiftly forward, seiz'd the cross of shame,
Then o'er his head the fated symbol held,
And with loud voice the chieftain's order yelled.
The words approv'd of, from Sir James he bounded,
And, as the custom, thrice the group surrounded.
Cried out, 'Croistar.' 'Croistar' they all reply,
'Woe to the knight who dares our chief deny.'
Away, away, with furious headlong speed,
He leaps, as bounds a trembling startled steed;
Swifter his feet than when the moor-hen whirrs
Her rapid wings, when fear their speed bestirs;
And as o'er heathy plain she gently glides,
On outspread pinions pois'd, till distance hides
Her less'ning bulk; so watching warders' eyes,
Of sharpest ken, his vanish'd form defies.
The group are mute, but soon the pibrochs shrill
Wild notes diffuse, their breasts with passion fill.
Now grim Macdonald, with a heavy sigh,
Girds trusty claymore on his massive thigh.
His henchmen brings his helm, the weighty targe
Remains, till combat calls, in Ivor's charge."

It is, perhaps, unfortunate for the author of the foregoing lines that their subject should bring them into comparison with a certain canto in "The Lady of the Lake;" nevertheless, despite our memories of Brian the Hermit, Roderick, Malise, and young Angus, we may suffer this description of the Crois-Tàra to hold its place as a metrical account of a Cantire custom. Its name and certain portions of the ceremony are local peculiarities that we do not find in Scott's account, who, in the notes to his poem, tells us that the fiery cross was also called *Crann Traigh*, "the cross of shame," because disobedience to what the symbol implied inferred infamy. Dr. Browne, in his "History of the Highlands," called it "tarie," but Dr. John Smith, of Campbelton, the celebrated historian and Gaelic scholar, in his Ossianic poem of "Dargo," calls it

CRANN-TARA, OR THE BEAM OF GATHERING.

"The song ceased; but its sound was still in our ear, as the voice of the gale when its course is past. Our eyes were turned to the sea. On the distant wave arose a cloud. We knew the skiff of Innisfail. On its mast we saw the Crann-Tara hung. 'Spread,' said Comhal,

'the white wings of my sails. On the waves we fly to help our friends.' . . . But see that light of Innisfail; see the Crann-Tara fly! Danger is nigh the king." Dr. Smith says the Crann-Tara means, in general, a signal of distress; that it was properly a piece of wood half burnt and dipped in blood, which was conveyed with all possible expedition from one hamlet to another in cases of imminent



"The song ceased; but its sound was still in our ear, as the voice of the gale when its course is past. Our eyes were turned to the sea. On the distant wave arose a cloud. We knew the skiff of Innisfail. On its mast we saw the Cran-tara hung."

danger; and that the fire and blood might intimate either the danger apprehended from the invaders or a threatening to such as did not immediately repair to the chieftain's standard. It appears to have been a custom common to other northern nations, but its Cantire names of Crois-Tàra and Crann-Tara may probably be new to most

English readers. Mr. F. A. Mackay, in his "Legend of Kintyre," has this couplet:—

> "Shall he send the cross of blood and fire
> Through the hills and glens of wild Kintyre?"

It would almost seem, if we may judge from the written and pictured page of popular literature, that the commonly received idea of the fiery cross is not "the cross of blood and fire—a cross that has been scorched in the fire, or dipped in blood of a fiery crimson—but a cross blazing with fire. Of course, Mr. R. R. MacIan—whose pencil has done so much to familiarise us with the people and customs of his native country—has not voluntarily adopted this vulgar error, and sacrificed truth to effect; but has represented the fiery cross as a cross without fire. The popular way of representing the fiery cross is as a blazing brand or torch, on which a cross-piece of wood has been fixed, or with flame proceeding from the three points of the upper portion of the cross. It appeared thus in a cartoon by Leech in *Punch*.* Perhaps it is the theatrical method of realising the idea of the fiery cross.

*Vol. xxi, p. 98 (1851) illustrative of an Irish ecclesiastical subject.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Aird of Carradale—Danish Forts—Torrisdale Castle—Carradale House—The Skipper and the Herring King—The Porphry Isle.

AIRD OF CARRADALE.

About fifteen miles south of Skipness, on the Cantire shore of Kilbrannan Sound, is the Point or Aird of Carradale, a bold headland of ragged rocks that stretches for about a mile in a southerly direction, and thus encloses a beautiful little bay, which is only open to the south. The entrance to Carradale Bay, however, is not particularly safe in rough weather, which is the reason for the Glasgow and Campbelton steamers only undertaking to call there "weather permitting." A very strong current sweeps round from the bay, and the Point abounds with sunken rocks, which make it dangerous for a heavily laden vessel, in certain states of the tide, to approach too near to Carradale Pier. During the herring season the steamer from Campbelton calls daily at Carradale, and the farmers of the country take advantage of this to ship large numbers of cattle to Glasgow. For this purpose they are landed at Largieside from Gigha and elsewhere, and driven across the moors from the western to the eastern coast. In addition to the herring fishery off the Carradale coast, which is very successfully carried on, there is very excellent white fishing. Cod, ling, coalfish or stanelock, hake, mackerel, haddock, and whiting are found in shoals upon the banks. Lobsters are also numerous and of the finest quality, and in March, 1862, a Brobdingnagian codfish was captured in Carradale Bay, measuring five feet in length, 48 inches in circumference, and weighing 110 lbs. In the Carradale river, and also in the adjacent Torrisdale river, very excellent trout and salmon fishing is obtained, while the moors abound in game.

Torrisdale is just at the entrance of Carradale Bay, and the scenery around the two places is remarkably fine. Beinn-an-Tuirc, Cantire's monarch of mountains, is on the Torrisdale estate, and its range of heathery hills make a noble background to the view.

There is an abundance of thriving plantations on the two estates, which also largely contribute to the picturesqueness of the scene. The Scotch fir and larch are particularly luxuriant, and the oak and ash also flourish. Of the botany of the district, the Rev. J. Macfarlane says:—"The *Sedum anglicum* grows thickly on the rocks fronting the sea. Some of the larger St. John's wort *(Hypericum Androsœmum)* is found among the wooded cliffs; and on the dry sand in Carradale Bay, above high-water mark, are some plants of great beauty and interest. The bright blue-flowered oyster plant *(Lithospermum maritimum)* and the *Convolvulus soldanella* are frequent on the natural pastures near the sea. The purple loose-stripe *(Lysimachia thyrsiflora)* is common near the ditches and streams. The smaller pimpernal *(Anagallis tenella)* spreads in the moist sunny spots on the hill side; and farther back in the peat-bogs and tarns on the elevated moors, the resort of the wild duck and her brood, there is the white water-lily *(Nymphœa alba)* in abundance."

On various headlands on the Cantire side of Kilbrannan Sound are the remains of those small forts, called *Duns*, which are attributed to the Danes. The most important of these

DANISH FORTS

was on Carradale Point, and measured 240 feet in length by 72 in breadth. Like Dunaverty, it was built on the edge of a cliff, and was only accessible on the landward side, where it was defended by a deep broad ditch. Nearly a mile south-west of this, on the extremity of the small peninsula that bounds Carradale Bay on the east, are the ruins of one of those vitrified forts which are found on Dunskeig Hill and elsewhere in Cantire, and which have proved such a bone of contention to curious enquirers, and remain to this day an unsolved problem. Fusion and the aboriginal Celts would seem to form the correct solution of the enigma. The artificial nature of the construction and the fused rock work is very clearly seen in this Carradale specimen of a vitrified fort, which is in a very fair state of preservation. It walls took the elliptical form of the rock on which they were built, having a circumference of about 150 yards, with a greater or less diameter of 60 and 25 yards. These forts and *Duns*

served as watch-towers, on which beacon fires could be exhibited, and the signal fire at Carradale telegraphed its alarm to the defenders of Fingal's Fort (Dun-Fuinn) in Arran. Cantire, accounted among the Sudereys, or Southern Isles, together with Arran, had great dealings with its insular neighbour—offensive, defensive, and friendly. Lands in Arran, as we have elsewhere seen, went to the support of Saddell Abbey; but, despite these intimate relations, the taxpayers in Arran were frequently found in arms against their Cantire neighbours. We are told by Arran's latest historian,* that the island was repeatedly invaded from Cantire, and that the castles of Brodick, Lochranza, and Kildonan, were fortified and garrisoned, and a little navy of galleys, manned by the vassals of the chiefs, floated about within the bays and around the coasts of Arran; nevertheless, in spite of every vigilance and precaution, raids were made by the men of Cantire, who laid waste the Arran lands and carried off the cattle. Indeed, tradition tells of a great battle fought between the natives of Cantire and Arran at Tor Castle, or Castle Hill, when the Arran men were encouraged to victory by the cheers of their wives and children, who crowded the Clappen Hill to witness the conflict. After a desperate struggle the invaders were repulsed, and forced to seek safety in their ships. The view of Arran across the waters of Kilbrannan Sound—not more than three miles at the narrowest part—is an immense addition to the attractions of Carradale and Torrisdale; and the Sound itself, with its fishing craft and passing vessels, usually presents a busy scene. On 27th July, 1863, H.M.S. "The Racoon," with its lieutenant, Prince Alfred, on board, passed up the Sound amid many demonstrations of loyalty from the people of Cantire. A boat, with a party from Torrisdale Castle, pulled near to the ship and saluted the sailor Prince with three hearty cheers. Their salute was acknowledged by the Prince himself waving his white handkerchief to them from the quarter-deck, and by the ship's ensign being twice dipped. The Queen also sailed down Kilbrannan Sound, 17th September, 1847, on her way to Campbelton Harbour. Torrisdale Castle and Carradale House are the two chief houses upon their several estates.

*See John Macarthur's *Antiquities of Arran* (1861), pp. 82, 92, 153.

TORRISDALE CASTLE.

perhaps the finest modern building in Cantire, was erected by the late General MacAlister. The castle is a very handsome and imposing structure of stone, in the gothic style, although the present building is merely intended to form a wing for a far grander structure. Its top is turreted all round, with machicolations. It has square towers at three of its corners, and an octagonal tower at the fourth. The outer hall is in advance of the rest of the building,

GLENBARR.

and is of itself a miniature castle. The windows are varied between square-headed with labels, gothic pointed, and narrow lancets; and those of the two former styles are filled in with mullions and tracery. A large castellated gate-house gives admittance to the gravel drive that leads to the house. The castle stands on a fine plateau, at an elevation of 70 or 80 feet above the sea, which is about 500 yards in advance of its south-eastern front. Between the two runs the river,

spanned by a one-arch bridge near to the castle, and by a two-arch bridge at a not distant point close upon the shore. From the river the ground rises to the castle with a gentle slope, planted for a park-like effect, and separated from the castle by the wall of a long terrace. Behind the building stretch thriving plantations backed by the hills of the Beinn-an-Tuirc range, whose summits look down upon Barr, Glenbarr Abbey, Glencreggan, and the Atlantic, its broad bosom richly studded with its Hebridean jewels. The castle itself commands the rich prospect of Arran, the long-drawn range of the eastern coast of Cantire, and the waters of Kilbrannan Sound as they widen out into the North Channel.

CARRADALE HOUSE,

standing on the estate of Carradale, now the property of Colonel Carrick Buchanan, of Drumpellier, is a modern-built mansion in the Scottish style, its exterior presenting a series of crow-stepped gables, dormer windows, and small circular towers projecting halfway up the angles of the walls, and crowned with short spires. It is a commodious house, four stories in height, provided with all the improvements suggested or demanded by the comforts and requirements of modern social life. The ground immediately in front of the house is laid out in terraces, and the views around, whether across the Sound to Arran or up the hills to Beinn-an-Tuirc, are of striking beauty. Colonel Buchanan's occupation of the mansion-house and estate, in the summer of 1861, was celebrated by a dinner given by him in a large tent on the lawn before the house, to three hundred of his Carradale tenants. Rustic games and dances concluded the sports of the day, and the pipers awoke the echoes of the summer night as they marshalled the guests homewards. The pier, erected by Colonel Buchanan at Carradale, has been a great boon to the district, which in many other ways has been greatly benefited by himself and Mrs. Buchanan. Carradale Glen and the hills around it are by no means destitute of their peculiar folk-lore and traditions. The great plague of 1666, which is said to have come "in a great white cloud" from Ayrshire to Cantire, was very fatal in this district, where whole households died, with none to

bury them, until their thatched houses fell in ruins over their bodies and thus provided them with cairns. Of *Uaigh Mhic Caoga*, or "the grave of MacCaog," who in his horror of not being decently buried, had his grave dug in Carradale Glen, and there waited in it until the plague struck him, I have already told in *Glencreggan*.

I wish to tell you a story narrated to me by one of the oldest inhabitants of the old town. It was one day when I had been poking about there, according to my custom; and I had asked why a certain house had been allowed to fall to ruin. I was told that no one would live in it, because it was haunted by the skipper's ghost. The mention of the skipper's ghost was sufficient to arouse my curiosity; and, after a time, I was made acquainted with the events that led to the skipper being raised to the questionable dignity of figuring as the ghost of Glenfyne.

THE SKIPPER AND THE HERRING KING.

My father, said my informant, was a native of Glenfyne, which was then, as I need hardly remind you, merely a fishing town; and he was engaged in the chief occupation of the place, the herring fishery. Although I am now getting into the vale of years, still my memory has not yet failed me; and I can vividly recall the many things that my father was accustomed to tell me in connection with the fishery, and the manner in which it was conducted in the days of his youth. It was then in its most prosperous state; and our merchants were not content with sending many vessels to spots near home, but despatched them to stations in the Northern seas, manned with able seamen, and built of a strength sufficient to enable them to cope with the fiercest storms that encountered them on the open sea or drove them on the rock-bound coast. Each vessel was furnished with an abundant supply of nets, and with three or four fishing boats; and to each of these boats there were four men, one of whom was called the master of that boat, and received higher wages than the other three. The large sloops had about twenty men on board. These would be the captain—or "skipper," as he was commonly called—the mate, the cooper, the cook, and the sixteen

men to the four boats. The sloop had good accommodation for all; the skipper and the mate had berths in the cabin, the rest in the steerage. A great number of fine young men from the retired glens and sequestered districts of the Western Highlands used to take trips to the distant herring fisheries. It was a new life to them, and carried them to fresh quarters and among novel scenes; and it formed an excellent school in which they were taught to be vigilant and hardy seamen. Many a brave West Highlander, who fought under glorious Nelson or "old Cuddy"—as Lord Collingwood was affectionately called—had first served his sea-apprenticeship as a herring fisher in the Northern seas.

One of the Glenfyne skippers was a certain Donald Baine, who, when he was on shore, lived in that house which is now supposed to be haunted by his ghost. My father had reached his twentieth year without ever having been out of sight of Glenfyne; and being a fine, high-spirited young man, and wishful to see a little change, he hired himself to Donald Baine, to go with him on his next herring fishing trip to the Northern seas. No particular place could be named where they would go, as their destination entirely depended on the course taken by the herring shoals; and sometimes the herrings led them on to the regions of eternal snow and ice. The skippers always prepared their vessels for this, and victualled them for fear of being detained in the ice fields. You may be sure that the casks of whisky were not forgotten, especially by Donald Baine, who had the reputation of being a hard drinker, though a good master. Like many others skippers, too, Donald Baine was a superstitious man, and very attentive to omens. And, when my father sailed with him, the skipper would not start until the weather was "dirty," as it was considered to bring good luck to the fishing, which was always best in stormy weather. When they had stood out from shore and had hoisted the sails, and were almost out of sight of Glenfyne, the skipper called all hands to bless the ship. This blessing the ship when they had put to sea has gone out of practice now, but a hundred years ago it was in constant use; and I have heard that it came out of an old Irish prayer book, and was composed and printed by an Irishman who, three hundred years ago, became Bishop of Argyll. Perhaps Donald Baine looked at it more

in the light of a charm than a real prayer; but he never put out to sea without going through this old form of blessing the ship. My father heard it for the first time, and I afterwards learnt it by heart.

First of all the skipper said, "Let us bless our ship;" and the crew said, "God the Father bless her."

Again the skipper said, "Let us bless our ship;" and the crew reverently replied, "Jesus Christ bless her."

A third time the skipper said, "Let us bless our ship;" and the crew answered, "The Holy Ghost bless her."

Then the skipper said, "What do you fear, since God the Father is with you?" and the crew replied, "We do not fear anything."

"What do you fear since God the Son is with you?" "We do not fear anything."

"What are you afraid of since God the Holy Ghost is with you?" "We are not afraid of anything."

Then the skipper offered up this prayer: "God the Father Almighty, for the love of Jesus Christ, his Son, by the comfort of the Holy Ghost, the one God who miraculously brought the children of Israel through the Red Sea, and brought Jonas to land out of the belly of the whale, and the Apostle Paul and his ship to safety from the troubled, raging sea, and from the violence of a tempestuous storm—deliver, sanctify, bless, and conduct us peaceably, calmly, and comfortably through the sea to our harbour, according to His Divine will; which we beg, saying—" and then followed the Lord's Prayer, repeated by the whole crew.

Such was the form of prayer that was called the blessing of the ship; and, if the whole voyage had been taken according to the spirit of this prayer, it would not have ended so disastrously for the skipper and his crew. They hoisted sail, and Glenfyne soon sank out of their sight. My father enjoyed the change, and was glad when they had got to the open sea and had reached the fishing ground. Then the skipper gave the word to man the boats. Each man had an oat-cake or bannock after dinner, and beef and water served out for his supper. Then they had to shoot the nets; and if they found, by hauling in a part of the net, that the herring was "going in use"—as it was termed—they would then take a sleep; but

when the cold was excessive they were forced to move about and take exercise. Yet it was no uncommon thing for them to drop asleep and be covered with the falling snow; and in such weather, and in such cold latitudes, it was surprising how they could thus live in an open boat without sail or covering. But it was not all sleep that they got in the night; for they had to pull to the various stations where the buoys and bladders marked the spots where the trains of nets had been set. If they had a good fishing during the night the skipper would give them a glass of whisky when they reached the ship in the morning, and the cook would have ready for them a breakfast of porridge and molasses. Then they had to pack and salt the herrings, to man the boats, and, in the dusk, to betake themselves once more to their fishing grounds. If the night proved unusually rough and stormy, they would, if near enough to land, lie in lee of some creek; and now and then they would even pull to shore and seek shelter at the nearest hut, where they would be sure to find a warm welcome. But let the night be ever so rough and stormy, the skipper would not be pleased to see them back before the morning; and if they had the bad luck to return with empty nets, he had many ways to show them his displeasure. One of these methods was to stop their grog; for the skipper had charge of the meat and drink on board, and the owners sent as much whisky as would give at least one glass a day to each man throughout the season. Donald Baine, like other skippers, spent most of his time when in harbour in eating and drinking at his own house, and in visiting from vessel to vessel; and when on board he was a thirsty soul, like most of his race, who often dipped so deeply into the whisky cask that, before the end of the voyage, there was none left for themselves or their men; and they were scarcely sober so long as the voyage lasted. But the fishermen themselves had private supplies of their own; and, also, had many ways of procuring drams from the curers.

But my father liked the life—wild and rough and hard as it was—and Donald Baine was, perhaps, as good a master as any other skipper would have been. Like all of them, he drank hard; and by the time they were off the Norway coast he drank harder. The weather was very rough, and much snow had fallen, and my

father and his boat's crew had had an unusually trying night, when the skipper said to them, as they got on board the ship in the morning—

"My lads, I've good news for you! I've seen the Herring King."

Now, you, perhaps, can scarcely understand how this could have been good news; but the crew did not want any explanation, because they all believed in the King of the Herrings. Even my father did not require to be enlightened on this point; for it was a matter of faith with every fisherman in Glenfyne that the herring shoals were led by a fish who was their king, and who was two or three times larger than the ordinary herrings. So that, if you were lucky enough to spy the Herring King, you might be safe to make a great haul among the shoals that followed him. My father and all on board well knew this, and quite believed it: and they often had told among themselves the old Gaelic legend how it was that the herring came to be king of the seas. It was at the time when the fish had gathered together to choose them a king; and the fluke had made sure of being chosen on account of his pretty red spots. But, in his vanity, he stayed at home so long dressing himself up and putting on his red spots, that he stayed too late; and, by the time he had got to the place of meeting, he found that it was ended, and that the fish had elected the herring to be their king.

"What a king!" said the fluke. "A simple fish like the herring to be king of the sea, and I and my pretty red spots to be rejected!"

And the fluke sneered so much, that his mouth went all on one side; and as a judgment on him, and a warning not to be too vain and confident, every fluke has carried a curled mouth from that day to this.

Such was the legend: and every one on board believed not only that the herring was king of the sea, but also that there was a Herring King. So, when the skipper told them that he had seen the Herring King, they thought it was good news indeed. Then he told them all about it, and in what direction it was that the king was leading the shoal. It was due north. But they were not surprised at this, because their was a belief at that time that the

herring shoals chiefly came from the Arctic regions. The skipper had the ship steered due north, and every one on board was straining his eyes to catch sight of the Herring King. The weather got worse, and the snow fell heavily, and the night work in the open boats became more and more trying; but it was bravely borne, for my father and every one else had a full persuasion that they were in the Herring King's track, and that they should make their fortune. So they went on, day after day, and night after night; but no one of them was so fortunate as to see the Herring King, except the skipper. Each day he declared that he had seen him, and each he was in a different direction. He harassed the crew by sending them out in their boats, hither and thither, even when the snow was blinding them and numbing their hands, so that they were scarcely able to use their oars, which were well-nigh frozen in their tow holes, as they were called. But send them about as he might, not one of them ever set eyes on the King of the Herrings; nor did they meet with shoals of fish. So they were doing badly; and the farther north they sailed the worse they seemed to do, and the harder work it was to the crew.

All this time the skipper was drinking deeply; and the more they went after the Herring King the oftener he paid a visit to the whisky cask. As each on board had provided himself with a private stock of whisky, they soon began to comfort themselves in the same way that their skipper was doing; and the ship was fast getting into a state of lawlessness. This the skipper could perceive, although he was blinding his faculties by incessant drinking. But he was possessed by the idea that he was in the Herring King's track; and that, if they followed it, they should have such a take of fish as had never before been heard of. So he insisted on pressing on, in a northerly direction, although they had already encountered some floating fragments of ice. At last, when this had gone on for more than a week, and no one—the skipper excepted—had seen anything of the Herring King, the crew remonstrated with him, and begged him to turn the head of the vessel in the direction of home. It was something like a mutiny. But Donald Baine had a stout heart; and he vowed, with many oaths, that he would be master in his own ship, and that he would never turn towards Glenfyne until

the King of the Herrings led him there. Remonstrances were in vain, although they talked it over with him during the day. In the evening, when the boats should have been put out for the night, one or two men refused to enter them, protesting that it was useless to get among the ice, and that the Herring King was nowhere in that quarter. The skipper threatened, and high words ensued; and the skipper, taking out his pistol, declared he would blow out the brains of the first man who dared to disobey his orders. They were cowed for a time, and prepared to obey his behests; though my father and one or two others spoke secretly among themselves, and declared that, when they had put out to sea for the night, they would steal off and leave the skipper to his fate. Either the skipper overheard them, or suspected something of the kind, for he suddenly ordered them to stop, and said that there should be no fishing until the next night.

All on board spent that night in drinking. The ship was left to take her own course. The skipper was shut up in his cabin, and the crew caroused and sang in a defiant way. When the day dawned they found the ship surrounded by large masses of ice, some of which grated against the sides of the vessel. The skipper was still shut up in his cabin, drinking whisky. His men went to him, half or wholly drunk as they were, and insisted that the course of the ship should be at once changed. The skipper said that the king of the herrings must change their course; and that, if the Herring King would not do so, he would sail right on to the North Pole. An angry, drunken discussion ensued. The skipper grew furious with rage, and threatened them with his pistol. What followed was never very clearly explained; perhaps there was a scuffle to get hold of the pistol. At any rate it went off, and shot the master of my father's boat through the shoulder. It was not a bad wound, but it drew blood, and made the man beside himself with passion. He at once threw himself upon the skipper, and called upon his comrades to help him. They did so; and, after a strong tussle, the skipper was securely tied, hand and foot, with a rope. He roared stoutly for mercy, and prayed them not to shoot him. But they had no intention of taking his life, although they were somewhat puzzled to know what to do with him. To assist

them in their deliberations, they helped themselves liberally to the skipper's private whisky cask. This did not mend matters.

A great block of ice was crunching and grinding against the ship's side; and this suggested to one of them that, as the skipper was so determined upon taking them into the ice, he should have a taste of it himself. A bit of a sail on an ice-floe, they thought, would sober him and bring him back to his senses, and persuade him that it was folly to sail after the Herring King, unless he did so in the direction of Glenfyne. The idea was at once acted upon. The drunken fishermen took their drunken skipper, and tied a rope securely round his body. They then took him on deck, lifted him over the side of the ship, and lowered him on to the ice-floe, keeping him tethered to the side of the ship by the rope. As his hands and feet were bound by a cord, he lay like a log upon the ice, though he alternately cursed them and prayed them to haul him on board again. Then they began to make sport of him, and declared that they would never take him into the ship again unless he would solemnly swear never to punish them, or to say a word as to what they had done, and they also demanded that when he came on board he should forthwith alter the ship's course for Glenfyne. At first the skipper defied them, and dared them to kill him; and vowed that he would hang every one of them as soon as he got back to Glenfyne. He also declared that he would make them sail in the Herring King's track, although they had to winter among the icebergs. By way of answer to him, they pushed off farther from the ice, letting out the rope that tethered him to them to its fullest extent. This went on for an hour or more, and at last they made the skipper promise to do as they wished; but they could not extract this promise from him until they had threatened to cut the rope and set him adrift. They had no intention of carrying their threat into execution; but the prospect of thus floating away to a terrible death compelled the skipper to yield to their demands.

They were preparing to pull him back to the ship, when the rope broke. The jerk had caused the ice-floe to drift further from them, and the ship itself seemed to be sailing away from the unfortunate skipper. He did not, however, lose his presence of mind, but roared out to them to lower a boat, and come and fetch

him. What with being frightened, as well as drunk, they took a much longer time in getting out the boat than they otherwise would have done; and, meanwhile, the ice-floe was rapidly floating away from them, towards a great pack of ice that was crowned with lofty bergs. All this time the poor skipper was lying, bound hand and foot, and only able just to roll himself from one side to the other; but he shouted to them over the water in a piteous manner. At last they lowered a boat, and pulled off to release him. As they left the ship a new horror sprang up for the skipper: a huge Polar bear appeared standing on the ice-pack, just above him, and glaring down upon him with green, greedy eyes. Unfortunately, the bear was not at first seen by those in the boat, or they might have brought guns with them, and have either shot him or kept him at bay until they could have released the skipper from his perilous situation, but they were too late thus to aid him.

The wretched man had at once seen the shaggy monster; and from the very extremity of his terror had, at the first, been unable to cry for help At last, in a mortal agony of dread, he cried aloud. The deep roar of the bear was the only response, as the brute descended to where he lay, tightly bound with the cords. The boat was pulling nearer to the ice-floe, but the Polar bear was nearer still; and, in another instant, had sprung upon his victim. The terrific yell of the skipper reached the ears of the boat's crew, and they saw the terrible tragedy that they had, as it were, originated, and which was now being played before their eyes. They yelled back, hoping to frighten the bear from his deadly work; but to no effect; and not even when their boat grounded against the ice-floe did the bear let go his hold from his mangled victim. My father was the first to jump on the ice, and, armed with a boat-hook, bravely rushed at the bear. Two other sailors quickly followed him, with oars; but even then the bear kept his hold of the skipper's body, and only turned upon them, snarling and growling. The poor skipper had ceased to cry, and appeared to be dead; his body covered with blood, and frightfully torn and mangled.

My father said that they fought with the bear for some time before they could make him quit his hold; and that he snapped two of the oars, as though they had been rotten sticks; and it was not

until the two other men, having secured the boat, were able to come to their assistance, that they were able to drive away the bear from the skipper's body. But at last they succeeded in doing so; and the brute climbed on to a berg, where he sat watching them with hungry eyes, hoping to return to his prey. How they longed that they had brought a gun or two with them. They very quickly got the skipper into the boat, and pulled his mangled body back to the ship, meeting another boat's crew, who were hastening to their assistance, and who had seen the fight with the bear. This boat's crew, I may here say, had brought guns with them, and they at once pulled on to the ice-pack, and went after the bear; but they only succeeded in getting a long shot at him, which, it was thought, did not hurt him.

Contrary to expectation, the skipper was not dead: he had fainted from exhaustion and the shock to his nervous system. They were sober enough now, and did all that they possibly could do to dress his wounds and ease his pain; but he never rallied sufficiently to appear to know what was going on. All the while he imagined that he was in the Herring King's track; and, in his rambling talk, he gave orders that the ship's course should be guided by the king of the herrings The mate had assumed the command, and they had at once set sail for home. It was an anxious time for all on board, and they took daily counsel for their future action. Many days were thus passed, and still the skipper lived; but he said but little, and always appeared to be thinking that he was sailing after the Herring King.

One afternoon, while my father was dressing the skipper's wounds, and bathing his poor head, Donald Baine suddenly said, "Call all hands to bless the ship!" The crew came round his bed; but he appeared to have dosed off again, for he kept quite quiet for some time. Then he roused himself again; and, to the surprise of all, repeated in a clear voice these words, from the prayer that he used in the blessing of the ship:—"Deliver, sanctify, bless, and conduct us peaceably, calmly, and comfortably through the sea to our harbour, according to His Divine will; which we beg, saying, Our Father—;" and, while he was saying the Lord's Prayer, the skipper's spirit passed away

A few days after this they reached Glenfyne, and gave up his body to the authorities. An inquiry was made, and an examination was held, but nothing particular came of it; and as the body bore terrible evidence of the peculiar wounds that had been inflicted upon it, it was judged that the skipper's death was the result of an accident. But the events that led to it were carefully kept secret. Happily, the skipper had no wife or child, and his property went to a cousin, who knew very little of him. So poor Donald Baine was buried up in the old Abbey graveyard, just above Glenfyne; and his death was soon forgotten by all save by those through whose conduct it had been hastened. It was not till years after that the truth leaked out; and when it did so, the skipper's house, which had been vacant since his death, was regarded with superstitious dread. At last, people said it was haunted; and so, as no one could be found to live in it, it was allowed to fall to decay, until it became just what you see it—the shabbiest and most ruinous house in the old town of Glenfyne.

THE PORPHYRY ISLE.

The spacious and beautiful harbour of Campbelton is two miles in length, and, at its mouth or entrance from Kilbrannan Sound, is landlocked by the natural breakwater made by the rocky island of Davaar, "the porphyry isle."* This bold rock, which is about a mile and a half in circumference, and has a good grazing ground high above its porphyry cliffs, is an island only at high water, being connected with the southern shore of the harbour by a long spit of shingle, nearly half a mile in length, called the Dorlin. It has been thus described in Professor Shairp's poem of *Kilmahoe*. There, he says—

> "Tower the bold porphyry cliffs of Isle Davaar,
> Linked to the land by a long sandy bar,
> Whereon, at ebb of tide, a child may go
> Dryshod to the island; but the returning flow
> Quite cancels it, and though a herring yawl
> For a brief space at the flood-tide may crawl
> Gratingly over it, if, in haste to make

* For view of Loch and Isle Davaar, see page 27.

The harbour, some large craft the passage take,
She straight is stranded.
. . . . Many a shuddering cry
Of seamen in their shipwrecked agony
Hath smote these cruel crags, in the blank dark
Of winter nights, when some poor helpless bark,
After long battle till the day grew blind,
Groping through night the harbour mouth to find,
Won for a haven but the iron bound
Back of the island, and the gulf profound."

Many vessels, indeed, have been wrecked in the manner thus described by the author of *Kilmahoe;* for, as the sandy bar was only visible at low water, in a smooth sea, and on a clear day, and separated the island from the mainland by the interval of nearly half a mile, it was a very common occurrence for those who were not acquainted with the locality to attempt to run into the harbour by the southern side of the island instead of the northern, and, in this way (as mentioned by Pennant), to ground on the Dorlin bar. To prevent these accidents, a lighthouse, showing a revolving light, was erected in 1854 on the eastern front of the island. Davaar and Dorlin Bar form a natural breakwater to interrupt the violence of the waves, and thus render the anchorage in Campbelton Harbour particularly safe.

"From that island's crown
Landward a slope of heather shelveth down
To meet the bar, but all the outward sides
Sheer walls of porphyry stem the swinging tides
The Atlantic sendeth, when the strong south-west
Blowing his clarion, 'gainst the rock wall breast
Heaves the great billows. On a breezy day,
The island seen from hill tops far away
Stands out encinctured white with zone of foam,
Like a fair maiden. View it nearer home,
Wave springs on wave against the adamant wall,
Leaping like lions, then to flash and fall,
Down-driven, baffled, and to seethe and moan
Among the splintered blocks and boulders strown
Along the basement."

The entrance to the harbour is thus narrowed to a channel not more than half a mile wide, but with a depth of fifteen fathoms, and

it is so landlocked and protected by Isle Davaar and its bar from the violence of all gales, that in rough weather a vessel has no sooner passed the lighthouse than she finds herself in smooth water, in a beautifully sheltered bay, about two miles deep and one mile broad, with commodious quays at its further extremity.

So still and calm is the water in this bay, that, in severe winters, it is frozen over; and on February 26, 1864, a Campbeltown correspondent wrote thus:—"Our bay, at all times lovely, presented on the mornings of Wednesday and Thursday last a scene of more than ordinary splendour. No sooner had Davaar lifted his huge shadow and allowed the rays of the morning sun to strike on the frozen surface of the loch, than a picture of unrivalled beauty was presented which would have afforded great delight to an artist or poet. The ice on Thursday was so thick that some fishing boats could not put to sea until the steamer had left for Glasgow, and, in going out, had made a channel. The surface of the loch has not been frozen to so great an extent, at such an advanced period of the season, within the memory of that mythical personage 'the oldest inhabitant.'" During the autumn the most richly variegated specimens of the medusæ may be seen floating in the clear waters of this landlocked bay.

Isle Davaar is about a mile and a half in circumference. The tract of old red sandstone which is found on the southern shore, and round the eastern shore to some distance below Achanatonn, is here associated with trap. Considerable masses of porphyry occur in this tract, and they are most conspicuous in Isle Davaar. The red, green, and brown varieties of porphyry are there found in great abundance and beauty, and well entitle Davaar to be called the Porphyry Isle. The action of the waves—more especially on the south-western part of the island, where its rock assumes its most precipitous appearance—has honeycombed the base of the cliff into innumerable caves, some of which are of a large size. These caverns have been here and there assisted by art, and communications have been made from one to other of them, so that the stranger stands in need of a guide to enable him to thread their labyrinth. They can be visited at low water and their grottoes explored with ease, when so many charming scenes will be revealed

that the stranger will probably remember these sea caves as not the least among the many attractions of Isle Davaar.

The top of the island, above its porphyry cliffs, is covered with grass and heather, and has been used for grazing purposes. A small house stands on the south-western shore of Isle Davaar, and has not unfrequently been found a place of refuge for visitors who have neglected to return to the mainland before the high tide has swept over the bar and cut off their retreat. The visitor, therefore, to the island may do well to remember the dangers of the Dorlin, and so to arrange his sight-seeing as not to be detained by the tide a prisoner on the Porphyry Isle.

CHAPTER XV.

The Colonel's Cargo—Let go the Painter—The Old Soldier—The Old Sailor—The Captain of "the Napeen"—Tales of the Western Highland Freebooters—The Cattle Lifting of the MacIvers—The Wary Traveller—The Stolen Goat—The Hangman's Rock—Christy's Rock—The Pot of Money.

The town of Campbelton encircles the upper end of the harbour, and extends round "Loch-end" to its northern suburb, which is still called by its ancient name of Dalintober. It has its own little harbour and quay, and has all the bustle of a fishing port. Getting into a conversation here with an old inhabitant, he told me as follows concerning

THE COLONEL'S CARGO.

Well do I remember, when I was a boy of ten years of age, a vessel coming to Dalintober Quay and discharging a cargo of heavy trunks, the spoils of the poor Irish. It was in the rebellion of '98, when Captain ——, who commanded a company of the Campbelton Volunteers, and was afterwards made colonel of the Argyll Fencibles, had fought in the battle of Balnahinch, where the rebels were worsted. I well remember the day, for, more's the pity, it was the Sabbath, and, boy as I was, I knew that I was profaning the Lord's day. But the Colonel would not be gainsaid, and I helped with the cargo, and in carting it away to his house. But it profited him nothing; and the rich spoils quickly got a way to depart, for his wife was extravagant, being the daughter of that other colonel who had come with great wealth from the East Indies, and who, on fair days, would sit at a front window of the Argyll Inn with two bags of silver and copper coins, which he would throw among the crowd. It was light come light go with the colonel, and the same with his daughter; and, before the colonel died, he was not worth a shilling in the world.

This Dalintober Quay, said my friend, brings to my mind another circumstance that happened on this spot when I was a young

man. I very well remember the occurrence, and, if you like, I will tell you the story. I should call it

LET GO THE PAINTER!

The prominent effect of our fallen nature is our ostentation and national pride; we exalt ourselves and despise others, forgetting the golden rule to esteem others better than ourselves. The Cantirians contracted a mischievous antipathy towards their Arran neighbours, in the way of ridicule and mimicry of their pronunciation of the Gaelic language. This consisted chiefly in their manner of sounding the letter *a*, which they pronounced as in the English words *day*, *may*, *say*; whereas the Cantirians sounded it as in the words *draw*, *law*, *awe*; and thus an Arran man might easily be known from a native of Cantire by his manner of speaking Gaelic. Although the two races mimicked and laughed at each other, yet they did not allow any differences on this point to injure their commerce: they understood their mutual interests too well for that. And so the Arran folks came across the Sound of Kilbrannan with good money in their purses, for it was not scanty with them, and bought cows, horses, pigs, meal, and potatoes, and smuggled casks of whisky. Let me do justice to the Arranders, who deserve to be admired for frugality, activity, and diligence in acquiring wealth; in these respects none of the Western Islanders can surpass them—unless it be the men of Cantire!

The breadth of the Sound of Kilbrannan, that divides Arran from Cantire, is only a few miles; *so that, on a fine summer's morning, you may hear a cock crowing or a dog barking on either side of the channel; and it is quite easy to cross from one side to the other, except at the time of a great storm. Should people be detained by stress of weather, they would be hospitably entertained on either side of the channel; for no people in the world are more hospitable than the people of Arran—unless it be the natives of Cantire! I am a Cantire man, and I am standing on Cantire ground,

* Not more than three miles at the narrowest point. On July 27th, 1863, H.M.S. the *Racoon*, with its lieutenant, Prince Alfred, on board, passed up the Sound amid many demonstrations of loyalty from the people of Cantire. A boat, with a party from Torrisdale Castle pulled near to the ship, and saluted the Prince, who waved his handkerchief; the ship's ensign being twice dipped in acknowledgment of the salutations.

so a cock may be allowed to crow on his own dunghill. This reminds me of a story of Cantire hospitality and Cantire traffic with Arran.

It was in the year 1800, or thereabouts, when some dealers from Arran had come across to a fair at Campbelton, and had bought largely of horses and sheep and cattle. Their business being over, they had no objection to be treated to a little Campbelton whisky;

CAMPBELTON HARBOUR.

so they and the people with whom they had been dealing went to an inn and there enjoyed themselves. As there was no stint on either side, a goodly quantity of whisky was consumed; and when the Arranders made up their minds that they must be getting back home, they found that the night was far advanced and that there was no moon. But, although the sky was dark yet the night was calm, and as they knew the channel so well, they thought that they could not get out of their right course. They, therefore, determined to make the best of their way home, and bade their entertainers

good-night. Perhaps they had drunk a little more whisky than was good for them, for it was not without difficulty that they got down to their boat, moored at Dalintober quay. But they did get there at last, and got themselves on board and settled down to the oars. They were in great glee, for they felt more at home in the boat than in staggering on the shore, so they pulled away lustily at the oars, and, as they did so, they sang a Gaelic song in full chorus. This was their song :—

"Thugamaid fonn air dol dachaidh,
Thugamaid fonn air dol dachaidh,
O'n dh'fhàs ar n' aran gann,
Ollamaid leann, gus an sgag sinn.

Let us sing as we go home,
Let us sing with joy and pleasure!
Since our bread is getting scarce,
We'll drink ale without measure!"

It was something more potent than ale that gave strength to their song, whose burden was echoed from Cnocscallopil to Beinngollian, and was repeated and re-echoed, until the singers were wearied with its iterations. For one may have too much of singing, however much it may enliven the spirits and lighten the labour of pulling the oar, and one may also have too much of rowing, especially when you have to tug and strain through the long hours of the dark night, with no star to guide your course and nothing but pitchy blackness all around. And the Arranders found this to be the case; and first ceased their singing, and then stopped rowing, and began to wonder why it was that they did not touch their own shore. They felt sure that they had kept the boat's head in the right direction, and that they were not drifting for Ailsa or the Mull. The sea was as calm as a duck-pond and they were in no danger, but still it was strange that they should still be keeping to mid-channel instead of grounding on their own beach. The exercise and the night air had sobered them, and when the first glimmer of dawn came in the eastern sky, and made their position sufficiently apparent, they were able to realise it in all its absurdity. If the Cantirians had ever laughed at them before, what would they do now! They had been pulling and tugging at the oars through the live-

long night, and had not made so much progress as a single boat's length. In fact they had been stationary during the whole time, for when they had got into the boat they had neglected to *let go the painter*, and, consequently, the rope had only allowed them to drift its length, and had then pulled them up tight and taut.

Of course they had no sooner perceived their situation than they took immediate measures to make good their escape before their Cantire friends should discover their ridiculous method of passing the night. But in this they failed, for their noisy singing had betrayed them, and there was no one who lived within ear-shot of Dalintober quay but had been kept awake half the night by the continuous shouting of the Arrander's boat-song. Although they unfastened the painter, and plied their oars steadily but quietly, and pulled out of the harbour and away to their own island as quickly as ever they could, yet they did not succeed in making their escape before more than one Peeping Tom had seen them leave Dalintober quay. You may be sure that the Arranders did not hear the last of it, so that, even to this day, the joke is remembered against them, and when they come to Campbelton fair and stay rather long into the night over their bottle and reckonings, they will understand perfectly well what you mean, if, when they are about taking to their boat, you will tell them not to forget to *let go the painter.*

THE OLD SOLDIER.

James Macintosh was a policeman in Campbelton a score of years or more ago, and died there, and is buried at Kilkerran. He had previously been a soldier, and had fought in fifteen battles against Buonaparte, in France and Spain, where he had got several wounds, and one bullet, which could not be extracted, he carried to the grave with him. He had many tales to tell of his stirring adventures in the gory scenes of war, of which these are two.

It was in one of the terrible engagements between the British and French when both sides had suffered greatly, and had withdrawn for a time in order to make preparations for a final struggle. Macintosh and others were ordered to clear the highway of the dead bodies that covered it, in order that they might not be mangled by

the wheels of the heavy guns. The bodies were, therefore, laid in the ditch by the road side; and, while they were at this work, Macintosh spyed something glittering on the breast of a foreign officer. He took it away, and afterwards found it to be a crucifix of solid gold set with precious stones, which was judged to be of the value of eighty pounds sterling. He went into another engagement directly after this, where, being very hungry and not being able to get anything to eat, he parted with the gold crucifix for a loaf of coarse bread. So lightly do things come and go with a soldier.

Another time he was with his regiment on the top of a hill behind a parapet of earth, and whenever a British soldier looked over this parapet the French sharpshooters would fire at him. Macintosh's captain looked over, and was shot in the breast and fell back dead. A great quantity of blood poured from the wound and stained his coat in a ghastly manner. He was at once carried to the dead-house, where his body was deposited in company with many others. That same night Macintosh was patrolling by the dead-house when he heard a voice demanding to be let out in heaven's name. He was frightened at first, for he recognised it to be the voice of his captain, but at length he mustered courage to say "Is it you, captain dear?" "It is myself and none other," said the captain. "And are ye not dead?" asked Macintosh. "No more than you are," answered the captain; "take me out of this slaughter-house." "Ye're sure ye're no ghost?" asked Macintosh. "No, indeed!" replied the captain.

So James Macintosh procured the key, and having brought some of his comrades with him for company's sake, he unlocked the door, and out jumped the captain as well and active as ever he had been in his life. It seemed that when the bullet struck him on the breast it hit a flask of red wine that was in his breast pocket, and, although the flask was broken, yet it had turned the bullet aside, and the captain had only been thrown down and stunned for a short time by the smartness of the blow. He was not wounded in the least, and was only slightly bruised, while the torrent of blood was nothing more than the pint of red wine from his shattered flask. He had recovered his consciousness soon after being carried to the dead-house, where, as may be imagined, although tolerably familiarised

with death, he had passed a most uncomfortable day. He liberally rewarded Macintosh for releasing him from his terrible prison.

THE OLD SAILOR.

One of our old inhabitants and notabilities some years ago was Archibald Maconochie, "the old sailor," as we always called him. He was a native of Cantire and a great navigator. He had visited many parts of the world, and could discourse eloquently on foreign sights and the manners and customs of various nations. He could speak the French language, could sketch and draw pictures, and well understood music, and, if his history could be written, it would be amusing and instructive.

For the space of eleven years he was a prisoner of war in France, having been captured at sea. He had many companions in his French prison, including ship captains and learned gentlemen, who amused the company with their displays of knowledge, so that those who were inclined to learn had great opportunity for doing so. Although their supply of food was scanty, yet for prisoners they had occasionally a great deal of liberty, being permitted when in a town to go forth and purchase necessaries, and, when being removed from one prison to another, they were allowed on their march to go into such houses as were on their way, where the French people were very kind in giving them food and wine. Archy got on very well with them, for he could speak their language pretty correctly, being partly taught it by many of its words resembling Gaelic.

It was of no use for Archy and his companions to try and run away, for they were shifted about from one prison to another, and kept far from their friends. If they made an effort to escape, they could not go far without being apprehended and more strictly confined. However, the freezing ice of winter, together with the disastrous retreat from Moscow, became ruinous to Buonaparte and the French soldiers, who, throwing open the prisons, gave liberty to the prisoners of war. This gave Archy the pleasure of coming back to his native Highlands.

After he had remained in Cantire for some time, he joined a revenue cruiser on the coast of Scotland, and remained on board her

until he lost his health. He then received a pension, and resided at Witchburn, near Campbelton, until he died. He was palsical some years before his death, and successfully taught navigation to some young men. He became serious, and had a good knowledge of Scripture, but he was somewhat superstitious. One of his chief delusions was that he was bewitched by an old woman who wore a large beard. She troubled him for a long time, and he was unable to rid himself of her visits, until one day, when she was more troublesome than usual, he seized a blazing brand from his hearth and thrust it into her beard, which caught fire, and away she swept out of his door, all aflame. After this she never bewitched him more.

THE CAPTAIN OF "THE NAPEEN."

About the beginning of the present century, when the sound of war reached every city, town, village, and hamlet in Great Britain, "The Napeen" sloop of war frequented Campbelton harbour, manned by Irish and Scotch sailors, Captain Midford being the commander. This vessel cruised round the Mull of Cantire, the south-western coast of Scotland, and the northern coast of Ireland, in order to prevent smuggling, our revenue being greatly defrauded at that time, and the nation getting deeper in debt.

It so happened that Captain Midford fell in love with a beautiful young lady, who resided at Dalintober, on the northern side of Campbelton harbour, and it took up more of his attention to capture her than the smugglers. Consequently he was brought more frequently than he otherwise might have been to Campbelton harbour; indeed, "The Napeen" was seldom out of it. This greatly pleased the Cantire sailors, as they were able to go on shore and enjoy themselves until such time as they saw the signal flag hoisted and heard a great gun discharged, when they would go on board and sail away for a few days' cruise, and then return to the harbour in order that the captain might get speech of his beauty. When the captain was on shore he passed the greater part of his time at the house of the young lady's father, who was also a naval captain, until at last he succeeded in gaining the young lady's heart and hand, and they were married. Before this happy event came about another

event occurred which had well nigh brought trouble upon the captain of "The Napeen," and led to a talk of his being cashiered.

It was one night when he was snugly housed at his intended father-in-law's house at Dalintober, very happy in the society of his lady love; and it was not of his crew that he was thinking. It was the Hallowday fair night at Campbelton, and the Irish sailors from "The Napeen" were in the thick of the fair and making a great disturbance in the streets. The greater part of them had been at the fair all the day, and having shipped on board more of the Campbelton whisky than they could conveniently carry, they found themselves tacking about in queer water and bethinking themselves that they were at Donnybrook Fair. So they could not leave the Campbelton Fair without bringing their shillelahs into play, and they hit out right and left, and attacked any of the fair people who came in their road. The Highlanders turned upon them and gave them a sound drubbing, and the Irishers could only escape by going aboard their ship. When there they showed their messmates their broken heads, and complained that they had been badly treated by the Campbelton men. This gained the sympathy of the crew, and it was resolved that they should all proceed on shore and retaliate on the townspeople.

As soon as it was dark the crew of "The Napeen" landed on the old quay, and marched up Main Street, rank and file armed with cutlasses and other weapons, and drove before them man, woman, and child, making a clean sweep of the fair. Elated by success, they continued their assault until they had nearly driven the fair folk out of the town, and had spread great alarm everywhere. It was a running fight wherever they went, but the people were unable to stand against them, and there were many wounds and contusions. The noise of the riot reached the ears of the veteran Captain Stewart, who came promptly forward, and placing himself at the head of six strongly-armed Highlanders, at once made towards the centre of action and bravely attacked the rioters. At last, under threats that his Highlanders should fire upon them if they did not yield, he compelled them to lay down their weapons and to be marched away as prisoners to Campbelton Jail.

I have a clear recollection of the events of that night, and also

of going to see the captured tars as they lay in jail. Captain Midford was not apprised of the riot until the following morning. A court was held upon his men, and they were sentenced to be placed on board a man-of-war where they would get their fill of fighting our country's enemies. Only one of the crew who had come on shore made his escape, and this he effected by running over to the old quay, jumping into the water, and swimming to his ship. The captain had powerful friends, and, through their influence, he escaped any bad consequences from the misconduct of his crew. "The Napeen" lay for some time in Campbelton Harbour, until she was re-manned.

TALES OF THE WESTERN HIGHLAND FREEBOOTERS.

To the forays, *creachs*, and liftings of the Western Highland freebooters no ideas of moral turpitude were attached. To sally upon a neighbour's property and carry away his flocks and herds was not regarded in the light of robbery, but was a necessary performance for every young laird ere he could win his chieftain's spurs. And ultimately there was no loss to either party, for by a system of reciprocity, the clan whose property had been stolen made good its loss by appropriating to themselves the property of another clan. This peculiar method of transacting business generally resulted in a tolerably equable balancing of accounts between rival clans, and the lifting of cattle was considered to be a perfectly legitimate transaction and one from which its agents derived *kudos* rather than disgrace. Even Field-Marshal Wade could write to the Lord Advocate of Scotland, in the year 1729, and describe, with great satisfaction, "the feast of four oxen which the highwaymen had prepared for" them, though the *kearnachs* or cattle lifters would have been mightily offended with him if they had fancied that he believed them to be no better than English thieves. The cateran or *kearnach* was altogether, in his own and the popular estimation, a different person from the common thief. Donald Bane Leane, the celebrated freebooter, who was executed in Kinloch Rannoch in 1752, remonstrated against his sentence on the ground that he had never committed murder or robbery, but had only lifted cattle from the grass of those with whom he was at feud.

When the cattle thus "lifted" had to be driven across the land of another chieftain, it was customary to assign him a certain share of the spoil, which was called a *stike raide* or *stike creich*—"road collop"—and this gift effectually closed his mouth and stayed his arm. Compositions in cattle were also adopted as a means of compensating injuries, and if people could not get this *éirig* or ransom by one method, they thought but lightly of obtaining it by another which was both sharper and surer. Cattle lifting was a species of spoilation that so frequently induced the bravest exploits, that it became ennobled by the chivalrous deeds with which it was so often associated, and it was impossible that the Highlanders who engaged in it should attach to it the ideas of crime and shame. When the troubles of the Forty-five scattered the clans and drove many of the freebooters from their old homes, they turned in desperation to their former methods of gaining a livelihood, and harried the Highland borders with their forays and raids.

Of the fierce fights to which the cattle-liftings sometimes gave rise, I was told an instance in the following popular story of

THE CATTLE-LIFTING OF THE MAC IVERS.

On the north side of West Tarbert Loch, three miles from Ardpatrick, is a beautiful green bank, on the east side of Largy-na-huinsean river, which is the burying-ground of the people of the district. Its history is as follows:—

The law of Scotland not being properly executed freebooting was common. A band of the Clann Imhir or Maciver came down from the north, plundering and sweeping away the cattle in droves. They came by the way of Caolasaite, committing their depredations, and if the peasantry would not have the courage and strength to drive them away, they would lose their cattle and any articles that the freebooters would make choice of. Mr. Macneil was the proprietor of the district at that time, and he assembled his followers and prepared them to attack the freebooters when they came to vex them. Mr. Macneil kept his men in ambush at Largynahuinsean, in a thick wood, watching the movements of the enemy. At length the band of Clann Imhir came to the green bank on the river side,

and, laying aside their armour, prepared to take their dinner. Macneil proposed to his followers that he would go down in disguise to the Clann Imhir, and if he saw an opportunity of attacking them, he would give them a sign, and then they were to run like the lightning and despatch their enemies.

So he went down to the freebooters and made free with them, and they had no idea that they would be attacked. Then Macneil gave the signal, and immediately his followers rushed like a torrent upon the Clann Imhir, and slew every man, so that not one was left alive. Then they buried them where they had fallen on the green bank, and ever since the place has borne the name of *Cladh Clann Imhir*, or "the burying ground of the Macivers."

The Macivers or M'Ivors were among the earliest possessors of the soil in Argyllshire, and held a part of the lawn on which Inveraray Castle is built. A large stone standing erect there is said to have formed a portion of the boundary between the Macivers and Macvicars.

THE WARY TRAVELLER.

It was in the dark mental days of Scotland, when the law was defective and void of sufficient energy, that the violation of the eighth and tenth commandments were but little regarded. With regard to cows and sheep, people helped themselves to those articles just as it suited their own convenience, without enquiring as to the ownership, and without being contented to have a good kailyard wherewith they could satisfy their craving appetites.

A traveller journeying through Cantire lost his way on a dark night, and wandered on until he perceived a light. He made his way towards it, and found it to proceed from a house situated in a locality but seldom visited. He ventured to ask a night's lodging, which was readily granted. He was kindly used, had plenty of fresh beef and mutton set before him, and a warm, comfortable bed furnished him, and the people were affable and kind. The traveller slept well, and in the morning had a good breakfast prepared for him before he set out.

When he had got some distance on his journey, and had come to a lonely place in the glen, there met him three men, who asked

him where he had lodged last night. He told them; whereupon they said that it was a house of thieves and robbers, and that they wanted him to return with them to show them the house, in order that the robbers might be apprehended.

"Oh," says the traveller, "I never met with more civil people in my life; and as to thievery and robbery, I know nothing about it. They feasted me well and were very kind, and if their flesh was stolen, why we know that stolen flesh eats the sweetest."

"They are the worst robbers in the country," said one of the men, pulling forth a pistol, "and it is necessary that we should apprehend them. If you do not show us the way to their house we shall think you are in league with them, and we must take you prisoner."

"Then you may take me," said the traveller, "for I will never betray men whose bread I have eaten."

Then said the man, "You have saved your life. If you had betrayed us we should have shot you dead. We are the robbers at whose house you lodged last night, and we have met you here in order to try you whether you had evil intentions against us. But, as you have proved yourself an honest man, you can now go on your way in safety."

They bade him farewell, and the traveller went on his way, congratulating himself with the proverb, "You should speak of a man as you find him."

THE STOLEN GOAT.

In one of the beautiful glens of Cantire lived two men, whose houses were near to each other, at the side of a steep hill of heather, where the blackcock and the moorhen were not molested in chattering their morning and evening song. One of these neighbours, along with his cattle and sheep, had a fine goat, which he was feeding for the feast of new year's day. On the morning of that day, when he went to look for his goat, he missed it. So he went in search of it, and told his neighbour of his loss, and his neighbour invited him to his house for his new year's feast, promising that he would give him by the hand the person who had stolen his goat.

So they went both of them into the feast, and the wife put before

them plenty of bread, butter, cheese, flesh, meat, and whisky, and they partook of it heartily. When they had come to bid farewell, the one said to the other, "Now you have by the hand the man who stole your goat. Say nothing about it, for I will not trouble you any more for some time!" Meaning that he would not steal any more of his cattle from him for some time. The man was glad to get home without his goat, having got so good a promise, for, such was the weakness of the law, that the strongest arm gained the ascendancy.

THE HANGMAN'S ROCK.

About a mile south of Inveraray, on the coast of Loch Fyne, is a reef of rocks, called Creag-a-Chrochadair," "the Hangman's Rock," on which the gallows used to be raised in order to execute criminals. More than a century ago a young girl was executed at that place, a circumstance often told with deep sorrow in my early days, and which affected me very greatly.

The young girl lived with an uncle, to whom she acted as housekeeper. One day she required half-a-crown for some personal use, and her uncle being out of the way and she unable to ask him for the money, she abstracted it from his drawer, intending to replace it, and thinking no harm in so doing. Her uncle returned home before she had the opportunity of putting back the money, and he discovered that she had taken it. In order to frighten her and to prevent her from doing the like again, her uncle put the case into the hands of the local authorities of the district, who considered the girl's crime to be very serious, for the law at that time was that such a theft was to be punished with death. When her uncle found that such was the case he strove to release his niece, but the authorities would not consent to this, and refused to give her up, however small the sum might be that she had taken. The case was fully proven, and the sentence of death pronounced, and the poor girl was thrown into prison, there to remain until the day of her execution.

At that time the landed proprietors had the power of relieving a criminal from execution, or else to give him over to the gallows. It happened that the proprietor of the estate of Askomel, near Campbelton, was at Inveraray just then; and a deputation came to

him asking what should be done to the girl. The reply of Askomel was "Hang her!" So she was hanged.

Before her execution the evidence that she gave of her salvation was that, when she would be expiring, a white dove would be fluttering above her, and that Askomel would not reach his home. These events came to pass, for when they swung her on the gallows at Creag-a-chrochadair a white dove suddenly appeared and fluttered over her expiring form, and Askomel never reached his home, for he left Inveraray by water, and a great storm arose in which his vessel was destroyed and every soul on board perished.

This story was very popular in my early days, and was told under strong feelings of pity by the aged people of Cantire.

CHRISTY'S ROCK,

or *Sgeir Charistina*, where a poor girl was hung, although she was guiltless of any offence. She was a herd girl, employed by a woman named Christy. This woman lost one of her kyloes, and accused the girl of the theft. The maiden denied it, but the woman thought to frighten her into a confession by placing a plaid round her neck and hanging her, for a short time, from a rock on the shore. This she did, and although Christy afterwards solemnly vowed that she only intended to frighten the girl and not to kill her, yet, either from the girl's struggles, or from the plaid slipping and tightening round her neck, it is certain that when Christy drew her up, the girl was dead. Her neighbours and the girl's relatives were so enraged at this that they bound the old woman, at low water, to the lowest part of the rock, and there left her, until the hungry waves came crawling up, inch by inch, to devour her. Ever since, the rock has been called after her name, *Sgeir Charistina*, "Christy's Rock."

THE POT OF MONEY.

In old times no banks existed in Cantire for depositing money and yielding interest, so that every one who had any lying money had to take care of it themselves. As it was dangerous to keep any sum of money in the house, the owners would hide it away in secret places in rocks, old dykes, glens, or any other place that they

fancied would be safe. The power of the law at that time was very weak. Not a month passed but the freebooters committed some act of cruelty; they not only plundered, but they often murdered the people; so that many who had deposited money in secret places never returned to take it up. Such being the case, it has been no uncommon thing for great sums of money to have been found in Cantire by persons cultivating the soil. And, I remember an instance where an old dyke was being thrown down in order to make a clearing, the labourers employed in the work found a quantity of gold and silver hidden in a leathern bag behind some stones. No doubt it had been placed there by some one who had feared the freebooters, and had then been murdered by them.

There was a labouring man who lived many years ago, at Cour, in Carradale. He was a maternal predecessor of mine (continued my informant) and he was digging in a piece of waste ground when he struck upon a pot, and, on getting it up, he discovered it to be full of money. So he took up the pot of money, but not knowing what to do with it at present, he hid it in another place. He went home at night as usual, but he could not go to sleep for thinking of his pot of money, and what a terrible thing it would be if anyone should go and find it. So in the morning he rose early, and went out and shifted his money to another place that he fancied was more secret, but again at night he could get no rest for thinking of his pot of money, and fearing lest anyone should find it. And then again, in the morning, he went and shifted it to another place. And, when he could get no rest, he shifted it again; and so this went on from day to day, and as he was always obliged to be very private in what he was doing, the shifting of his pot of money took up the greatest part of his time, and he not only lost his work, but he began to lose his strength and appetite, and to go about as though he had taken fever or some sore disease. He was afraid to spend any of his money lest his neighbours should think that he had joined with the freebooters, and he dared not tell the truth about it lest anyone should come and rob him of it, and perhaps murder him for its sake, which he knew that the freebooters would not scruple to do if they once got

hold of the news of his pot of money. So he went on quite miserable from day to day, and all through the treasure that he had found.

One day, when he was at work with his master, and was very quiet and mournful, his master said to him, "are you well? you do not appear as usual, making fun and telling stories as you used to do. Tell me what is the matter with you. Did any person injure you?"

"I am quite well, and no person has injured me; but, I am troubled in my mind."

"Tell me your trouble; and it will ease your mind."

"I have got a great sum of money, and I do not know what to do with it. I was digging in the new field, and I struck upon a pot, and raised it up."

"And is that all that is the matter with you?"

"Yes. I wish I had never met with the money. I am always shifting it and hiding it from place to place; and I cannot eat my meals nor sleep at night."

"Well," said the master, "I will ease you of your trouble. Give the money to me to keep for you, and I will find use for it. And for the use of the money, I will give you a free house, a patch of land, and grass for a couple of cows so long as you live."

The simple man was well pleased with the offer. He went for his pot of money, and placed it in his master's hands; and he received his free house and patch of land, upon which he soon made himself happy and comfortable, knowing that the freebooters could not rob him of it, as they might have done with the pot of money.

But his cannie master fared better still, for the use that he made of the pot of money was to spend it on the purchase of his extensive farm, which from thence became his own property and that of his heirs after him. And it might have been mine, concluded my informant regretfully, if my maternal predecessor had not banked his pot of money with his master. Talk of the freebooters, indeed!

CHAPTER XVI.

The Garden of Cantire—The Goinean—The Story of the Heir of Lorn—Cnoc Maigh—The Kildavie Folk—A Southend Prophecy—The End of the Land's-end—The Mull Light-house—The Land's-end Telegraph—The Northern Lights.

THE GARDEN OF CANTIRE.

SOUTHEND has been called "The Garden of Cantire." But although so many lovely scenes are scattered broadcast over its surface, yet this enviable epithet must be accepted within a limit, and not as applying to the entire parish of Southend, which comprehends the district south of Campbelton and Machrihanish Bay, and include the wild mountainous scenery of the Mull,—but rather as descriptive of the neighbourhood of Southend village, more especially within that radius that stretches from Southend eastward to Ballyshear, and south-west to Carskay, and which comprises the sea-indented line of coast on either side of Dunaverty and Kilcolmkill. This portion of the very extremity of the Land's-end of the Western Highlands is so completely sheltered by protecting hills from all rough winds, that its climate is delightfully mild. Invalids might reside there with great benefit to themselves, and draw a very favourable comparison between this beautiful district and the Isle of Wight Undercliff, the myrtles and fuschias of Cantire well-nigh surpassing in their luxuriant beauty those of southern Vectis. I have seen the spray of the Atlantic waves swept over the flowering fuschias that grew like trees against the walls of a Cantire cottage, and hung their crimson bells over the highest point of the heather-thatch; and I have seen similar fuschia-trees in Pond-lane, Bonchurch, and elsewhere, as fine, perhaps, but scarcely so exposed, as those in "wild Cantire."

Indeed, had not the poet of *Kilmahoe* written of a garden, in this self-same parish of Southend,—a garden that wafted "a fringe of odour to sea and shore"—a bielded garden, girt with hoary trees, and backed by hills, but lying open to the southern sun—a garden

where the myrtles and fuschias flourished with a tropical luxuriance.

"There many a flower unknown elsewhere,
And many a delicate plant and rare,
Loves to breathe the moist mild air;
There the timorous myrtle nothing fears
The edge of winter's half-sheathed shears,
But hearing early the call of spring
Wakens to starry blossoming;
There the fuschia thinking scorn to be
A low shrub, towers a bowery tree,
'Neath which the children, at their play
Of hide and seek, large covert gain,
And even grown men on a showery day
Find shelter from the chiming rain;
The almond, mindful of her time
Drinks health and joy from the warm sea air,
And duly, as in southern clime,
In spring doth blossom, in autumn bear."

Then there is the sinuous line of coast, with its bold headlands and receding bays; the many-ranged hills and mountains overlapping in endless folds; the heathery heights and ferny glens and corries; the blue line of smoke from some shepherd's bothy sparkling white amid the purple braes; and the mansion house looking out seaward from its belt of shrub and copsewood. In such a pleasant nook as is this "Garden of Cantire," we may expect to meet with one such house as bespeaks lairdly rank and possessions; and, besides the mansion houses of Kilellan, Keil, and Carskay, close to Kilcolmkill, there is Levenstrath House, scarcely a mile north of Keil, in the beautiful Glen Breckry, and Macharioch and Ballyshear Houses, on the south-eastern shore, by Pennyland and Kildavie Glen. The two last properties now belong to the Duke of Argyll, but the luxuriant shrubberies, woods, and plantations around Ballyshear were laid out by Mr. Macdonald, the former possessor of the estate. This district is chiefly in the porphyry and old red sandstone formation, and had yielded nothing remarkable in the way of peculiar geographical productions until July, 1862, when some interesting organic remains were discovered in a bed of fossiliferous limestone in Tirfergus Glen. This glen is to the north of Glen Breckry, opening out towards Lossit and Machrihanish Bay. and is famous for its ferns

and many natural beauties. It is also famous, according to popular report, for its freedom from venemous reptiles, which is attributed by some Cantire folks to the Macneills having brought the timber in the glen from Ireland; but others say that this lack of snakes and reptiles is attributable not to the remote influence of St. Patrick, but to the immediate power of St. Columba, whose blessing of any spot included the banishment of its serpents and toads, and who paid a visit to Tirfergus after establishing his cell at Kilcolmkill.

THE GOINEAN.

Not far from Balemacumra is a remarkable footpath that traverses the face of an immense precipice near to, and to the east of the Mull light-house, before the erection of which it was the only path round to the Mull.

This footpath is known by the name of *Goinean*, or "the Going." It is little broader than a sheep-walk; and, as no support is afforded to the adventurer by the bare hill rising abruptly on the one hand, and descending as abruptly on the other, to the boiling surge beneath, it becomes a matter of no little danger and difficulty to cross it. It is said, however, that it was once traversed by night and on horseback, by a Highlander who had more than "a drappie in his e'e," and who, being not only "fou" but sound asleep, allowed his steed to take his own course. The horse, notwithstanding the darkness, carried his rider safely over the dangers of the Goinean; but the man's horror, on awakening, may be more easily imagined than described.

The hero of the following lines was differently circumstanced:—

"I crossed the Goings straight and giddy height,
Where wildfowls shriek and witches ride by night;
Where, 'neath the venturous traveller's slippery feet,
Steep, shifting rocks and foaming waters meet;
High o'er his head the impending mountain towers,
Athwart whose brow the moving mid-cloud lowers.
With buoyant heart o'er hill and dale I went,—
The rugged mount—the bare abrupt descent;
Still in my breast I check'd the rising sigh,
To hear o'erhead the curlew's wailing cry,
The startled hare before me bounding ran;

Up rose the grouse and whirring ptarmigan;
Till from yon heathy hill beyond Carskay,
I watch'd the dying glories of the day." *

In the poem of "The Heir of Lorn," from which these lines are taken, its author, Mr. Francis Alexander Mackay, has very skilfully depicted, in glowing and graceful verse, a story of the Garden of Cantire, whose scene is laid early in the thirteenth century, at a period when the storms of war and superstition swept against the advancing front of Christianity and patriotism.

THE STORY OF THE HEIR OF LORN,

as told in verse by Mr. Mackay, may thus be analysed. The reigning chief, who is here styled Elric, is introduced sitting upon his iron throne in the halls of Dunaverty, surrounded by his knights, to whom he distributes the spoils of war. But, his fair daughter, Nora, who is sitting at his knee, is a bright gem with which he cannot part; and so long as he reigns she will never wed. As for his foeman, the young presumptuous son of Lorne who had aspired to her hand, Elric would sooner "see her lifeless wedded to the sea," than young Lorn's bride. They then proceed to another hall, to pass the evening with song and dance. Nora's friend, Meda, "the pride of Glenadale"† is there, and a goodly company of knights, matrons and maidens. The harper sings the praises of Elric, who, carried away by the enthusiasm of the hour, recalls his decision concerning his daughter, and vows that he will bestow her in marriage upon that hero who shall be stalwart enough to carry his daughter to the summit of Knockmoy, without pausing by the way. Carskay pronounces this to be an impossible undertaking: and the sports of the evening are continued. A cowled monk is introduced, who seeks to be taken over to Sanda's Isle; but Elric persuades him not to attempt the passage on so rough a night, and bids Nora shew him to a place of rest. The harper then sings the ballad of "Nora of Coniglen," which I will quote as descript of the scenery

* *The Crook and the Sword*: *The Heir of Lorn*, p. 49: and note at p. 84.

† Glenadale, or Glenadle, is the beautiful glen to the west of Southend village. The river Breckry runs through it to Carskay. Within the glen are the ruins of St. Catherine's Chapel, an old burial ground, and a holy well, locally famed for the cure of diseases.

of "The Garden of Cantire." Coniglen being the beautiful glen between Kilellan and Southend, watered by a salmon-and-trout stream that flows into the sea by the rock of Dunaverty. It is a rapid river, flowing through six or seven miles of the lonely glen, between rocks of porphyry and red sandstone, and, until it was improved by the Duke of Argyll, at the expense of £1,600, subject to such sudden and dangerous "spates" or floods, that, in one of these, the old church and churchyard were washed away. Coniglen is so lonely, that the poet has very judiciously made it to be the distinctive of his beautiful heroine, Nora of Coniglen.

"There is joy when the morn shows her face through the gloom;
When the deer brush the dew from the heathbell in bloom;
When the sun's rays smile brightly o'er hill, dale, and den,
And glance o'er the waters of fair Coniglen.
There is joy when the young spring's first footsteps are seen;
When she robes the high mountain in purple and green;
When the voice of her infant song's heard in the glade,
And the tears of her joy trembling hang from each blade.
There is joy when the summer breeze sighs o'er the sea,
And fills the white sail of our clansmen so free;
Brings them back to the shore, where their hearts ever fill
With the pride of the thistle that waves on the hill.
There is joy when the bee, on its sweet-laden wing,
Seeks the mead where the wildflowers luxuriantly spring;
Where the music ascends from the clear running stream,
And the skylarks sing out from the sun's dazzling beam.
There is joy, there is rapture, when Nora's bright eye
Sheds its lustre around, like the clear morning sky;
When her smiles melt the mists from our mountains of care,
Bidding new hopes, like spring-flowers, to bloom gaily there.
Oh, there's joy, boundless joy, when her footsteps so light
Dash the dew-drops of sorrow from flowers of delight;
For the charms which gay Nature displays to our ken,
All concentre in Nora of fair Coniglen!"

Of course, the cowled monk is none other than Nora's lover, Althos, the heir of Lorn; and, while the harper is singing the foregoing ballad to her praise, she and Althos are occupied in the pleasing manner denoted in the following lines:—

"Now o'er the quivering main the moonbeams glance,
And on each wave like silvery spirits dance;
The mermaid's song comes swelling o'er the sea,

And wakes the echoes round Dunaverty.
High on the rock, around whose flinty sides
For ever fret the ever-changing tides,
The castle's walls uprear their beetling front,
In proud defiance of the battle's brunt:
Near to the bulwark, if you closely scan,
'Neath the dark shadow of the barbican,
You see two figures in this lone retreat,
The monk and Nora holding converse sweet;
No doleful theme of much-offended Heaven,
Of penance sore, or fancied sins forgiven;
Their lips in warmer, kinder accents move,
The soft yet fervent murmurings of love!"

Their conversation is long and earnest. Althos describes his perilous voyage from Dunstaffnage, his shipwreck on the Mull of Cantire, his narrow escape from death, his journey across the hills to Carskay, dressed as a monk, and his admittance, in that disguise, into the hostile halls of Dunaverty; and he urges Nora to fly with him in a boat to Sanda. In reply she tells him of her father's vow to wed her to the man who shall carry her, without faltering, to the steep summit of the mountain of Knockmoy: and persuades her lover to seek out the witch, Moila, who dwells in a cave near to St. Columba's Church, at Kilcolmkill, and obtain from her such spells as shall enable him to win her for his bride on the morrow, in accordance with the terms of her father's vow. Nora then gives Althos a charm of gold to take to the witch, who had been her father's foster-mother.

Althos departed in quest of the witch's cavern, which is one of those wonderful caves for which the district of Keil is celebrated. With no little difficulty he finds his way through sundry supernatural obstacles into the presence of the formidable Moila, the description of whose unattractive person I have transferred to that portion of the present work that treats of the Witches of wild Cantire. By the aid of her weird incantations, the witch raises up a vision of Nora, and gives to Althos a silver vase containing a magic draught which he is to quaff on the morrow,—the one half of the draught "to be taken" before Nora is grasped in his arms, the other half to be quaffed when he is half-way up Knockmoy—and which will lend him the desired strength to win his prize.

Althos is then thrown into a tranced sleep, from which he wakes to find himself on the Isle of Sanda, whither he has been convened by the witch's arts.

The day of trial comes, and the chieftains are assembled at

ANCIENT CROSS ON ISLAND OF SANDA.

Strathmore. Althos lands, unarmed, from Sanda; Nora pleads for him, and Elric addresses him on his folly. Young Carskay, who loves Nora, also challenges him to single combat, which Althos accepts. He disarms Carskay, but spares his life; Carskay, how-

ever, will not receive the gift, and slays himself. Then comes the crowning event of the day. Althos drinks the first portion of the magic draught:

> "To Nora's peerless eyes he gaily quaffed,
> From silver vase, one-half the mystic draught.
> She, like a nymph, whose fairy form is drest
> In floating white, her beauties half confest,
> Like statue stands, pale, modest, chaste, and bright,
> Sprung into life, suffused with Nature's light;
> Bloodless her cheeks, till, round her yielding zone,
> The manly Lorn's young, wiry arms are thrown.
> The warm blush mantles; as the current steals
> Through her blue veins, the genial glow he feels.
> She drops her jewel from her rounded arms,
> Her brilliant neck-lace, clasped with holy charms:
> She slips her sandals from her snowy feet,
> To make the burden less, his pace more fleet;
> Her very veil she gently casts astray
> Lest it should vex him or impede his way."

He bounds away with his delicious burden, and climbs the hill, overcoming every obstacle. Nora prays him, when half-way up Knockmoy, to drink the remaining portion of the magic draught; but Althos is afraid that he may lose his slippery footing, and he struggles bravely on. At length the summit is gained; but all too late to enjoy the prize that he has so hardly won; for his heart is broken in the struggle; and with one kiss, and a cry, he drops dead. Nora sinks by his side and clasps his corpse, and then, "Softly her soul takes wing:—so ebbs love's noon-day tide."

And this ends the Cantire story of "The Heir of Lorn" as narrated by Mr. F. A. Mackay, who says, in a note to his poem, "The catastrophe of the story is founded upon a legend, the subject of one of the fables of Marie, an early writer of Normandy." This was written in 1850; and the self-same legend has since been made the subject of a poem by George Meredith, illustrated by Millais, which appeared in *Once a Week* for December 31, 1859.

The mountain of Knockmoy, on whose summit Mr. Mackay brings his poem to its *denouement*, is on the western boundary of "The Garden of Cantire," and is otherwise called, in Gaelic,

CNOC-MAIGH,

"the Hill of the Plain," though this is, in every way, a misnomer, a name apparently selected on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. For, although *cnoc* signifies "a hill," yet it means a hill of no great dimensions, inferior to *sliabh*, which, in its turn, is inferior to *Beann*, *beinn*, or *ben*. Yet, Cnoc-maigh attains an altitude that could only be reckoned as a gentle eminence in comparison with an Alpine, Andean, or Himalayan range; for its ascertained height above the sea-level is 2036 feet; while that of its twin-mountain, Sliable (or Sleat) close beside it, which, from its name, ought to be its superior, is really some 30 or more feet lower. Cnoc-maigh, in short, ranks next to Beinn-an-Tuirc (whose height is 2170 feet) among the hills of Cantire, which, although they are excluded from all Atlasses and "Geographies," might fairly claim a place in those tables of "Mountains of the British Isles," which one of the most popular of Atlasses heads with the *mountain* of "Greenwich Observatory, Kent, 214 feet above the level of the sea."

So that Cnoc-maigh is by no means a small hill or gentle eminence; and as to its being the "hill of the plain," so far from its being situated in a plain, it is merely the monarch of a tumultuous waste of hills and mountains, one of which is scarcely its inferior, while others attain an altitude of a thousand feet. Cnoc-maigh being the highest mountain in the Mull district, and naturally commands from its summit a complete panoramic view of the Garden of Cantire, including the island of Sanda, which, it will be remembered, forms a portion of the parish of Southend. But the prospect is not limited to Cantire's Garden, but is spread over the southern group of the Hebrides,—Islay and Jura, and "green Gigha's shelving sides," and away to the misty mountains of Mull; Rathland Island, too, and the Irish coast, breasting the broad Atlantic; the magnificent island of Arran, with its serrated range of mountains; the Firth of Clyde; Ailsa Rock; the land of Burns; the mountains of Galloway and Carrick; and the Irish Channel;—all this is included in the map-like view from the summit of Cnoc-maigh, and, when its varied and special characteristics are borne in mind, it will be acknowledged that few prospects

could surpass this from the highest ground in The Garden of Cantire.

Mr. F. A. Mackay, in the concluding lines to his poem, makes the deaths of the lovers on the summit of Knockmoy to be still emblemed by the beautiful blossoms of the heather, with its varying shades from a light creamy pink to vivid crimson and "empurpled dyes."

> "Years have rolled past, yet on this heathy hill
> When summer's sweets the balmy breezes fill,
> Flowers rich and rare, of genial roseate dye,
> Raise their soft blood-stained bosoms to the sky:
> Spring from the spot where dying Nora's hand
> Spilt the charmed liquor on the barren land:
> The deeds which fill their cups hath sovereign power
> To soften pain, to cheer the languid hour.
> When storms go past and lift their mantles high,
> And hope's bright arch relumes the lowering sky,
> Through the grey mist which crowns the monarch's head,
> Two forms appear, like visions of the dead:
> They look to Heaven, then, in their locked embrace,
> Melt 'mid the rainbow's hues, nor leave one earthly trace."

The heather—more especially when in flower—is certainly a grand addition to the beauties of Cnoc-maigh. The mountain is now denuded of timber; but in olden time a forest must have clothed its sides nearly to the summit; for in the peat bogs upon Cnoc-maigh, the trunks of forest trees are found, imbedded several feet below the surface in the mossy soil. Arrow-heads and other implements of war, as well as querns and other emblems of peace, have also been found in these bogs. The chief stream that flows from this mountain is the river Breckry, which takes a southward course, past Levenstrath House, and falls into the sea at Carskay Bay, near to which it has been joined by another river flowing through Strone Glen and Glen Breckry. A peculiarity is attached to the confluence of these rivers, which is thus described by the late Rev. Daniel Kelly, the minister of the parish:—The sand and gravel thrown up by the powerful tide rolling around the Mull of Cantire into Carskay Bay, forces up an embankment which causes the Glen Breckry water abruptly to turn its course to the westward, and to run parallel to the sea-coast till it reaches another stream

from the Strone Glen, and their united streams fall into the sea at the margin of the mica slate emerging from the surface. It sometimes happens that a great fall of rain swells the Glen Breckry water, and if this happens at low tide about the end of autumn, the river of Glen Breckry forces its way to the sea in the middle of Strathmore Bay, and this course it generally retains, at least during the rainy and boisterous months of winter." The same authority states that this Cnoc-maigh and Glen Breckry district is almost entirely composed of mica-slate, a portion of that great mica-slate formation of the central or Grampian range, that passes through the whole of Cantire; and that in the upper part of the valley of Glen Breckry, near to Cnoc-maigh, the mountain sandstone or quartz rock appears subordinate to the mica-slate. To the east are considerable hills of claystone porphyry and old red sandstone. There is a bank of fine coral between the farms of Keil and Machribeg, a bank of fuller's earth near to the Southend Manse, and excellent quarries of limestone and whinstone. Thus, both under and above ground, there are many uses as well as beauties to be found in the Garden of Cantire.

THE KILDAVIE FOLK.

In the Parish of Southend there is a small district called Kildavie—between Coniglen, Pennyland, and the sea—in which a colony of peculiar people formerly lived, keeping themselves quite apart from the rest of the parishioners. They were originally the followers of Ralston of Ralston (whose tomb is in the churchyard), who, together with his people, fled from the persecutions in Renfrewshire to seek protection of the Earl of Argyll, who was a warm adherent of the Covenanters. These "Kildavie folk," as they were called, seldom intermingled or intermarried with the natives of Cantire, but retained their own peculiar language and customs, and many amusing and very droll anecdotes are told of their manners and modes of expressing themselves. They spoke in a very broad and drawling tone, and one good story is told of their manner of making love. The sweetheart said to his love—"Dae ye tak' me, Jeanie?" and she replied, in a very slow and bashful tone—"Aye, some!" "Will ye gi'e me a kiss, Jeanie?" was the next query.

"Nae, but ye may tak' it!" was her answer. Their phrase for calling the reapers home to dinner was—"Come hame fast! The meat is wul!" When the day was wet they described it as "A bluistering day—nae day ava, man!" and it was accordingly struck

MONUMENT IN KEIL CHURCHYARD.

On the panel above is an inscription—"Erected by Gavin Ralston, of that ilk, in Memory of William Ralston, his great-grandfather, in the year 1709."

out of the calendar. But the point of these stories is lost when transferred to paper, as the peculiar twang that accompanied them was what made them so extremely comical. The Kildavie folk established a certain form of worship called "The Relief Church,"

which was almost similar to the Independent sect. These people are now nearly all emigrated, with the exception of a few families.

The pendicle of ground added to the cemetery of Southend originated in the difficulty which the Lowlanders encountered in obtaining accommodation for the disposal of their dead when they first settled in the parish. It is natural to suppose that the Highlanders, the descendants of the Macdonald clansmen, would not look with a favourable eye upon the settlers whom their new superior, Argyll, had brought into the country; and, as the influence of feudalism in the Highlands prevailed till the middle of the last century, it would give birth to a strong feeling against the followers of Argyll, and more especially of the Lowland Covenanters, whom he had transferred from Renfrewshire and Ayrshire to Cantire. The prejudice which thus unhappily divided the two races may have had a much stronger hold on the Celtic than the Saxon mind, and the poor Kildavie folk would thus be driven to their own devices through the churlish jealousy of their neighbours. Other particulars of the Lowland congregation at Campbelton have already been given in a previous chapter. The Kildavie folk, besides having their own pride and prejudices, must have been aware of the antipathies of the Highlanders against the Lowlanders, expressed in many ways, and in none more so than in their contemptuous designation of the offspring of the mixed race, whom they designated by an equivalent expression to "half-breed." There is

A SOUTHEND PROPHECY

in which this despised race is mentioned, and which I may here cite. The half-breed—he whose parents were Highland on the one side and Lowland on the other—was called *Siol-Ghall*, and this is the prophecy wherein he is handed down to ignominy:—There is in Southend a tree growing out of a circular space in the rock, and when the tree fills the space a great battle will be fought on the west side of Campbelton, near to Drumore, where a great slaughter will take place, and the crows will drink human blood from off a standing stone on the spot where the battle shall be fought, and then shall come to pass the saying, "*Bidh na Siol-Ghall air dheireadh, 's cha ghabhar iad a bhos no thall*," which means "The half Lowlander

and the half Highlander will be behind, and will not be received on either side." This prophecy is supposed to have been uttered some centuries ago, and prior to the irruption of the Kildavie folk into the Garden of Cantire. The tree, it is said, has filled the circular opening, and the standing stone has been removed and placed as a bridge over the stream that runs to the Campbelton grain mill (though recently the bridge has been again removed owing to an alteration in the footpath), but the great battle has not yet been fought, the crows have been cheated, and the half-breeds have risen so greatly in popular favour as to be believed by all (except whole-breeds) to combine the best qualities of the two races.

THE END OF THE LAND'S-END.

When we are at the Mull of Cantire we are literally at the land's-end of the Land's-end of the Western Highlands; we have come to the last page in this peninsular book of Nature, and, having no further ground on which to set our feet, we may say *Finis coronet opus*. Yet, we must not bid farewell to this very land's-end of the Land's-end without paying a visit to its chief lion, its most noted landmark, its most public building, and its most useful institution. In so wild a spot—the very wildest in wild Cantire—composed of jagged rocks, steep precipices, and boiling waves, what other public building and useful institution could we expect to see than that most valuable of all public buildings on a rock-bound coast, a lighthouse? It is to the Land's-end Lighthouse that we should turn our steps for a farewell prospect of wild Cantire, the Land's-end of Argyllshire.

THE MULL LIGHTHOUSE

stands on the verge of a cliff about 280 feet high, at whose base the sea ever seems to be tempestuous, even in the calmest weather. The base of the precipitous cliff is girt about with rocky fragments that have been worn by the action of the waves into the most fanciful forms. Three of the largest of these detached rocks have been named "The Three Merchants" or "Pedlars," from their imagined likeness, when viewed from the sea, to a trio of pedlars. This lighthouse cliff is but eleven and a half miles distant from the coast of Antrim, and approaches nearer to Ireland than any other part of

Great Britain. This geographical fact may account for much of the old Celtic history of Cantire, and for the interchanges of friendships and blows between the brother Celts of the two countries. When we stand on the lighthouse cliff we are, therefore, literally at the land's-end of the Land's-end of the Scottish Highlands, and can go no further, unless taking advantage of the technicality of the Parish of Southend, including the Isle of Sanda, we cross Sanda Sound to the south-east of the lighthouse, and find ourselves a trifle of a degree further south than we were when we stood on the Mull. Although the lighthouse is on the mainland, it is situated on so lonely and truly wild a corner of "wild Cantire" that, during the winter season, it is often inaccessible for many days together, and a stock of provisions has to be stored up by the keeper as though he were victualling a similar station on a solitary rock at a distance from the coast. In the summer season a trip to the Mull Lighthouse is one of the pleasantest excursions that can be desired for the scene of a pic-nic; "the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses," and the view on all sides is gloriously grand and beautiful. It includes the long seaboard of the Irish coast, Rathlin Island, Islay and the other southern Hebrides, Sanda and its satellites, Ailsa Craig, Arran, the coast of Ayrshire and the land of Burns, from whence the poet could look across the waters to this Land's-end of wild Cantire, whither his Highland Mary had come to Campbelton, there to visit her parents before she took that last journey which she anticipated would have made her the wife of Burns, but which was so prematurely terminated at Greenock, the scene of her death. But it is the sea view that forms so great and grand a part of the magnificent panorama that may be seen from the Mull Lighthouse, or, still better, from the hills a thousand feet high that raise their heathery summits immediately behind the lighthouse, and which are lorded over by the twin giants of Cnoc-maigh and Sliabh (otherwise called Knockmoy and Sleit), whose summits soar above the Atlantic to the respective altitudes of 2036 and 2000 feet. In a poem by an anonymous Cantire author are the following verses descriptive of a stormy sunset as seen from the Mull:—

"Beyond Rathlin's isle, like the robe-fringe of even,
Bright flame-tinted clouds o'er the ocean are rolled,

As down the steep race of the blue bending heaven,
Red Phœbus rides on in his chariot of gold.

The light from his flashing wheel glints on the cloudlets,
Their wings dripping gold through the dim purple haze;
And by arrowy flames, shot through fire-rifted outlets,
Sleit's heathery summit is wrapped in a blaze.

A gold track, at times, o'er the breast of the ocean,
Gleams wild as it streams from yon fountain of fire,
Red eyes watch a moment the heaving commotion,
Then darkly behind the storm curtain retire."

The original lighthouse was built by Mr. Peter Stuart, of Campbelton, and its light first shone on December 1, 1788; but the building was re-modelled in 1820, by Mr. Robert Stevenson, who was the engineer to the Commissioners for the Northern Lights, of which this lighthouse is the most southern example. Sir Walter Scott was one of these Commissioners, and it was on one of his tours of inspection that he visited the Hebrides, and gained the local information necessary for his poem of "The Lord of the Isles," and became acquainted with the scene of the boat-carrying at Loch Tarbert in order to avoid the "rounding of wild Cantire." The light from the Mull Lighthouse can be seen for a distance of thirty miles in clear weather. Cantire has a second lighthouse on the Island of Sanda (erected in 1850 as a protection to vessels from the dangers of Paterson's Rock), whose light is visible at fifteen miles distance; and a third lighthouse, built in 1854, on Davaar Island, to guide the mariner into Campbelton Harbour. The other lighthouses chiefly visible from Cantire are four—that on the rocks called "The Maidens," off the eastern coast of Antrim, and directly south of the Mull Lighthouse; that on the island of Rathlin,* off the north coast of Antrim, and the stepping-stone between Ireland and Cantire; that on Pladda Island, a mile south of Arran; and that on the bold promontory called Macarthur's Head, on the east side of the Island of Islay, and at the southern entrance of the Sound of

* It was stated by the Rev. Dr. Romney Robinson, Astronomer Royal of Ireland, in his letter (November, 1863), to the Inspecting Committee of the Ballast Board on the Lighthouses of Ireland, that the dioptric light at Rathlin was distinctly seen from the Maidens' Light, a distance of twenty-seven nautical miles.

Islay. This last lighthouse is the most recently erected of all, its light having been first displayed September 1, 1861. It is a fixed light, in a tower of the height of 42 feet, on a rock 128 feet above high water spring tides, and is visible, in clear weather, 17 nautical miles.* The other Islay lighthouse, on its south-western Rhinns, can scarcely be said to be visible from Cantire, except from high ground.

THE LAND'S-END TELEGRAPH.

In consequence of the great destruction to shipping property, and the damage to mercantile interests from the shipwrecks on the Cantire coast, and the delay in receiving information thereof at Glasgow, and the difficulties attendant upon sending out tugs to ships in distress, a proposal was submitted to the Clyde Trustees in July, 1853, by Mr. Kincaid, that a telegraphic communication should be established between Glasgow and the Cumbrae, Pladda, and the Cantire lighthouses, the effect of which would be that the twenty-five tugs now employed in towing vessels into the Clyde would be able to lie in such places as Lamlash and Campbelton Bays, ready to go out when required, and at once to be despatched to the aid of ships in distress, instead of being obliged (as is now the case) to keep knocking about day and night, in all weathers, in the North Channel, and often without having anything to do for many days. This proposal was not entertained by the Clyde Trustees, and has from time to time been revived by different persons in consequence of the shipwrecks and losses off the Cantire coast. It was again brought before an influential meeting in the Underwriters' Room, Royal Exchange, Glasgow, on 16th February, 1864, and at another meeting at the Council Room, Campbelton, 11th March, and the proposal will now, it is thought, be carried out, and a telegraphic communication established between the lighthouses at Pladda, Cumbrae, Isle Davaar, and the Mull of Cantire; and not only so, but it was further proposed by the company who have

* The light shows *white* up the Sound from the shore of Islay to about N½ E.; *red* towards the Island of Jura from about N½ E. by the East, to about E.; and *white* from about E. round by the south as far to the westward as it can be seen for the Island of Islay.

issued this scheme that telegraphic wires should be carried from Glasgow to Inveraray, and from thence to Ardrishaig and Campbelton, which part of their proposition has now been carried out. Furthermore, it is proposed that the wires be extended from Campbelton to Southend, and "from thence to Ireland, laying a submarine line between the the Mull of Cantire and Fair Head, which would be connected with Belfast." Now, the Mull of Cantire approaches nearer to Ireland than any other point in Great Britain, the distance according to the late Rev. D. Kelly, minister of Southend—"being computed to be only eleven and a half miles between the promontory and Tor Point, in the County of Antrim." (Tor Point and Fair Head are almost contiguous.) I, therefore, in 1861, made the following suggestion in *Glencreggan*:—"This inconsiderable distance would denote the Mull of Cantire as being a favourable spot for laying a submarine telegraph to connect Great Britain with Ireland, unless, indeed, the sea at this point is too perpetually violent for the success of the undertaking."

It would now seem, from the encouragement given to the proposed scheme of the Universal Private Telegraph Company, that there is a fair prospect of wild Cantire being so thoroughly brought within the humanising influences of the latest marvel that science has bestowed upon civilisation as to be linked by the sympathetic wires with England and Ireland, and brought into instant communication with their cities and towns. If this is fully carried into effect, Campbelton, the ancient capital of the Scottish kingdom, will then not only be enabled to converse (as she now can) with the metropolis of England, but Dublin also will have the opportunity to join in the talk. This is "a consummation 'voutly to be wished for;" a grand scheme for usefulness and enlightenment that will have the special peculiarity of embracing and developing that other noble system embodied in the words

"THE NORTHERN LIGHTS,"

words which have their southernmost example in the lighthouse on the Mull of Cantire. Thus, if the telegraphic communication scheme should be carried into effect, this lighthouse and its wild shore will be invested with a new source of interest, connecting, as it will do,

England, Ireland, and Scotland with the closest links, and conferring upon the country of Ossian and Fingal a greater marvel than was ever dreamed of by bard and Seanachie. This, doubtless, will be done sooner or later—the geographical proximity of Tor Point or Fair Head and the Mull of Cantire denoting them to be the places where a fresh bond of telegraphic union should be effected between the sister kingdoms. So that the future voyager, when "rounding wild Cantire," and recalling to memory those words from the *Lord of the Isles* as he sails past their former territory, will be enabled to reflect that Cantire is no longer wild in manners, customs, or lack of progress, but remains wild only in its ancient history, traditions, and legends, as well as in certain grandly-picturesque portions of its peninsular scenery, more especially in that, the wildest of all, where the cliff-poised lighthouse flings its rays over the wild "white horses" of the Atlantic, as they come raging in, all flecked with foam, from their three thousand mile race, and dash themselves madly against the splintered rocks beneath the lighthouse cliff. But the rays from that lighthouse on

> . . "the sea-stemming Mull,
> Under-boomed by the breakers, o'er-screamed by the gull,"

are not only a welcome sight to mariners, storm-beaten through a wild winter's night, but the lighthouse itself is also an agreeable object by day to the fair-weather tourist and pic-nicing visitor. Its whitened walls of solid masonry, its flat leaden roof, its sturdy round tower with the balcony and copper dome, gleam brightly in the sunshine, and make a brilliant spot against the dark slope of the heather-stained hills. Enter those substantial walls that protect not only the keeper's habitation, but also his neatly-kept garden, wherein flowers, fruit, and vegetables grow and bloom and ripen in defiance of the wild Atlantic storms, insert your autograph in the visitors' book, climb the spiral stair to the burners, step out on to the balcony, and then feast your eyes with the glorious prospect, and acknowledge that, for scenes where wild seas and wild landscapes are brought together in an endless variety of picturesque combinations, with numerous islands standing out of the waves with torn and ragged or softly undulating outlines, and with distant mainlands

melting in the blue haze of the horizon—if you wished to see to perfection such a panorama as this, then confess that you have realised your desire in the view seen from this Mull Lighthouse, at the very end of the Land's-end of Argyllshire.

APPENDIX.

PROPHECY REGARDING THE EXPULSION OF THE CAMPBELLS.

Page 6.—Lord Archibald Campbell, in his "Records of Argyll", gives a somewhat different version of this prediction. It was not made by a Macdonald, as Cuthbert Bede infers, but by the first Reformed minister of Inveraray, Rev. Niven MacVicar, locally known as *Gillenaomh MacViocar*. His lordship says: "The signs of the time when the battle was to take place were: the 'Strone' was to be planted with trees, and when those trees were the height of a man the enemy would come and hide there; when the tide would uproot a thorn bush that grew above the road the day was at hand; when, near a quarry on the east shoulder of Duniquaech *(Dunchuaich)*, a tree would grow in the hole in the mill stone, and grow to fill the hole, the day was at hand." The tree which the tide would destroy was a thorn—not a holly, as mentioned by Cuthbert Bede. I have frequently seen it, near the shore of Loch Fyne, at Inveraray.

It may be mentioned that there are now only two Campbell land-owners in Cantire, Kildalloig having since passed into other hands. The only landed representatives of the clan are the Duke of Argyll and Campbell of Stonefield.

THE SAILOR, THE CHAMPION, AND MAC CAILEIN.

Page 9.—Lord Archibald Campbell in the same work also gives a version of this story, which varies in several particulars from that in this volume. The name of the master of the ship is given as Corbett; the town is 'Derry, not Dublin; and the hero is asserted to have been John, Duke of Argyll, himself.

ECCLESIASTICAL REMAINS.

Pages 24 and 134.—Those who desire further information on the subject of the sculptured stones of Cantire should procure the handsome volume by Captain T. P. White, entitled "Archæological Sketches of Kintyre", in which plates of many of these beautiful examples of early Celtic art are given, along with a full letterpress description.

THE KINTYRE CLUB.

Page 28.—Of the fifty Highland Societies which represent the Celtic element in Glasgow, the Kintyre Club occupies perhaps the foremost place. It has the largest membership, and is both wealthy and influential. When this work was written, its membership numbered five hundred. This total has been increased to close on a thousand, and there is hardly a part of the globe which is not represented on the roll of the Society. The writer was present at the last Annual Business Meeting, when a most favourable report was submitted—thirty-seven members having been added

during the past year, and the funds increased to £4,910 4s 6d. Credit is specially due to the late president, Mr. David Macdonald, for his handsome donation of £500, to institute "The Macdonald Annuity Fund", the interest of which is to be disbursed in the form of small annuities. To Mr. R. Harvey Pirie, M.A., LL.B., honorary secretary, who has been untiring in his efforts to promote its interests, the great success of the Club is largely due. Every patriotic native of Cantire will desire that the Club may long continue to prosper.

GAELIC THE LANGUAGE OF THE PEOPLE.

Page 37.—It is a fact which most Cantirians will doubtless regret, that Gaelic, as the language of the people, is rapidly dying out. English is now commonly spoken throughout the whole peninsula; and even in the remoter rural districts, where one would naturally expect the old language to hold its own, it is rapidly giving way to the Lowland tongue. At the beginning of the century, Gaelic was spoken by practically everyone, the number of those who had even a limited command of English being comparatively small. Some curious facts on this subject are to be found in the reports of the Inverness Society for the Education of the Poor in the Highlands. In that for 1826 it is stated that, according to the census of 1821, in the Synod of Argyll the number of families understanding Gaelic best was 17,847, while those who knew English best only amounted to 1,921. In the report of the General Assembly's School Establishments for 1833, the following interesting statistics are given :—

CHILDREN ATTENDING SCHOOLS IN CANTIRE.

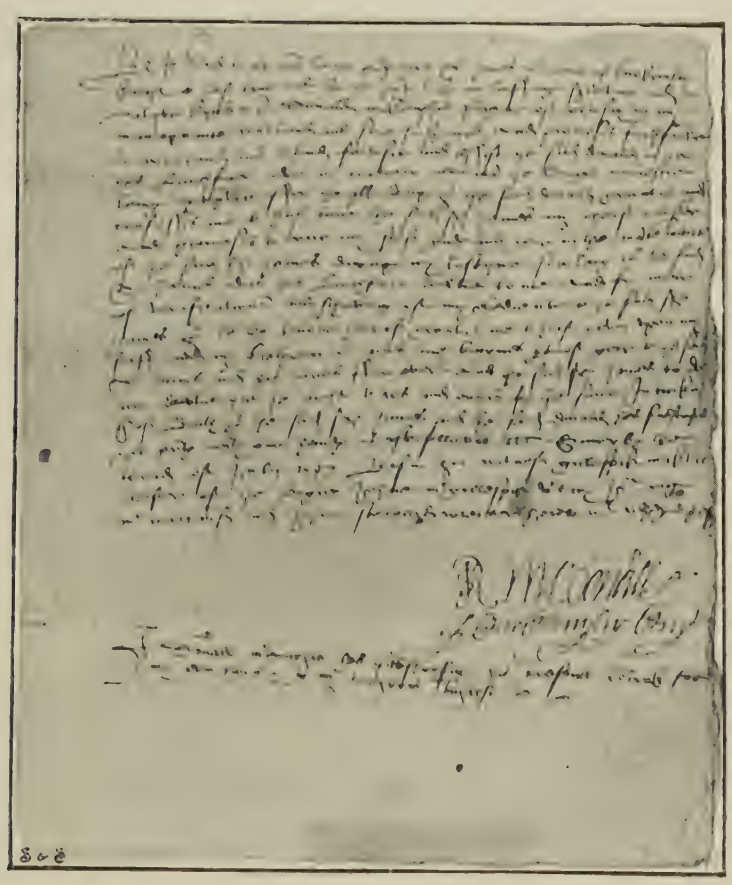
	Total in School.	Studying Gaelic.	Studying English.
Saltpans, -	44	22	44
Skipness, .	109	39	90
Carradale, -	56	22	56
Rounahourne, -	72	62	65

It seems clear from these figures that the children were more in need of studying English than Gaelic. Indeed it is pleasing to find that the parents were not only anxious that their children should speak their mother tongue, but also be able to write and read it. These facts have a curious significance in connection with the present agitation to revive an interest in the old language by forming Gaelic classes in the Highlands. It may interest my readers to learn that in 1833 there were probably as many children in Cantire learning Gaelic as there are to day occupied in the same study in all the Board Schools throughout the whole Highlands. I am not aware that there is a single Gaelic class in Cantire at the present time.

SIR JAMES MACDONALD.

Page 57.—It is evident from ancient documents belonging to the Lords of the Isles, which are still in existence, that the Macdonalds of Cantire and the Isles had residences at Simerby and Askomill. Several of these interesting papers are in the possession of Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., LL.D., of Drummond, who makes a lengthy reference to them in his historical work on "The Last Macdonalds of Isla",

which was published at the office of the "Celtic Monthly" in 1895. The writer has had the pleasure of examining these manuscripts, and as they cannot fail to be of great interest to natives of the district he gives here a *fac-simile* reproduction, with a rendering in modern spelling, of a bond granted in 1597 by Sir James Macdonald to Donald MacPhee, prior of Oransay. In it Macdonald styles himself "Sir J. McConnall



PRIOR OF ORANSAY'S BOND.

of Knockransay, Knyt." At other times Sir James signs himself as "of Simerby" and "Master of Kintyre."

PRIOR OF ORANSAY'S BOND.

"Be it known to all men by these presents me Sir James M'Conill of Knockransay, Knight, to have taken and by these presents takes my loving servitor and K[I]

native kynd man, Donald Makduphee, Pryor of Oronsay in my maintenance, warrand and life safe guard, and promises faithfully to warrand and defend, fortify and assist the said Donald in all his lawful adoes in contrar all men—the King's Majesty being excepted. For the which doings, I, the said Donald, grants and confesses me to have taken the said Sir James my chief master, and promises to wair myself goods and gear in the maintenance of the said Sir James during my lifetime, so long as the said Sir James does his lawful duty to me. And for more of verification and shewing of my obedience to the said Sir James, I by the tenure hereof grants me to have given upon myself and my brethren and our heirs ane bairn's part of gear to the said Sir James and his heirs for ever; and the said Sir James to do all duties that he ought to us, and ours for the same. In token whereof both I, the said Sir James, and the said Donald, has subscribed these presents with our hands as follows:—At Simerby the 3rd of July, 1597, before these witnesses—Gillespic Mac vicAllister of the Largie, John Mac Gillespic vic Cay, John Oig Mac MarcNis, and John Steward, writer, hereinto with others diverse. (Signed), Sir J. M'Connall of Knochranray, Knyt, I, Donald M'Duphie, hes subscryssit, this present contrak for own part, and in my brother's behalf."

BURNING OF ASKOMILL HOUSE.

Page 57.—The circumstances under which Sir James Macdonald acted in so unnatural a manner towards his parents are detailed in one of the charges against him when indicted in 1604. It seems that there was some ill-feeling between the Laird and the Tutor of Loupe. In January, 1597, the latter visited Angus Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, at Askomill, a place two miles distant from Simerby. Sir James, at the instigation of the Laird of Loupe, surrounded the residence with a large party, and on his father refusing to deliver the Tutor or admit the assailants, set fire to the house. His mother is described as having exclaimed, "Thiefe, wilt thou burn thy mother?" "Thiefe" probably signified "devil" or "spirit of mischief".

GRAVE OF SIR LACHLAN MACLEAN.

Page 59.—The grave of Sir Lachlan Maclean is difficult to identify: that which is often pointed out as his is marked by the monument of an ecclesiastic, who carries the usual chalice and pattern. Local authorities, not conversant with ecclesiastical insignia, declare that the chalice and pattern are Sir Lachlan's *two* hearts, for he was such a great man that he had "twa hairts." It is quite possible that the grave is really that of the great Maclean, and the stone brought from elsewhere. At this date it would have been quite the custom to do this, as stone carving had gone out. The Macleans landed on the West coast of Islay at Loch Ghrunnard, and the well of which Maclean drank is still avoided by some people, though the water is excellent.

J. R. M. M.

RENTAL OF CANTIRE.

Page 61.—The entire rental of Cantire and Isla in 1542 amounted to £1,663 4s 8d, Scots money—equal to about £140 sterling. Rents were then paid mostly in kind—meal, malt, marts, mutton, cheese, and poultry. The income of the Macdonalds from their Cantire possessions was much larger than that from Isla and the Rhinns.

THE BROWNIE OR BOGLE.

Page 84.—That Cantire is rich in lore relating to the supernatural is evident from the fact that Cuthbert Bede's interesting work entitled "The White Wife" is mostly taken up with these uncanny stories of witches, brownies, and fairies. Lord Archibald Campbell, in his "Records of Argyll", refers to the subject, and gives a number of anecdotes relating to Colonel MacNeill, of Carskey, and the family brownie. Her special occupation seems to have been to watch over the safety of the members of the Carskey family. It was also believed that a brownie frequented the old house of the Macdonalds of Sanda.

PAUL JONES.

Page 94.—Paul Jones, the celebrated privateer or pirate, born in 1747, was the son of a Kirkcudbrightshire gardener; his name was really John Paul, and the name Jones was assumed in 1775, when he entered the American Navy. At the beginning of his career he was apprenticed to a Whitehaven skipper and tried his hand at both slaving and smuggling.

When he joined the American Navy in 1775 he distinguished himself by many daring exploits, being, as a matter of fact, a commander of considerable genius and originality. I cannot find that he was on the Scotch Coast in the year 1778, when the Laird of Islay fell a prey to him, but he was on the North Coast of Ireland in the preceding year, and possibly the date may be a year out. It was after this that the forts and guns were placed on Islay, especially about Islay House. These remain to this day, though the guns are moss-covered and the forts crumbling to decay.

Paul Jones subsequently entered the service of France; went to St. Petersburg, where the Empress made him an Admiral, but he quarrelled with Potemkin and had to withdraw to Amsterdam. He died in Paris, in 1792, of dropsy. J. R. M. M.

MACEACHRANS OF KILELLAN.

Pages 107 and 173.—The MacEachrans have been in Cantire from the earliest times, and were the faithful followers of the Macdonalds, of whom they are believed to be a sept. The name is still well represented in the district. MacEachran of Kilellan was killed at the taking of Dunaverty Castle, July, 1647; and, according to local tradition, was buried along with Macdonald of Sanda and Drain of Pennygown in a tomb at Machribeg. Some years ago, the farmer on whose land the graves are, removed the flagstones covering the tombs, but a suitable fence has now been erected round the spot.

As an evidence of the ancient origin of the name, it may be mentioned that it occurs on the beautiful Celtic cross which forms such a picturesque feature of the Main Street of Campbelton. The inscription is as follows:—"Hæc: est: crux: Domini: Yvari. M: K: Eachyrna: quondam: Rectoris: de Kyregan: et Domini: Andre: nati: ejus: Rectoris: de Kilcoman: qui hanc crucem fieri faciebat:" Translation:—"This is the Cross of Mr. Ivor MacEachran, formerly Rector of Kyregan, and of Mr. Andrew, his son, Rector of Kilcoman, who caused this Cross to be erected."

"The first MacEachern we meet with in Argyle is a Colin MacKauchern,

apparently an Ayrshire Celt, to whom James IV., in 1499, granted certain land in the lordship of South Kentyr, with the office of Mayr of fee of that lordship. (Origines Par. Scot., vol. i., page 10.)—"Memorials of Argyleshire," by Archibald Brown, 1889.

The name means horse-lord, and is from *each*, a horse, and *tighearna*, a lord. Irish, *Echthighern* (Irish Annals, 846 A.D.).

DUNSKEIG HILL.

Page 117.—This hill, by its commanding position and remarkable conical shape, is, although not the highest, certainly the most notable hill in Cantire. It is on the old property of Loup, now amalgamated with Ballinakill. Its precipitous formation—for on one side the cliff is a sufficiently formidable obstacle—made it easily defensible; it also commands the entrance to West Loch Tarbert, which we know to have been used as an access to Loch Fyne by boats which were drawn over the Tarbert Isthmus; so that it was regarded as a valuable point of vantage, and the remains of two forts are to be seen on its summit—one of stone and the other of vitrified masonry. The latter is held to be one of the most complete and interesting specimens of vitrification in Scotland; and, indeed, Cantire can boast two of the best vitrified forts in the country, as that at Carradale is probably even more remarkable than this at Dunskeig.

The literature on the subject of vitrification is extensive, interesting, and sufficiently inconclusive. The point at issue is not what the process was—for that seems to be a simple matter, and not, as one might suppose, a lost art—but whether it was intentional or accidental. The point is still at issue. J. R. M. M.

THE CAMPBELTON CHALICE.

Page 150.—Mr. Alexander Macalister states in a letter that he brought the chalice from Italy, where it was in the possession of the Ghigi family, and there is no reason to believe that it is of Spanish origin. The height of the chalice is 9 inches, the diameter of the mouth of the cup 4 inches; that of the base of the hexagonal stand about 6 inches: the hexagon is very curious, being formed of six segments of circles alternating with spikes. This was probably meant to suggest the Crown of Thorns, the leaves represented above bearing out this interpretation. The stalk or pillar is hexagonal, and in the middle swells out into a flattened spheroid, the diameter of which are 3 inches and 1½ inches respectively. There can be very little certainty about the figures represented. Mr. Gresley's suggestions are quite plausible. It is interesting in these days of counterfeit silver to consider how the difficulty of expense was met in the making of this chalice. The cup being the more sacred part was made of silver, the base of copper.

These few remarks are constructed from two papers kindly sent me by the Rev. C. P. Wakeham, rector of St. Kiaran's Episcopal Church, Campbelton (who has also provided the excellent protograph of this remarkable treasure, which is herewith reproduced). J. R. M. M.

THE OLD GAELIC CHURCH AT CAMPBELTON.

Page 142.—"On the bell of the old Gaelic Church at Lochead *(Ceannloch Chille-Chiarain)*, Kintyre, cast in relievo on the ornamented fillet or belting near the top, in capital letters, were the words—'Soli Deo Gloria, Micael Burger Oyse me fecit, 1638'; beneath which was 'C. ✱ R.'. In the place marked thus ✱, between these letters, were the British Royal Arms, and on the opposite side were the Campbell Arms, richly cast also in basso relievo."

PORTER'S PROPHECIES.

Page 166.—The volume which Mr. Bede so earnestly desired to see is but a slender affair. Its full title is: "The Wonderful Scotch Prophecy: or, the Whole Visions, Discoveries, and Warnings which were revealed to John Porter of Crosibery (sic) to this very Day. Taken from his own mouth (while confined to his bed, being blind), and attested by himself as by his Declaration annexed. Glasgow, 1737. 4d. London (reprint) 1745. Paisley (another edition), 1815."

The advertisement states of the author that the ministers of the parish in which he lived and died—Mr. Boyse and Mr. Dick—vouched warmly for his character as a man of the strictest probity and of the most extraordinary piety. The "prophecies" are warnings against an attempt to establish popery and slavery in these islands. They conclude with a solemn declaration by John Porter that they are not imaginations, but visions which he actually saw. J. R. M. M.

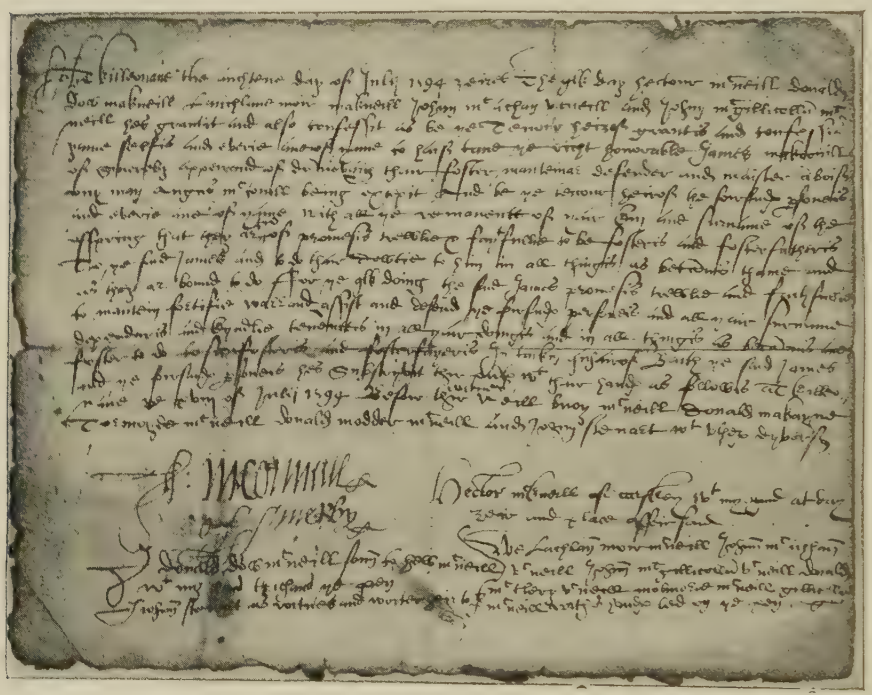
MACNEILLS OF CARSKEY.

Pages 173 and 179.—This ancient family were cadets of the house of Gigha, and occupy an important place in the history of Cantire. No history of the family seems to have been written, but there are many traditions associated with the name current in the district. Hill, in his "History of the MacDonnells of Antrim", makes frequent reference to them in connection with the Macdonalds of Cantire. At Dunaverty, they fought on the side of the Campbells. They were, however, not always opposed to the Macdonalds, as some of the old documents of the Lords of the Isles, to which I have already referred, show. On 18th July, 1594, at Killeonane, Hector MacNeill of Carskey gave a Bond of Manrent and Friendship on behalf of himself and his whole "kin and surname", and promised to be faithful fosters and foster-fathers to Sir James Macdonald of Simerby, Master of Cantire; while he, in return, undertakes to protect and maintain them against all enemies, and in all things. The original is in the hands of my friend Dr. C. Fraser-Mackintosh, who supplies the following reading of the bond. Through his courtesy, I am enabled to give a photo-process *fac-simile* which I had taken from the original.

CLAN NEILL BOND, 1594.

"At Killeonane, the 18th day of July, 1594 years, the which day Hector Macneill, Donald Dhu Macneill, Lachlan Mor Macneill, John vic Eachin vic Neill, and John

vic Gilliechallum Macneill has granted and also conferred, as by the tenor hereof, grants and confesses themselves and every one of them to have taken the Right Honourable James MakConil of Simerby, Apparent of Dunyvaig, their foster maintainer, defender and master above any man, Angus MakConil being excepted. And by the tenor hereof, the present persons, and every one of them with all the remanent of their kith and surname of the offspring that they are come off, promises truly and faithfully to be fosters and foster fathers to the said James, and do their duty to him in all things that becometh them, and as they are bound to do. For the which doing, the said James promises truly and faithfully to maintain, fortify, warrant, assist, and defend the foresaid persons, and all their surname, defenders and kindly tenants in all



CLAN NEILL BOND, 1594.

their doings, and in all things as becometh a foster to do to such fosters and foster fathers. In token whereof both the said James and the foresaid persons has subscribed these presents with their hands as follows. At Killeonane, the 18th of July, 1594, before these witnesses, Neill Buie M'Neill, Donald Makayne, Tormoyde M'Neill, Donald Madder M'Neil, and John Stewart, with other diverse. (Signed) Ja. M'Connall of Simerby, Hector M'Neill of Carskey with my hand, day year, and place aforesaid. We Lachlan Mor M'Neill, John M'Aichan vic Neill, John M'Gillie Callum vic Neill, Donald M'Clery vic Neill, Mulmorie M'Neill, Gillie Callum M'Neill, with our hands led on the pen. I, Donald Dhu M'Neill, son to Hugh M'Neill, with my hand touching the pen. John Stewart, as witness and writer hereto."

FLORA MAC CAMBRIDGE AT DUNAVERTY.

Page 171.—Lord Archibald Campbell has collected a great deal of interesting information regarding this heroic Cantire lady and her descendants; for which refer to "Records of Argyll", pages 223-4.

KILKERRAN CASTLE.

Page 183.—"In 1618, the Privy Council committed the keeping of the castle of Kilkerran to Hector MacNeill of Carskeay." (Origines Par. Scot.).

HIGHLAND QUERN.

Page 184.—As the ancient Highland quern, or hand-mill, has almost entirely gone out of use in the Highlands, and as, doubtless, many readers may never have seen a

THE QUERN, OR HAND-MILL.

specimen of it, I have reproduced R. R. M'Ian's well-known picture representing the interior of a typical crofter's house, with two women busily occupied preparing meal in the quern.

EMIGRATION AND DEPOPULATION.

Page 186.—A lengthy and most interesting chapter might be written on the subject of the emigrations from Cantire. Natives of this district are to be found in every part of the world, many of them occupying positions of the greatest eminence and responsibility, and wherever the Cantirian has wandered he has proved himself an ideal colonist. He has ever been of a roving and adventurous disposition — a

characteristic produced probably by the centuries of turmoil and strife to which his native district was subjected, and which inspired the bolder spirits, when fighting was no longer to be had, to go out into the world to seek wider and more congenial fields for their energies. It was not the introduction of sheep farming, whatever influence it may have had in other parts of the Highlands, that first sent the Cantire man to wander in distant lands. Professor J. P. Maclean, of Cleveland, U.S.A., who has made a special study of the history of the Highlanders in America, states that as early as the year 1739, Neil MacNeill of Cantire settled with others of his kindred in North Carolina, and that even at that early date he had been preceded by another of his clan, Hector MacNeill, familiarly known as "Bluff Hector". When one considers the long voyage and the hardships incidental to a journey at that period to such a distant part of the globe—of the severity of which we have ample proof a century later in the terrible losses sustained and the miseries endured by the emigrants who followed these early pioneers to the new world—it will be conceded that the Cantire colonist was not wanting in pluck and enterprise, and was a valuable acquisition to any country in which he cast his lot.

It would be interesting to trace the various colonies which were transplanted at different periods from Cantire, some in America, others in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and elsewhere; but such an undertaking is too ambitious for these brief notes. I have found the subject a most interesting study, and may treat of it more fully in some other place. It will no doubt be within the memory of many who read these lines, that from 1850 to 1855 there was a constant tide of emigration from Cantire: Canada and the Australian colonies being then the golden land of promise. At that time the whole country seemed animated with the desire to seek new homes over the seas. Some of my own relatives sailed for the land of the Southern Cross, and they never had any reason to regret having done so. I know a great many of these Cantire settlers in Australia, and they are all in very prosperous circumstances.

I was, however, not so well informed regarding the various settlements in Canada, so in a letter to my friend, Professor Duncan M. M'Eachran, of the M'Gill University, Montreal, a distinguished and patriotic son of Cantire, I referred to the matter, and asked him to try and procure some reliable information regarding his countrymen in the Dominion. To him the enquiry was equally congenial, and he set about it at once. Not long afterwards he sent me a budget of information of the most interesting character. In an accompanying note, he said: "Dear Mr. Mackay—I herewith enclose a copy of a very interesting letter which I have received from the Rev. John Milloy, West Lorne, Ontario, in reply to a letter from me requesting him to endeavour to furnish me with information regarding Cantire people in Canada. This letter supplies me with a great deal of information on the subject, of which I was previously unaware." As the Rev. Mr. Milloy's letter cannot fail to be of great interest to all Cantirians at home and abroad, I cannot do better than reproduce it here *in extenso*.

"West Lorne, Ontario, Canada.

"My Dear Sir—In reply to your kind favour, I may say that I know a great many people in various parts of Ontario who came from Kintyre. Scattered families are found as far east as Glengarry, but not any large bodies of them are found till you come as far west

as Darlington. Here you have Galbraiths from Tayinloan, Duncanevies (or M'Canachies) and Beiths from the same point.

"In the township of Reach you have Wilkinsons, Stewarts, Watsons, MacMillans Morrisons, M'Taggarts, M'Farlanes, M'Leans, etc., all from Killean parish.

"In Notawazga there is a small settlement of Killean people—M'Murchys, Mackays, and M'Michaels. Township of Erin has a large number of Killean people. I had, forty-four years ago, no less than eighty (80) full second cousins in that township alone. Their names are—Milloys, M'Millans, M'Dugales, M'Leans, Whites, M'Geuchys, Grahams, etc.

"In the township of Westminster there are a number of Kintyre people—M'Phersons, Taylors, Curries, etc.; and in Dorchester—M'Nevins, M'Callums, Mackays, Watsons, etc., all from Killean.

"In Dunwich township there are M'Millans, M'Leans, M'Callums, Thomsons, Stalkers, M'Fatars (or Patons), etc.

"In Aldboro township, where I am, we have M'Eachrans, Campbells, M'Murchys, Montgomeries, M'Millans, Stalkers, Curries, M'Leans, M'Niels, Sellars, and M'Callums, all from the parish of Killean, and Johnstons and Walkers from Tarbert.

"In the neighbourhood of Chatham there are a number of families from Southend—M'Vicars, M'Kerseys, M'Covvies, etc.

"There are a number of families from Killean in the township of Plympton—Watsons, Purcels, M'Millans, M'Kinleys, etc., all from Killean parish. You can scarcely go to any place in Ontario but you will meet somebody from Kintyre; and there is hardly a farm from Clachan to Barr, on the west coast of Kintyre, but the people that lived on these farms when I was young moved to Canada. As you may know, sir, a colony of Kintyre people are on the Chataugany river, at Ormstown; and, I believe, at Dundee, opposite Cornwall, on the south side of the river St. Lawrence. Bye-the-bye, the Rev. Neil M'Nish, LL.D., one of the best classical scholars in Canada, is settled in Cornwall. He is a Killean man, and was one of the pupils in this school. I taught at Rhunahaaran before I left Kintyre in the year 1852.

"I may say that all the people I mentioned I knew personally. I did not give other Argyle people, but a great many of them are in this county (Elgin), and in other counties on this western portion of Ontario.

"As a general rule, the people from Kintyre are in comfortable circumstances, and not a few of them follow the professions—as doctors, ministers, lawyers, grammar-school teachers, etc. This congregation and school section turned out six ministers, six doctors, two grammar-school teachers, one lawyer, and over thirty common school teachers. All these are the children of people who emigrated from Killean parish from 1850 to 1853.

"I know only a few of the Kintyre people in Illinois, U.S.A., so I will say no more about them.—I am, my dear sir, yours very truly, JOHN MILLOY."

Regarding the large colony of Cantire settlers in Illinois, U.S.A., I am indebted to Miss Jane Andrew, Campbelton, for much interesting information. This lady, who visited the colony a few years ago, informs me that the familiar Kintyre surnames were so numerous on all sides that she felt as if she were still at home in the old country. The Scotch Settlement, which is appropriately called "Argyle," is situated within a few miles of the important town of Rockford, where the colonists have recently erected a handsome Caledonian Church, a photo. reproduction of which is herewith given. Occupying large farms in this district, Miss Andrew met M'Michaels, Smiths, Hendersons, Watsons and Langwells from Southend; Pickens from Auchencorvie, Andrews from Kildavie, Ralstons from Aucharna, Armours from Campbelton,

CALEDONIAN CHURCH, ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS.

RESIDENCE OF GEORGE A. RALSTON,
KINTYRE SETTLEMENT.

and Harveys from the Moil. Indeed, every Cantire name seemed to be represented in the New Cantire.

Winobago County has also a Cantire colony, and here Miss Andrew met Reids from Kildavie, Kellys from Darlachan, MacEachrans and MacMillans from Campbelton, and many other names peculiar to the peninsula of Argyll.

The settlers in Illinois have certainly prospered, and enjoy property and comforts which they very probably would not have possessed in the old country. Each family occupies a freehold, some of very large extent, while the houses are often quite palatial in their size and appearance. I am indebted to Miss Andrew for a portrait of one of the leading Cantirians in the settlement, Mr. Geo. A. Ralston, which I have pleasure in reproducing here, along with a picture of his residence.

GEORGE A. RALSTON.

Most of the original settlers left Cantire from 1838 to 1850, the ship "Gleaner" carrying a great many emigrants from Southend and other parts of the district.

In connection with the exodus of 1850-55 to Australia, I find in the report of the Highland Emigration Society for 1853, that H.M.S. Hercules, which sailed from Campbelton on 26th December, 1851, landed in South Australia and Victoria no fewer than 747 emigrants. In one year this society sent to the Australian colonies seventeen ships with 2,605 emigrants, all from the western Highlands and Islands. In view of this constant drain on the population, it is easy to understand how large tracts of Cantire, which were formerly well peopled, should soon become mere wildernesses. Families were broken up—some members boarding the emigrant ships, others deciding to remain at home. I have often heard my mother speak of the distressing scenes which were witnessed at the departure of these vessels, the grief of parents at the loss of their sons and daughters whom they would probably never see again. Naturally such events gave birth to many plaintive songs, some of which are still popular in Cantire.

These sturdy and intelligent young Highlanders were a source of great strength to the colonies, and they very soon occupied positions of importance in the land of their adoption. Their love for Britain has not lessened by absence, for their

sons to-day are to be found among those in Canada and Australia who, at the call of the Mother Country, have shouldered their rifles and, in their thousands, volunteered for service in South Africa, in defence of the old land, dear to them as the home of their race, with all the warm associations of ancestry and tradition.

The effect which these emigrations had upon Cantire may be best evidenced by a comparison of the population statistics in three parishes at different periods. The effect of the exodus of 1850-55 is specially apparent.

	1831.	1841.	1851.	1881.
Killean and Kilchenzie,	2,866	2,401	2,219	1,368
Saddell and Skipness,	2,152	1,798	1,504	1,163
Southend, - -	2,120	1,598	1,406	955

The following figures, referring to earlier periods, may be interesting for comparison with the above :—

	1755.	1791.	1821.
Killean, - - - - -	2,391	1,911	3,306
Saddell, - - - -	1,369	1,341	2,132
Southend, - - - -	1,391	1,300	2,004

In a small pamphlet, which was published in 1837 by a Highland clergyman, entitled "The Only Remedy for Highland Destitution", I find the following interesting reference to a lady of an old and respected landed family in Cantire :—"And here I cannot help recording a continuous manifestation of beneficence on the part of the young Dowager Lady Macdonald Lockhart, of Largie, towards the poor over all her ladyship's estates, which stands unparalleled in any part of Scotland; and which I humbly take leave to recommend to the imitation of all Highland proprietors."

These events to which I have referred relate to the later emigrations from Cantire: I have not touched upon the greater depopulation of nearly three centuries ago. Antrim, in the north of Ireland, was largely peopled from Cantire and Islay. When the House of Argyll succeeded in wresting the peninsula from the Macdonalds, they devoted themselves to rooting out the old inhabitants and such as were known to favour the Clan Donald. Rev. George Hill, in his valuable work on the "MacDonnells of Antrim", makes frequent reference to this, and in one passage says: "This is proof how completely the old native population of Cantire had been swept off to make room for farmers and shepherds, principally from Renfrewshire and Ayrshire, brought thence by Argyll"; and in 1635 "it would appear only three poore men remained."

The Macdonalds of Cantire are represented in the north of Ireland by several very influential landed families, including the descendants of Montrose's great general, Sir Alexander Macdonald, son of the famous "Coll Kiotach." The head of this ancient family is James MacDonnell, Esq., of Kilsharvan; and Colonel John MacDonnell, of Kilmore, represents a cadet branch. I have had the pleasure of a visit from the latter on two occasions, when he expressed great interest in Cantire and its early associations with his family.

NOTE II.

Page 186.—The depopulation of the Highlands is a constant subject for the display of sentiment—sentiment which is in a certain degree reasonable, and, without doubt, wholly natural to those who in every direction see deserted homesteads, dismantled shealings, and all the signs of former cultivation on lands now given up to the sheep and the grouse It must, however, be remembered that this depopulation seems to have been the economic destiny of large districts of the Highlands of Scotland. The old régime, with all the glamour of clanship and the personal ties of chief and vassal, was fraught with the greatest hardship. It was bound to disappear with the increase in the standard of comfort and the introduction of a more scientific form of agriculture, so that, unless a new industry could be formed to provide a livelihood for the population, emigration was sooner or later inevitable.

The discovery of the chemical value of kelp—which for a time sold as high as £15 a ton—gave a brief respite; but the decay of this industry marks the final stage of the old state of affairs. Men had drifted away from their old homes to the coast to be near the kelp, and the barren crofts which might have kept them had in many cases gone out of cultivation. The tide of emigration began, and gave to the world at large those Celtic virtues which could but have been cramped and distorted had they remained confined to the glens of the Highlands.

The whole question is learnedly and adequately dealt with in the Duke of Argyll's admirable volume, "Scotland as it was and as it is." J. R. M. M.

SKIPNESS CASTLE AND THE CAMPBELLS.

Page 207.—The ecclesiastical and civil records relating to this parish, dating from 1247, are given very fully in that learned work, "Origines Parochiales Scotiæ," pages 27-36. It was in 1502 that the Campbells first obtained possession of the lands and castle of Skipness. "In 1502, the lands, barony, castle, fortalice, and place of Skipynche were resigned by Sir Duncan Forestare, and granted by King James IV. to Archibald, Earl of Argyle, with remainder to Duncan Campbell of Glenvrquha and his heirs, and to the Earl's heirs whomsoever bearing the Campbell surname and arms." *(Reg. Mag. Sig.)* In 1564, Archibald, Earl of Argyll, granted the lands and castle to his brother, Colin Campbell of Boquhan, in exchange for other properties, and on condition that he furnished a galley of twenty-eight oars for the Earl's service, and a yearly payment of forty eight bolls of oatmeal and thirty stones of cheese at the castle of Skipinche.—"Argyll Inventory."

ISLE DAVAAR.

Page 238.—In 1556, Elleindawar, of the old extent of half a mark, was sold as part of the barony by James, Bishop of Argyll, to James, Duke of Chastellaravlt ("Argyll Charter"). Lochkilcarayne, according to "Macfarlane's Geographical Collections," is "a saif harbour for ships, having in mouth the iland called Iland Davar." A rent roll dated 1744-61 gives the rental value of the island at £1 18s. 10d. The total rental of Kintyre in 1772 only amounted to £2,025 7s. 11d. A detailed list for each parish was printed in the *Celtic Monthly* for November, 1900.

KILCOLMKILL.

Page 260.—Before the year 1327, the church of St. Collomkill (dedicated to St. Columba) in Kintyre was granted to the canons of Whithern by Patrick Makschillingis and Finlach, his wife. In 1326, the grant was confirmed by King Robert Bruce, and, in 1451, by King James II. The church stood on a sea-terrace in the south-east corner of the parish. a quarter of a mile from Keil House. Its walls are still nearly entire. It is seventy-two feet in length, and only fifteen in breadth. In 1549, there was a castle at Carrick Skeath (Carskay), apparently situated on an island. In the churchyard at Keil there are several tombstones commemorating the Macneills of Carskey.—Origines Par. Scot.

Inside the ancient church there is a well-preserved tombstone, bearing the armorial shield of the MacNeills of Carskay, with the motto *Vincito aut mori*, and the inscription: "Heir lyes Neil McNeil of Carskiey, who departed this lyfe the 30 day of October, 1685." Another stone in the churchyard shows, for the MacNeill crest, a mailed arm, the hand grasping a dirk, point downwards. Both crest and motto are somewhat different from those recorded by other families of the same name.

Another tombstone in this churchyard bears a curious departure from the usual crest borne by the Clan MacFarlane. The stone was erected to the memory of William MacFarlane, Poliwillin, in 1815, and the crest represents a Highlander holding a claymore towards a crown, illustrative of the well-known MacFarlane motto: "This I'll defend." This is certainly a pleasing improvement on the demi-savage armed with a bunch of arrows.

"Archibald MacNeil of Cariskey's" rent roll in 1744 for Glenadildeichtroch, Lephenbeg, Cariskey, and Pendicles, was £10 16s.

In 1823, the Rev. Donald Kelly took a census of the parish of Southend, and ascertained that 139 persons could speak Gaelic better than English, while only 50 favoured the Lowland tongue. See also page 285.

THE MULL OF CANTIRE.

Referring to the Mull of Cantire, the *Epidium Promontorium* of old historians, Macfarlane, in his "Collections," says: "From the mountayne of this promontorie, a man may discerne the corneland and housis in Ireland." The four marklands of the "Mull of Kyntyre" and other lands in this parish, formed part of the barony of Bar, granted by Queen Mary to James Makconnyll of Dunnyveyg and Glennys (James Macdonald of Dunnyveg and the Glens) in 1545.

DUNAVERTY CASTLE.

Page 262.—The following is the earliest authentic reference to this ancient stronghold which I have noticed:—"1251. Jan. 30. The K. at the instance of Margaret Queen of Scotland, his daughter, pardons to Alan, son of Thomas Earl of Athol (Athell) of Scotland, the transgression charged against him, in slaying some men of John Biset in Ireland in a conflict between him and Alan, and taking from some Irish merchants six casks (dolia) of wine and some corn at the siege and storm of the Castle of Dunaverdin, of which he was accused."—Calendar of Documents relating to Scotland, 1108-1272.

CELTIC NAMES IN CANTIRE.

The following notes on old Celtic names in Cantire, extracted from the MSS. of the Rev. Donald Kelly, M.A., minister of the parish of Southend, appeared lately in the "Campbeltown Courier," and are so interesting as to be worthy of being recorded in these pages for reference purposes.

The O'Mays, Lairds of Keil, who, until lately, were proprietors in the parish, would appear in the seventeenth century to have educated some of their sons for the Church, for on the establishment of the Presbytery in 1638, we find the Rev. Donald O'May, minister of Kilkevan and Kilmichael, who is said to have been afterwards a bishop; and his brother, the Rev. Duncan O'May, minister of Kilcolumkeil and Kilblaan, who conformed to the Presbyterian Establishment, and was Laird of Keil. Kilkevan was afterwards joined to Kilcolumkeil and Kilblaan, and at the division of parishes in 1772 was united to Kilkerran, Kilmichael, and Kilchousland (and not in 1671 as was mentioned at the meeting of the Drumblemble Hall). [This might put agents searching the Campbeltown registers for marriages and baptisms for a hundred and one years and not find what they wanted.] In old times, it was baptisms and not births that were registered, consequently many persons are perhaps older than they know. In the parish of Southend, of the old Celtic proprietors the O'Mays still retain their original name. Most of the others have changed their names. The M'O'Drains, who were Lairds of Carrin and Drumavoulin, are now called Drains. The last of these old lairds was Donald M'O'Dhrain, one of the three officers who lie buried at Machribeg. He was out in the Wars of Montrose with Alister M'Colla M'Donald, and is said to have been an officer resolute and brave. Archibald Drain, who dwelt in Dunglass during the Rev. Donald Kelly's incumbency, was, according to the minister's MSS., descended from Donald Drain; and Mr. Archibald Montgomery, schoolmaster in Campbeltown, is a grandson of this Archibald Drain, Dunglass. In the first Valuation Roll of Kintyre, the rental of Hugh M'O'Shanaig's property of Lepinstrath is entered at £6 19s 9d. One of this family, the Rev. Malcolm M'O'Shanaig, was minister of Kilcolumkeil and Kilblaan in 1630. This family left Southend and took a farm in Arran, named Sliddery, and changed their name to Shannon. M'O'Shanaig of Sliddery married a daughter of Captain Campbell, of one of the Revenue cutters, a brother of Mr. Campbell, Laird of Glencarradale. They had a son, Neil M'O'Shanaig, or Shannon, as he called himself, who was long commander of one of the Cunard liners. Another race of the ancient lairds in the parish was the M'A'Chalies, or, in English, M'Swans, proprietors of Craigaig and Innanbeg, whose name, since English has become common in Kintyre, has lapsed into Kelly. In the Presbytery records the name is spelt M'Swen, which seems to indicate Scandinavian origin, as the minister of Kilcalmonell, the Rev. Swen M'Swen, and likewise the minister of Jura, Colensay, and Gigha, the Rev. John M'Swen, have their names spelt M'Swen in the records. The Scandinavians use the "e" where we use "a". It will be within the recollection of some people yet alive that a change-house named "the Sign of the Swan," kept by a family named Kelly, existed for some time at the Old Quay Head. It would be tedious to enumerate the many other families which have had their names changed, but we may mention a few. The M'Figans now call themselves Littlesons. The O'Loynachans were called Loynachan for a long time, and are now called Lang. The M'A'Stokers are now called Stalker. The M'A'Levechels are now called Carmichael. The O'Brelachans were for a long time called Brelachan, and are now called Brody. There is a flagstone in Kilcalmonell Churchyard which is thought to cover the remains of the celebrated Bishop O'Brelachan. Peter Brelachan, Bailie Colin Campbell from Mull, and John Campbell, had the Moil of Kintyre from 1780 till 1799; and, after their lease was run, the Duke ordered the Moil to be made into lots, when Robert Colvill got Glenamuilt and the two Borgadles, Carskey got

Braelamountgomery and Bailevearhil, Archibald Campbell got Innan Dunan and Strone, George Campbell, Donald Campbell, and William Campbell had Innan Beach, George Campbell afterwards got Innan Goachallach, and Peter Brelachan and Thomas Train got Innan More and Innan Beg. In 1753, the parish of Saddell was disjointed from Killean and the parish of Kilbrannan from Kilcalmonell, and formed into one parish, called the parish of Saddell and Skipness. Therefore, before 1753, the registers of Killean and Kilcalmonell will require to be referred to for the modern parish of Saddell and Skipness. In 1734, the parish of Kil O'Charmaig was made into two parishes, called North and South Knapdale, therefore there can only be one register before 1734. The Southend register extends no further back than 1763, it being destroyed previous to that date by a fire which broke out in the library of the then minister, the Rev. David Campbell. Like the M'A'Chalies, or M'Swans, there are some who think that the Clan O'Dinnie of Lochodh (now the Clan Campbell) may likewise be of Scandinavian origin, and that O'Dinnie means Odin which is a Scandinavian name.

The following curious examples of the transformation of the ancient name of M'O'Shanaig I copied from tombstones in the graveyard of Keil last summer: "In memory of Flora, daughter of John M'Math and Helen M'Shenoig." "Here lyes the corpse of Florence M'Math, spouse to Malcolm Shennan, 1765 Erected by Malcolm M'Shannon."

SADDELL CHURCHYARD AND CASTLE.

Page 139.—Since Cuthbert Bede visited Saddell Churchyard a considerable change has taken place in the position of most of the ancient sculptured stones preserved in this interesting spot. In his day these beautiful memorials were scattered throughout the graveyard, exposed to the elements, and trodden upon by every careless person who had occasion to enter the enclosure, with the result that several show signs of rough treatment as well as natural decay. Some time ago Colonel Macleod, proprietor of Saddell, very thoughtfully had the most important of these stones collected together and laid side by side on a cemented platform, within that part of the monastery known as the choir, and guarded by a railing. The two fragments of an Iona Cross, to which the author refers at page 140, have now been neatly cemented together, making one complete sculpture, and placed on a stone pedestal, the whole standing 5 feet 9 ins. in height. Alongside the "Abbot's Stone" another ecclesiastical monument has been placed, bearing a sculpture of a cleric, fully robed, in the act of prayer. It is sadly mutilated, much of the carving being evidently chipped off. The best preserved stone is that supposed to represent Mackay of Arnacle, which is almost as perfect as if done recently. Three other memorials bear the galley and claymore, in honour doubtless of notable warriors of the old fighting days. In this enclosure I noticed also a stone with a hollow for holding water, which was probably used for baptismal purposes. Another stone, with a small hole drilled through the centre as if to hold a handle, covered the cavity in the larger stone.

On the high hill overlooking the churchyard and castle, known as Dun Tormod, are the ruins of a fort, supposed to have been the original stronghold of the Macdonalds of Kintyre in this part. The present castle is comparatively a modern structure. The Macdonalds were too experienced in the art of warfare to build a fortress which could be assailed with arrows from an adjoining hill. The situation of the present castle is sufficient evidence that it was built at a date subsequent to the clan feuds.

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